Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/shooteratsun0000toyo

A SHOOTER AT THE SUN

BY

TOYOHIKO KAGAWA

(Translated by I. SATCHELL)

Kobe :

Japan Chronicle Press

1925

PL
898
K3
S46
1925

BP29
K119tES

35902

PREFACE.

"A Shooter at the Sun" (*Taiyo wo iru-mono*) is a continuation of "Across the Death-line" (*Shi-sen wo koete*), the work which brought Mr. Kagawa's name into prominence as a novelist, and which achieved such a phenomenal success in Japan, half a million copies of the book being sold. For those who have not read "Across the Death-line" it may be explained that the hero, Eiichi Niimi, the son by a second wife of a wealthy man in Shikoku, after experiencing much mental trouble and quarrelling with his father owing to the latter's dissipated way of life, becomes a Christian and goes to live in the slums of Shinkawa at Kobe, for the purpose of helping the poor and carrying on Christian propaganda. His life in the slums brings him often into danger and always into great discomfort, but his earnestness and faith enable him to confront all the miseries of the life with courage and endurance. Three love stories run through the book, the first connected with a playmate of his childhood, Tsuruko, who proves faithless, and the others with a geisha named Kohide and a workgirl in the slums named Kieko Higuchi.

A new edition of "Across the Death-line" has now been published in America by the George H. Doran Company of New York, and in England by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, under the title of "Before the Dawn."

"A Shooter at the Sun" is a continuation of Eiichi's experiences in the slums at Shinkawa. The translation has been slightly condensed, a few passages in the original that do not bear on the course of the story being omitted.

Acknowledgement must be made of the kind assistance of Mr. K. Kubota in explaining many passages in the original. The translator, however, accepts sole responsibility for all mistakes.

A SHOOTER AT THE SUN.

I.

ON the summit of Mount Rokko the air was clear.

After the autumn leaves had fallen and the only green things on the hills were the leaves of the pine-trees, there was no greater pleasure in life than to walk aimlessly along the well-made roads which run along the plateau-like terraces of the mountain.

Eiichi was very fond of walking alone. Whether on the hills or the plains or the mountain tops outside the city he was fond of walking aimlessly along, with no fixed destination, deep in thought of the sparkling sun and the remote horizon, while the soft breezes fanned his cheeks. There was nothing he liked better than walking and the walks he loved were wandering in the night in the neighbourhood of the Shinikuta, a river by the side of the slums in which there was seldom any water, or, with the feeling of a superman, walking on the solitary highlands of Mount Rokko, two thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea. These walks were his greatest pleasures in life.

It had become a favourite saying of Eiichi's that it was best to be alone.

Seeing what peace of mind he thus attained he wondered why he had not tried earlier the plan of seeking relief on the mountains.

Oh, the graceful curve of the already dying reeds, the soft silky appearance of the shear-grass, the colour of the earth, the pattern of the stones, the blue sky, the beauty of the open plain of the River Yodo! Then there was the glitter of the Chinu Sea, which shone like a mirror, the vessels lying at anchor in Kobe harbour—so small as to look like pretty toys, the glitter of the tiles on the roofs! . . .

To-day he could see clearly the ranges of mountains and the innumerable villages of Izumi and Kishu.

Eiichi enjoyed the pleasures of nature while he walked from terrace to terrace on the plateau of Mount Rokko. The year before when climbing Rokko with Takeda, he had had a practical lesson in natural history. They had dissected a frog, he remembered, and he recalled the interest he had taken in it. Then he and Moroi and Nomura, two students of the Higher Commercial School, one hot summer's day had spent half a day on the hills, under the shade of a pine-tree, arguing on philosophy.

At the thought of Rokko, Eiichi's heart leapt with joy. He was like Teufelsdroeckh in Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, or Nietzsche's *Zarathrusthra*, who walked in a straight line from peak to peak on the mountain tops above the snow-line. Eiichi on Rokko, able to command at a glance the cities of Kobe and Osaka, was cut off from the world. He was able to hide in the bosom of Mother Nature and the thought pleased him.

Of late he had been able to smile. Life had more of pleasure in it. His pessimism had disappeared since he had gone to live a comfortless life in the slums. Indeed, he took so much pleasure in life that he had not even time to think of being pessimistic. Every moment had its interest. Every moment of life was like a marriage festival—a delightful experience on which he congratulated himself.

All thoughts of love had disappeared. In God's embrace everything was delightful to him—to walk, to sleep, to shout, to take exercise, to be ill, to nurse the sick in the slums, to be beaten by bullies; everything was so delightful that he sometimes asked himself whether he was not ill with joy, so drunk was he with the ecstasy of life.

To strengthen his joy of life he applied himself to scientific works, among them many on biology—all the works of Darwin and Wallace, and Ray Lankester's treatises on biology, Henry Fry Os-

borne's works, and many on botany, mineralogy and astronomy. He read whatever would increase his interest in nature. He borrowed books from the Kwansei Gakuin and the Osaka and Kobe public libraries and read them with attention. His outlook on nature became changed with his reading.

He preferred books on natural-history to novels. His reading was in the romance of nature, and in this way his knowledge and love of nature became deeper. His reading helped his meditations and his meditations helped his reading. In all his wanderings about Rokko he was intent on adding to his collection of ferns and pursuing his studies of wild bees.

He received practical lessons in botany from the gardener Toda, and knew where everything was to be found. He felt the pulse of Mount Rokko, and to him it was a large natural history museum.

He was now walking east on the highlands from Mount Maya. The golf-links were visible here and there, looking like artificial gardens. No one was playing. The small red summer houses of foreigners were scattered about. Of course Eiichi had no desire to live in one of those houses. He only wanted to walk briskly along the broad roads which were so strangely level. To walk and think gave him the greatest enjoyment.

Yet he thought about nothing in particular. Shut up in the slums for a week on end, a man of nervous temperament, it was for the purpose of keeping in touch with nature that every week, as if it were a duty, he paid a visit to Mount Rokko.

As usual he was in his cheap clogs, wearing a striped kimono with tight sleeves and black girdle. In his hand he carried a bamboo six feet long for climbing. He found this bamboo very convenient both in climbing the mountain and in descending, and he always carried it when he was mountaineering.

If he did not go to Rokko he went up behind Nunobiki waterfall, through the Waterworks grounds, and up the small valley which foreigners had named the "Twenty Crossings" to the Futatabi Temple. From there he came back by Suwayama or by the path which comes out at the Tenjin Shrine at Kitano. Or else he went up the hills by the waterworks at Karasuwara and wandered about in the neighbourhood of Mount Nabebuta. This was his programme for the Monday of every week.

The hills behind Kobe are really very beautiful. Whether "Adam's Lake" or "Aden," the fanciful names affixed to them by foreigners, there is a great variety of scenery. This rested Eiichi's mind after his trying experiences in the slums. He made it a practice to go on the hills every Monday. Sometimes he took his Bible with him, sometimes a book of philosophy, sometimes a book on natural history, at other times a book of poems, to accompany him in his ramble on the hills.

To-day he was making the accustomed use of his Monday to plod from peak to peak of Rokko in the Indian summer of November. He had ascended Mount Maya, starting at eleven o'clock in the dazzling sunshine. The bright sunshine and the clear atmosphere had put him in high spirits.

It was his custom on emerging from the slums to buy a pennyworth of cakes and put them in his bosom, and then go up the hills as hard as he could go. He was a good mountaineer. Before he went to the Bonin Islands he had climbed Mount Fuji, starting at six o'clock in the morning and reaching the summit at three in the afternoon. After walking round the extinct crater he had descended by the path to Yoshida-guchi and at the fifth resting-place he had turned off for Subashiri, arriving there at nine o'clock at night. Such was his activity in mountaineering. The young men at the meeting-house in the slums said that no one could beat the teacher in mountain climbing.

Eiichi had arrived almost at the road descending to Arima, where there is an extensive view to the south and a number of small hills to the north. There he lay down on his side on the grass and surveyed Kobe. How small it looked! He could see the new river at Fukiai, the wharf at Shimakami-machi, and Hanakuma. He could even see the factory where Miss Higuchi worked.

He took out of his bosom "A Naturalist on the Amazon" (in the Everyman's Library edition) and began to read from page twenty-three. The sun was now westering and there was a cool breeze. From the chimneys of the Oriental Hotel on the Bund there came a puff of steam, and for a moment the soft armchairs of the hotel seemed more pleasant to him than the hillside.

Nature was too beautiful for him to keep his gaze long on his book. He followed with his eyes the toy-like trains passing through the city. A steamship was entering the harbour,—a big steamship with two funnels. All sorts of ideas floated through Eiichi's mind. He had utterly forgotten all about love. Nevertheless his love for Tsuruko had not grown cold. At Tokushima Tsuruko had promised that she would wait for him no matter how many years, and he would wait for two or three years, but he did not think this would be long enough.

Eiichi knew that Tsuruko would never be his. But he had not the courage to transfer his love to another.

His heart told him that there were other women in the world, but such unfaithfulness seemed unworthy. Kohide frequently tempted him,—at least he thought so,—but apart from the attraction that beauty always had for Eiichi, Kohide had nothing to offer him. Miss Higuchi was kind. But he could not imagine himself married to her. Their bringing up had been different, and their social position was different he considered. Besides, Miss Higuchi looked too old. She did not look as if she would ever be married. Moreover the fellow workers of Miss Higuchi with whom he had been brought into contact had told him of her sharp tongue, and although Eiichi esteemed her he thought that he could never bring himself to marry her.

Kohide, still weighed down with her burden of debts, showed her face in the slums every two or three months regularly. There was something strange about these visits. It seemed to Eiichi that it was not right for him to meet Kohide. Of course she said nothing about love; she merely said that she had come to enjoy herself. But each time she came she was almost certain to ask "What about Tsuruko?" Eiichi did not take this in bad part. He merely laughed.

Eiichi had of course decided that until he got an answer from Tsuruko he would not think of another woman. He felt like a chaste wife whose soldier-husband had been ordered to the front. He felt that he wanted to maintain his chastity until he was released from his promise to be faithful. Therefore, although he did not treat Kohide as a stranger, nevertheless he did not enter into any familiarities with her.

Kohide told him many details of her family. At first she had refrained from telling him anything about herself but on repeated inquiries he had learnt that her parents came from Akita county and that when Kohide was a child her father had been a tradesman at Yokohama. The business had failed and they were no longer able to remain at Yokohama, so when Kohide was eleven years old the family had fled to Kobe. Now, her aged parents, with her elder brother, were living in an apartment house in Matsumoto-dori at Hyogo. Eiichi understood that it was when she went to visit her parents that she turned out of her way to see him.

All the time that Eiichi was gazing at the glories of nature spread before him he was thinking of himself, of the slums, of his studies, of the mission, of his social work. He shut his eyes and began to pray softly, but in the midst of his prayer he opened his eyes again, thinking it was not right to shut his eyes to the beauties of the world. There was no one to see or hear him and he began to pray in a low voice. "O God the Father," he prayed, "give me the slums, give me Kobe, give me Japan—light the fire of love and righteousness in this my beloved country." Thus he prayed in a whisper.

There was no joy comparable to that of being alone on the hills in quietness—nothing that enabled him so much to get rid of the complexities of life in the slums. There he no longer heard the discordant howls of the neighbours quarrelling, there the threatenings of blackguards and drunkards could not reach his ears. He heard only the sound of the wind through the grass and the call of the birds.

The shadows were lengthening and the mists were rising from the valleys. The sun was sinking in the west and the quiet surface of the sea glowed like a furnace.

What felicity it would be to pass his days amid such surroundings—his life his own. Formerly he had busied himself with the life-history of the spider, the study of air-currents, and other matters. A life spent in the study of nature would be one of enjoyment. But from the time that he had entered the slums he had forgotten all about spiders and air-currents. All his time was spent in thinking what new menace the next moment would produce. He appeared

to himself to lead a pitiful existence. If he had plenty of money he could make good use of it. But to have to depend on the money that came in answer to prayer, to dole out a few pence in alms—words could not express the anguish it caused him. Rather it would be better to awaken a revolution, to bring about a total reorganisation of society, to remake everything afresh. That might be the only way to secure freedom and get rid of troubles. But those depending upon Eiichi were all weak-minded, whether madmen or invalids, alcoholic degenerates or profligates—all with some flaw in them. Since he had lived in Shinkawa he had not seen one sound person:—at most ten among those who had come to him for help, and those ten were like broken china-dolls. They lamented their own condition. To create a proletarian revolution with such people was useless. Even if they became the ruling class they would require continuous help.

What visions passed before Eiichi's closed eyes!

One young man, having heard of Eiichi in a lodging-house in Osaka, had walked from Osaka to Kobe. He was an extremely short-sighted youth of nineteen. According to his story he had been working in a rice-shop, but as he wanted to go to Tokyo he had stolen a hundred yen of his master's money and left for the capital. There the money had only lasted him two weeks and he had returned to Osaka, where he had worked in a common lodging-house. Then he had been employed at a bookshop, but there also he had acted dishonestly and had been forced to leave. Then, as nobody was willing to recommend him for employment, he had come to the slums in Kobe. He had come to get help from Eiichi.

Eiichi took him into his house, and as he was himself going to Tokushima to attend a religious service, he asked old Kishimoto and his wife to send the youth out to work if there was any opening for him. Eiichi was absent ten days, but he heard afterwards that the youth slept till ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, and when he went to an employment agency and they asked him his age, he replied, "What's that? What-'cher want to know my age for? My age? I'm one year old, I am." And when they asked him what was his trade he said he didn't know and he wasn't going to answer any questions about where he'd been employed before. The employment agent was astonished at his impertinence and informed them about it. Again, when old Kishimoto was mending the screens and asked the youth to help him, he was astonished to receive the reply that the youth didn't like getting his fingers covered with paste.

When Eiichi returned from Awa the youth immediately left. Old Kishimoto and his wife said that he was a terrible liar—that he had never come from Osaka, but that he had been turned out of employment in Kobe for some bad action.

Lately many drunkards had been threatening Eiichi. One was a man named Endo, who would call out whenever he saw Eiichi, "Here, cure my illness. Gimme some bandages." He was in the tertiary stage of syphilis and one of his legs was rotting away. Eiichi, without a word, would take out bandages and bandage him up, and the man would go away quietly. Another drunkard was a man who was called "Chocho," which is like a Chinese name. This man was a very troublesome fellow. Whenever he saw Eiichi he would call out "Gimme some money. Gimme me some money." He was always drunk. Another was a cripple called Kumako. This was an old convict who had somehow injured his legs and had had to have them amputated. After that he had become a beggar, but as he still retained his evil disposition, though a cripple, he was always pursuing Eiichi with threats. He would come jumping into the room with sandals on his knees and talk on and on, ending up with a demand for money.

Eiichi suffered more than if he were being pursued in Hell by limbless ghouls, but he remained silently gazing at the man. Then Kumako would begin to revile Eiichi with his evil tongue. Eiichi received the abuse in silence. He wept to see the last stage of the destruction of the human form. Kumako would pursue Eiichi at dusk, leaving smears of mud from his sandals all over Eiichi's room, and would continue to plague Eiichi till past ten at night. He would demand money with threats, accuse Eiichi of being a false priest and a fraud, and go on reviling him three or four hours at a time. When Eiichi tried to escape he would follow him. Kumako was extraordinarily active. Eiichi could not run

very far because of heart trouble and Kumako would soon catch him by the leg and throw him down. His roughness was astonishing.

Then came two or three newspaper messengers, mostly broken down in health, who talked for two hours continuously without allowing Eiichi to get in a word. Then there was a raving lunatic, who appeared quite sane at first. He said he was a friend of Miss Higuchi, and wanted to engage Eiichi in an argument on religion. He claimed that the earth was flat, like a board. Also that Chief Warrant Officer Sugino, of the blockading Squadron at Port Arthur, did not die but was alive. His familiar spirit had told him so. Also that the centre of the universe was the earth and that the sun did not move. He also claimed that he was as mighty as Christ but that he was a little sick and could not live without drinking. Then he began to cry loudly and prayed to Eiichi with folded hands to cure him of his anguish.

Eiichi had hardly got over his surprise at this visit before he received another from a man who had the expression of a saint. He said that he was on a pilgrimage to Shikoku but was unable to continue his journey owing to asthma. Would Eiichi take him in?

Then there was a man who was stopping in a common lodging house. He complained that they did not treat him with respect there and wanted Eiichi to acknowledge him as a man of character. He talked incessantly about this in a wandering sort of way.

Then there was a man who had been deaf but who had regained his hearing by faith. He wanted money so that he could go round spreading the faith. There was another, who had suffered imprisonment for murder but had become a believer. He wanted Eiichi to take him as an assistant in the work of propaganda.

Every two or three days Eiichi was certain to receive a visit from men who wanted their travelling expenses to Akashi or Osaka. Sometimes two of them came in one day. They would go away joyfully expressing their thanks and then two or three days later Eiichi would meet them coming out of some common lodging-house in the slums. Although it could be seen at a glance that they were professional beggars yet somehow Eiichi could not help feeling pity for them.

Most of the people in the slums, when compared with ordinary people, will be found to have something lacking. Unless patience is exercised it is impossible to get along with them. Eiichi was putting forth his utmost efforts to minister to the people and to God but it strained his patience to the limits.

His work in the slums was like repairing china-dolls. The results were all too little, but from the time that Eiichi had entered the slums he had not abated his labours. Silently he had resolved that he must discharge the task allotted to him.

He asked himself why God had laid such a heavy burden on his weak frame, but he did not shrink from it. The rescue of humanity was God's work, and he recognised the honour of being made an assistant in the work in spite of his own insufficiency. That God should have aroused in him the ambition to act as His substitute, however ineffectually, was a cause for profound gratitude.

Eiichi, lying with his face hidden in his arms, saw these visions pass. Then he lifted up his eyes again and surveyed Kobe.

Yes, Kobe had that glory. She might kill the prophets; she might stone the prophets to death; but she was also the Kobe where humanity was to be rescued. He could not but praise Kobe when he saw the glory of the sea and the harbour. Launches were running about in the harbour. Sailing ships were going out—thousands, spreading their wings over the silver sea. Smoke was rising from a Blue Funnel steamer which he thought must be of twenty thousand tons. The Gantry crane at the Kawasaki Shipyard stood in the middle of the city like a giant's bed. How beautiful it was! The roofs of the buildings in the Settlement—red roofs, blue roofs, round roofs, pointed roofs—glittered in the evening light. There was a locomotive without a train, puffing along. The small steamers plying in the Inland Sea were incessantly entering and leaving the harbour. Mount Tekkai at Suma looked purple against the light. Standing on the slope he could see the open sea, Tomyo, Nishinomiya, and innumerable villages, standing out as in a picture.

Quietly Eiichi arose, in thankfulness for another day passed amid the beauties of nature, and began to run down the hill.

II.

Returning from the city Eiichi met at the entrance to the slums the old woman known as "Granny of the Cats." who lived a kind of hermit life. Eiichi was very fond of her.

"Teacher," said granny, "I got these coloured pictures out of a dust-box to give to you."

She was carrying some three or four coloured posters, which she handed to Eiichi.

Eiichi smiled. "Thank you very much," he said, taking them. "They are very pretty pictures, aren't they."

Looking at them he saw they were coloured posters of the Japan Steamship Company and Sakura Masamune and same small New Year calendars. The poster of the Japan Steamship Company was in fairly good condition but that of the Sakura Masamune was torn across the middle. It was a beautiful picture of a young girl. Of course they were not works of art, but Eiichi was glad to think that the old woman had remembered him in picking them out of the dust-box. Probably they had been thrown away at some general cleaning, but to Eiichi such a present was more pleasing than treasures of silver and gold. He had not the heart to refuse them, and took them gladly.

Of all the old women in the slums Eiichi was fondest of "Granny of the Cats." Her real name was Tsuru Hayashi and she was eighty-two years old—an amiable, dear old woman who went about collecting rubbsh.

"Granny of the Cats" rented a room six feet square. In her neighbourhood each house had forty rooms of that size. Just in front of her room a man had hung himself and as it was said that his ghost walked, for a long time the room remained empty. Granny had thus been able to get the room at a rental of three sen a day.

As she was afraid of ghosts, however, and unable to sleep well at night, she bethought herself and got two or three cats. She had been unfortunate in her life. Her husband had died soon after their marriage and a daughter had also died. The old woman had then drifted to the slums at Shinkawa, where she made a living by picking up old rope and empty tins. Once a woman had asked her if she would adopt a baby girl, and Granny had agreed. The girl was now grown up and married, and had three beautiful daughters of her own. Unfortunately, after her marriage, the daughter began to grow cold to the old woman, who she knew was not her real mother, and to treat her as a stranger. So the old woman, although she was over eighty, had to live as a beggar and go out every day to collect rubbish.

"Teacher," said Granny, looking up into Eiichi's face. "I want to ask you summut." (Here she lowered her voice and got closer to Eiichi to whisper to him.) "I allus looked arter my darter well since she was a babby, but you see what she is. I've been thinking about my funeral and I wants to ask you to attend me when I'm dead. If you do that I'll take up your religion and I'll pray to God in Heaven continually. . . ."

She always repeated that from the time he first met her till the day of her death.

Granny had many cats—as many as thirteen—which she had picked up. She always divided a large part of her food among them before she ate any herself.

Her house was really dreadfully dirty. It was full of broken things she had picked out of dust-boxes—such as empty tins, celluloid dolls and old earthenware.

When Granny came out of her house she looked like a badger crawling out of its hole, with a black smut on her nose.

Nevertheless somehow Eiichi was very fond of the old woman. He loved those who were ingenuous and sincere. Imitating the practice among the officers in the Salvation Army at New York he went to clean up the old woman's house. In New York they call such expeditions "white apron parties," but it would have been awful to go to Granny's house with a white apron on. However many you had they would not be enough. After cleaning the house, also, whatever pains you took, it never looked clean. With Granny's treasured tins all put in order, it still looked as if she was sitting in a dust-box. Then the thirteen cats making a mess all over the place, it was useless to think of making the place clean without throwing out the stinking mats. Under the front of the house there were stuffed a number of charcoal bags. These sold at four *rin* each. The ceiling was black with soot, the plaster had fallen off, and altogether it was not a fit place for a human being to live in. Then Eiichi noticed that Granny had no bedding.

"How's this, Granny, you haven't got any bedding here?"

"No, there ain't any."

"How's that?"

"The fellow across the way, he asked me to lend them to him and I did, but I suppose he lost money in gambling 'cause he ain't returned them. He's a bad lot."

Nevertheless Granny did not speak crossly, and Eiichi was reminded of Tolstoy's principle of non-resistance. He liked the old woman still more for this and he rushed off to his own house near by and brought back a big quilt.

"Here, Granny," he said, "I'll give you this. You'll sleep better rolled up in that, won't you?"

"Thank'ee, teacher, thank'ee. It's too good for the likes of me."

Granny, in spite of her years, suffered from hysteria, and when she felt it coming on she sent her granddaughter (the child of her adopted daughter) to Eiichi.

"Teacher, Granny says could you come to her."

A round-eyed, red-cheeked, lovable child was Granny's messenger—too beautiful a child to be in the slums.

Then when Eiichi had got to the entrance of Granny's room—which seemed like Diogenes' tub—a voice would come from inside: "Teacher, I'm better now. When I a-heard you coming the pain all went away."

It seemed like the story of the servant of the centurion of Capernaum—the cure was effected before the Master arrived.

After that whenever Granny was affected by hysteria she would infallibly send a messenger to Eiichi asking him to pray for her, and when Eiichi prayed the pain generally went away at once.

As Granny was thus helped by Eiichi from time to time, she brought many things to Eiichi that she had picked out of the dust-boxes. Sometimes she brought dolls, at other times coloured pictures. The dolls, she asked, should be given to the children of the Sunday School. Eiichi sometimes wanted to tell her not to bring him such dirty things, but he was impressed by the kindness of heart which prompted her to bring them, and he was more grateful than for the possession of half of Saghalien.

Eiichi took home carefully the three posters given him by Granny and pasted them up in his newspaper-covered room.

"Don't they look well? Isn't Granny of the Cats a nice old woman? When I think of persons like her I feel so happy."

Eiichi was talking to old Mrs. Kishimoto who was doing some cooking out at the back.

The coloured posters which Granny had picked up contrasted well with the dun colour of the slums. Eiichi was thankful in his heart that there was colour in the world.

Eiichi stared at the colours in silence while he pondered on the strange rays of light cast on the dimness of the gloomy slums by these colours—red, blue, purple, green. The slums seemed to him to be forgotten while he meditated deeply on colour,—on the mysterious phenomenon which seemed to envelope the whole world. The humble life of the slums was suddenly illuminated. He was able to think of it as Paradise. Eiichi as he gazed poured forth a silent prayer.

III.

Many persons came to Eiichi to ask him to cure them of their sickness. Eiichi sent those who required it to the doctor. Of course he had made arrangements with the doctor that he would pay the fees.

But among the sick that came to him were some that only wanted Eiichi to pray for them. Toda, the gardener, and all his family believed that it was only necessary for Eiichi to offer up a prayer and they would be cured of any sickness. The children were all brought to him when they had a stomach-ache or a headache, or had caught cold. They never thought of going to a doctor but always came to him for a prayer. The strange thing about it was that when Eiichi prayed they were immediately cured.

The result was that, reports being spread around, people came from quite distant places like Oishi and Nada and from country places five or six miles distant on being told that they should try the "Christian faith-cure." Why the people in the country districts heard of it was because the beggars who went out from the slums circulated the story of the efficacy of Christian prayer.

Eiichi became the fashionable saint. Everyday people were coming to him from all the tenement houses inviting him to say a Christian prayer for them.

Again the strange thing was that the prayer was very efficacious.

There was Tsuru, the wife of the prostitutes' pimp. (She had the same name as "Granny of the Cats." In the slums the same name occurs again and again. In the slums at Nagata there are nearly a dozen people of the name of Koman Matsumoto.) Tsuru, who was also suffering from syphilis, had caught cold and had to lie in bed. Eiichi prayed for her and strangely enough, although she was very ill, she was able to get up next day. On another occasion a woman who had been suffering from hysteria for three days, without anybody in the house to take care of her, happened to meet Eiichi when she had crawled out with dishevelled hair to the end of her alley by the aid of a stick, to buy some medicine. Eiichi prayed for her standing in the street, and soon she was so much better that she did not require the medicine and returned home.

Eiichi sought for an explanation why he was able to perform what seemed like miracles in the way of curing people. Of course he attributed it to hypnotism. Nevertheless he thought that as there were none to feel sympathy with the people in the slums, or at any rate as they got very little sympathy shown them, there must be some way by which they can be cured. They had no money to go to the doctor or to pay for medicine. If God did not cure them there was no other way, and if God had adopted him as a medium for the cure, he rejoiced to be of service.

But the cure of the sick reacted terribly upon Eiichi, and he thought this was because his life-power flowed out to them. He saw himself wasting away, and thinking that his life-power would be soon exhausted in his earnestness in curing the sick, he sent those who came to him to the doctor.

Eiichi still continued his street preaching earnestly. Every Saturday he went round to all the alleys in the city slums, like a town-crier, preaching in the streets. But he made no adherents. Pitiably worn and hoarse he returned to his home in the slums.

Now it was in one alley that Eiichi knelt on the stones to pray; now it was at the entrance to another that he stood up and prayed that at least one soul there might be saved.

Then he began to sing a hymn in a loud voice. Many people put their heads out of their houses and stared at him. Eiichi did not like his indigent appearance to be the mark of all eyes, but for the sake of Jesus he bore it. At one time he thought of learning the Sermon on the Mount by heart and going round with a bell like a pilgrim, repeating it at each house like the Buddhist scriptures. But he had not the courage to attempt it.

Sometimes Eiichi used the Sermon on the Mount in his street preaching, putting it in simple language. He knew that the reconstruction of society was useless unless the world became at heart like Jesus, and he therefore threw all his energies into spreading the Gospel of Christ. He tried to revive the fervour of the Apostle Paul in teaching the Gospel of Christ.

Never for a moment did he lose the feeling of the love of God. He thought that wherever one went this glory illuminated the world. He preached "Illumination! Illumination"! At times he was bathed in the reflection of the glory of God.

He never let slip an opportunity to bring as many others as possible to share in his illumination. Standing in the darkness, like the Holy Image of God he was ever in the presence of death.

IV.

A policeman was running and many children were running. Men were running. People passing stopped and wondered what it was all about.

The smallest child in the crowd was arrested by a policeman and taken to the police-box in Minami-hon-machi. A number of grown-up people and children accompanied him.

Then out of the police-box came a detective in plain clothes who ran with all his might in the direction of the slums. Catching sight of three or four children standing in front of a boot-maker's in Azuma-dori, he ran quickly to them, without the children seeing him.

The detective seized two of the children nearest him by the scruff of the neck.

"Here, wotcher at?"

"Tell me where you stole that?"

As the detective spoke he kicked what seemed like several hundred pounds of telegraph wire which had been rolled up in a coil and beaten with stones till it was all out of shape.

The old man at the second-hand dealer's was taken aback. People in the neighbourhood rushed up to see.

Then the children began entreating "Mr. Policeman, Mr. Policeman," and tried to escape from the detective's grasp but it was useless.

"If you struggle I'll tie you up," he said.

The two children at once became quiet. "Give us a chance this time, mister," they whined. 'We know we done wrong."

The detective did not reply but dragged them along by force to the main road. Some fifty or sixty children followed to see the strange sight.

Something untoward always happened when Eiichi was absent for a day from the slums. That was why, on drawing near the slums after an absence, he always had a presentiment that something had gone wrong.

To-day he had left the slums on some trifling business and did not return till four o'clock in the afternoon. He found great confusion in front of his house, and on inquiry learnt that the bad boy, Matsuzo Iwanuma, whom he had taken under his charge, had stolen some telegraph wire from the telegraph poles and had been arrested by a policeman and dragged to the police-box. The news was brought to Eiichi by Matsuzo's companions and other children in the neighbourhood.

A year had passed since Eiichi had taken Matsuzo under his charge. As the pocket-money that Eiichi gave him was not enough, at times he went out picking up old nails and with the money that he sold these for he bought a ticket for the moving-pictures. At another time he stole a zinc bucket and sold it to provide himself with pocket-money. Sometimes he stole money out of Eiichi's purse. Once, even twice, he stole all Eiichi's money. Eiichi scolded him on each occasion, but as Matsuzo was being brought up in the slums Eiichi felt it was impossible to give him proper moral training and was very concerned about him. Nevertheless Eiichi continued in every way to treat Matsuzo as if he were his own son and to pray every night that he would grow up to be a good man.

Eiichi felt that if Matsuzo did not reform he would never become a follower of Christ, and he put all his energy into reforming him. But as Matsuzo had been in trouble with the police several times they no longer made him afraid, and when he was severely scolded he would go away and spend the night in a big dust-box.

Then in the morning he would go round to "Fighting" Yasu's house at the back and put his head in at the door. "Fighting" Yasu would bring him home and make excuses for him. At such times Eiichi would forgive Matsuzo in silence.

Yet if Matsuzo was not scolded he would become worse than ever. For two or three days he would be a good boy. Then in about four days the bad side of his character would come out.

He would not go to school because he said his clothes were dirty. Especially was this the case when there was a national holiday or some ceremony at the school. Eiichi, although he had not a change of clothes for himself, bought a change of clothes for Matsuzo. But even then Matsuzo was not satisfied. He would hear of nothing but a *hakama* and a black coat with a crest on it, and Eiichi relented. He found he was not able to apply to the boy he was bringing up the same principle of the simple life that he had adopted for himself. He did not attempt to force the boy to go to school, in accordance with his own principles of the simple life and up-bringing, and thus lead him to spend the day in thieving, but decided, in order to get him out of the slums, even if it were only for an hour, to buy him a *hakama* and a black coat. Matsuzo was very proud in his clothes and a smile beamed all over his face. He went off to school as though he were the young master of some well-to-do family.

Eiichi thought that ceremonies had power to move the heart. A Chinese philosopher had said that even a rustic in court dress could play the sage. If Matsuzo's heart could be changed just by a kimono and a *hakama*, the ideas that Eiichi had so far held took on a different aspect. He must do his best to keep Matsuzo neat in his appearance.

Now that Matsuzo was neat he became very good. He was very polite in his behaviour and very successful in his lessons. Eiichi had not till then noticed how outside conditions were reflected in a child's character. Up to then his sole idea had been to inculcate simplicity of life and to set an example of plain liv-

ing. But his own way of life was not suitable for others. To preach simplicity of life was not sufficient for the soul. He had been shown that the ordinary modes of life also were helpful to people.

It was not sufficient merely to preach plainness of living to the slums. Opulence, he now saw, was not a bad thing in itself, but then it was impossible to think of any plan by which the ten thousand people living in the slums of Shinkawa could be properly clothed. Nevertheless it caused him to think more deeply on the question, which he had often considered before, whether the mere preaching of salvation was suitable for everyone.

But Matsuzo's reform was shortlived. By the time his clothes were growing shabby Matsuzo had gone back to his old bad practices. Again he was cutting the lightning-conductors from the telegraph-posts and taking them back to the slums to sell. Eiichi scolded him very severely when he discovered it, whereupon Matsuzo went off to his own house and went out thieving every day, quite abandoning going to school.

Eiichi was greatly distressed about it, but could only pray for the boy, till at last he was brought back with apologies by "Fighting" Yasu.

Now, while Eiichi had been absent from the slums, Matsuzo had again got into trouble. When Eiichi heard that Matsuzo had been arrested by the police a sudden rush of tears came into his eyes.

He stood in the garden crying. But crying was no use, and he ran off to the police-box in Minami-hon-machi. Matsuzo was no longer there. He had been sent to the Sannomiya Police Station, a policeman said. Eiichi therefore went off hurriedly to the Sannomiya Police Station.

The policeman at the inquiry office at Sannomiya Station was not sympathetic. Eiichi knew that his appearance was against him, but nevertheless he thought that even the policeman might have known what was in his mind and paid him some respect.

"It's no good," said the policeman. "They say they can't release Matsuzo until he is brought before the Police Superintendent to-morrow morning."

Eiichi had to go home to the slums without knowing clearly what it was all about. He stood weeping in the dusk on the bridge over the Shinikuta River. There was no one to comfort him; all his high hopes were sunk in his lonely heart.

The filth thrown into the river, the wealth of weeds on either bank of this sewer-like cutting, the brilliant reflection on the water of the just-lit gas, all seemed to increase the sadness of the autumn scene. The tender purple of the sky just before sunset seemed all the more beautiful by contrast.

Eiichi remained staring quietly at the sky, sunk in meditation. That Matsuzo had cause for going bad he could not but admit. However much Eiichi had endeavoured to instil love and character into Matsuzo, he could not always follow him about, and Matsuzo for some reason or other, stood in fear of Eiichi's sternness and only came home for his meals. Otherwise he was never in the house. Before Eiichi had taken him into his house, Matsuzo had been in the habit of going out every day picking up things which he sold for twenty or thirty sen, using the money to go to the picture halls or to buy himself something to eat. After Eiichi had taken Matsuzo in he had allowed him a five sen nickel every day, so that he should not go out picking up things, Matsuzo, however, found this sum too small. Eiichi knew that this would be the case, but he wanted to prevent Matsuzo indulging in the extravagant habits of the other depraved boys and was always explaining to him the need for being provident. But everything had been useless.

Parents in the slums are accustomed to give their children far more pocket money than that allowed to the children of respectable families. This is because they do not want them to go out thieving. To take an extreme case, Mizuta allowed his eldest son sixty sen a day it was said, and was very proud of it. Even among the poorest there was not a household that did not give the children four or five sen a day to spend. Matsuzo thus thought it very shameful that he should only be allowed five sen a day, considering that he had been adopted into such a wealthy house as that of Eiichi's—for Matsuzo considered that he had become Eiichi's adopted son.

Matsuzo, with his savage face, his flat nose and crooked teeth, became a wild beast when he was angry. At mealtimes if he was scolded even a little he would throw his cup or anything else

he was holding into the yard and rush out. At such times he would not come home but creep into a large dust-box to sleep or else get under the eaves of a house.

The children in the neighbourhood who had very little pocket-money all went out dust-picking or thieving, and recently Matsuzo had reached the position of a leader of these imps.

The band numbered twenty and they all had nicknames which answered to their special characteristics. Thus Toku, who was called "the Ugly Hunchback," had his name given to him in childhood when he suffered a term of imprisonment. The fifteenth name on the list was "Matsuzo the Hero," and he was Matsuzo Iwanuma, who had been adopted by Eichi. From this may be judged the condition into which he had fallen.

Among these boys was one named "Hateful Take." He was only eleven years old when he began stealing his father's money and going with some companions to the theatre, where they would sit upstairs and drink saké and annoy the audience by their behaviour. At the age of twelve he fell into trouble with the police and was considered all the more a hero by his companions. It was by associating with this boy that Matsuzo had gradually fallen into evil courses, had rejected Eiichi's advice, and had now come completely to do as he liked.

After spending his first night at the police-station Matsuzo early the next morning returned to Eiichi's house. Eiichi was getting breakfast at the time and immediately he saw Matsuzo he called out, "Have you got back, Matsuzo? I suppose you haven't had your breakfast yet. Make haste and get it." That was all he said. Matsuzo still stood in the yard. "Teacher," he said, shamefacedly, "I ain't going to be bad again. Forgive me this time."

"You mustn't be bad again 'cause teacher's only going to forgive you this time," he was told by old Kishimoto. "So be a good boy and get your breakfast quickly or you'll be late for school."

Then old Kishimoto handed out his cup. But Matsuzo still stood in the yard without moving to come in.

Eiichi, seeing this, shut his eyes and wept.

V.

All this time Miss Higuchi was a faithful attendant at the Mission services. However cold the morning or however rainy the evening she was never absent from the services. Sometimes her younger sister was unwell and could not come, but Miss Higuchi was never too unwell to come, and every Sunday and every Thursday she would walk along from Wakinohama.

A year had almost elapsed since she had been attending the services and befriending the poor. She was no longer a stranger to Eiichi. Indeed, she was quite like a wife.

On the first and fifteenth of every month, when she had holidays, she would bring some dish she had made. Although she had not much money she did everything she could for Eiichi, for which he was very grateful.

At Miss Higuchi's home there was considerable opposition to her attendance at the Shinkawa Mission. In the first place her father was against it. Her father's elder sister was a Christian and he himself had been brought into touch with Christian work by his connection with the Kobe Printing Company. Yet he had all sorts of objections to Christianity, and he was supported in this by the third sister, Hatsu. The mother herself was thus led to give only half-hearted approval.

Eiichi, by the earnest request of Kieko (Miss Higuchi), had for the last two or three months been holding a Bible class at her house at Wakinohama every Saturday evening. This was for the sake of converting her mother. Although Eiichi at first felt that it would be wrong of him to visit Miss Higuchi's house, nevertheless, after he had been there, he felt no further anxiety. There were three or four young apprentices of the Printing Works boarding in the house, so that it was as if he had suddenly acquired a number of sisters, and as they all attended the Bible class he felt there was nothing wrong in his going.

The Higuchi family kept house in a very strict way. Nothing was ever allowed to fall into disorder, and Eiichi, who lived among the confusion of the slums, felt very happy to see such neatness. All who have money can, of course, make their houses beautiful, but to keep a boarding-house for workers and at the

same time to display taste in the arrangement of the house is so difficult that Eiichi began to regard Mrs. Higuchi as a person of more than usual ability and discernment. All the family spoke the Tokyo dialect,—the clear-cut tones of which struck him as very beautiful. The atmosphere of the house appealed to Eiichi very strongly.

The strange relations that had thus been formed between Eiichi and Miss Higuchi were such as he would never have dreamt of. Up to now he had only regarded her as a faithful woman-disciple.

For that there were many reasons. For one thing there was his physical condition, which caused him anxiety. Then again there was the idea that he could only give his love to beauty. If he could not have the love of such beautiful girls as Tsuruko and Kohide, then he would do without love altogether. Then there was his own position to consider. And even if the higher rank of his family was waived, he could not desert the slums once having gone to live there.

The Bible class at Miss Higuchi's house always finished about nine o'clock, and it was usual for Kieko and her sister Akiko to accompany him on his way home as far as the electric light station. Even on the coldest autumn evenings Kieko would see Eiichi on his way, such was her affection, and when Akiko was too unwell to come, she would accompany him alone on the ground that it was very dark behind the electric light station.

(Such was her love for him!)

Yet Eiichi did not look upon it in this light. This girl who accompanied him,—this Kieko, with her twenty-two years, her plump white face and pink cheeks,—such a girl as one might see any day in the streets of Tokyo, with her fashionable coiffure and silk coat, not looking the least like a work-girl;—this girl with the rustling skirts who accompanied him, whose form he could dimly see by the light of the lantern she carried,—truly she was a gallant, intelligent and winsome creature.

She was different from either Tsuruko or Kohide. A glance at Tsuruko or Kohide told you of their beauty. But when you came to converse with them their resources were soon exhausted. They had nothing in them. Kieko was not a beauty, but as you came to know her you found that she was a woman of refined taste, with a graceful play of thought. Especially was Kieko's language beautiful,—to a degree which charmed Eiichi. Whether she was reading the Bible, or praying, or talking there was an art in her voice.

She told him many things about her past life,—about the studies she had pursued after leaving the higher elementary school, about what she was fond of reading. She was well read in the Genji Monogatari and such works.

Considering Kieko's attainments Eiichi was thoroughly convinced that school plays no part in forming a person's character. Yet he could not help remembering that Kieko was, after all, only a work-girl, while he was the son of a mayor. Although his reason told him that the objection was groundless, yet he could not overcome his feelings, so strong were they.

If Kieko had been a beautiful woman there would have been some romance in such a union, but even on that ground he had not the courage to take Kohide.

Such being the case he could not attain the same ardour for Kieko that he had felt for Tsuruko. Yet he began to feel that there was no felicity in the world for him greater than to be loved by Kieko. That was because her love was as warm as that of a mother's. His regret was that he should never be able to repay such great love.

VI.

In November there came news from Awa. He heard that Tsuruko was teaching at an elementary school among the mountains in Awa district.

There was no doubt that it was to escape a marriage which was distasteful to her that she had gone to live among the mountains. The report was brought to him by Mr. Haruki, the colporteur.

Afterwards Mr. Tanida Soichi, a friend of Mr. Otonashi Otoji, whose acquaintance Eiichi had made at the Meiji Gakuin and who was now a pastor at Gifu, had called on Eiichi on his transfer from the church at Tokushima to another post, and in the course of a conversation on all sorts of things, Eiichi had been able to confirm the report of Tsuruko's action.

VII.

"I'll do what I can for you," said Eiichi while escorting Kohide from his house in the slums. He did not think Kohide was so much to be pitied, although she relied upon him doing what he could. Yet he was glad that she had come to depend upon him, although he had not the courage to go further and bring himself to love her.

Eiichi gazed silently at the prostrate forms of the morphine addict and the drunkard, both of whom had fallen down in a stupor in his house before the arrival of Kohide.

Eiichi's period of servitude for the love of Tsuruko had terminated. The languishing love of his hot-blooded youth now seemed to him as merely youth's foolishness. His disobedience to his father, his persistent visits to the loved one seemed to him like a passage across love's road, a swimming of the Bosphorus. It was really a dangerous period.

Eiichi, holding one of the posts in the yard, gazed silently at the form of the morphine addict. There was no connection between this morphine fiend, and himself and Kohide. It was the slums that had brought them together.

This morphine fiend had been an actor. Three years before he had begun taking injections of morphine and now he could not live a day without it.

He had come groaning to Eiichi's house some two or three month before and Eiichi had sympathetically gone to Dr. Tazawa and got some alcohol and morphine that the doctor used for disinfection purposes. This he had given the man and every day since then the man had come to receive it.

His eyeballs were frightfully big and glittering and his skin was pallid. He lay there without moving, with the long hair of an actor and clad only in a blue workman's coat and pants. By his side was the drunkard named Kōshu, who had come full of bluster and argument and now lay lost to the world.

Kohide had intended to stay longer, but she had been startled by what she saw and had gone away. Being a girl of a placid disposition she had not, of course, fled in a fright. She had merely murmured "I'm afraid" and with those words departed.

What Kohide had come to ask Eiichi was in connection with her elder sister Rin, who was going to be married to a carpenter. Kohide wanted to borrow some money for the marriage—only thirty yen, and of course Eiichi had gladly agreed to do what he could.

Eiichi had not thought that Kohide could be in want of such a small sum as thirty yen, but when he came to inquire into her circumstances he found that she was apparently very heavily in debt. When she had first gone to the Tamanoya she had had to borrow three hundred and fifty yen to buy dresses, and up to then she had not been able to repay the amount. On the contrary, during the two years she had been there her debts had doubled, and when to this was added the five hundred yen her parents had borrowed, her debts amounted to twelve or thirteen hundred yen. As she thus found it impossible to borrow any more, she was greatly troubled for money.

Kohide also told Eiichi many other things about herself. Among others he remembered that she had told him, half in a whisper, that a position as somebody's mistress had been offered her at a hundred yen a month.

"Have you ever been anyone's mistress?" he had asked her, but she had not replied. He had realised then the futility of such a question and had felt pity for her.

"To go on like this means in the end that one's whole life will be wasted."

Kohide was full of earnestness and as she spoke it seemed as if she was suffering great anguish.

Eiichi, from his own conjectures and from what Kohide's mother had said, guessed that Kohide had relations at present with a pawnbroker in Moto machi—a man with five children, with whom it was impossible for her to maintain her intimacy for long. Indeed it would appear that the relations had already been severed. That was apparently the reason why Kohide had not been able to continue helping her aged parents with money as she had done hitherto, and why she had appealed to Eiichi from time to time.

Nevertheless Eiichi doubted whether it would be wise to tie himself up in any way. Somehow it seemed to him that if he were led into such relations it would be as though he were purchasing Kohide. Therefore up to then he had refrained from meddling in her affairs too deeply. It was only on this occasion, when she had asked him for a small sum on

account of her sister's wedding, that he had gone so far as to agree to lend her the amount.

She had gone away pleased with his promise and Eiichi did not think there was anything objectionable in it. He and Kohide had somehow lately gradually drifted further and further apart.

The morphia addict lay as one dead. Koshu, the drunkard, moved his arms and legs from time to time. Eiichi stood revolving many things in his mind from different angles—the morphine addict, Kōshu, Kohide, himself, the slums, love. His only certain conclusion was that he lived in a strange world.

Kohide had never said that she could not exist without Eiichi. She had only said lately that she could not endure the Shinkawa slums and that it would be better even to live at Shimmachi in Osaka. This was not without temptation to Eiichi. It seemed to Eiichi that the longer Kohide lived in the geisha-house the more artful would she grow in the management of men. Sometimes Eiichi compared his relations with Kohide to the temptation of St. Antony.

In any case Kohide was the most beautiful girl that Eiichi knew, and to let her go would not be a matter without regret. But he could not realise seeing her form every day, nor did he think she would be able to endure life in the slums nor that they could continue faithful till death.

Somehow she seemed as if only meant for flirting with men at social entertainments, not at all a person of any staidness. In such circumstances love would quickly fade. Moreover, as it was Kohide's family she desired to help, mutual love would certainly fade away, and Kohide would merely become an object of charity.

Then there were doubts whether Kohide could sympathise with his outlook. Kohide herself would probably be quite content to remain a plaything. She was not the kind of woman to take an interest in the uplifting of the workers or dream of the reconstruction of the world.

Of course if he received her it would be a step up in her education and as she was a clever girl she would no doubt make more or less progress. Already she had made endeavours to overcome her bodily passions, but whether there would arise in her a desire to search after the truth was a matter of doubt.

Nevertheless if he did not make his position clear to Kohide, it would place her in a false position. As for Kohide it was obvious from the hints she had let drop that she was not averse to Eiichi redeeming her.

Eiichi himself was not unaware of this. But he was not in a position to do this directly. He could not tell Kohide plainly that she must not come to the slums to visit him, and thus he had not the courage to set up a barrier to Kohide's desires. Their relations therefore drifted on by force of momentum and he still felt a desire to draw Kohide into his inner heart.

But even now Eiichi, without he had a definite answer from Tsuruko, was determined that he would not pay court to any other girl. This was his chivalrous resolve. He held love as something holy, —to be respected, and he had come to this determination entirely by himself. Then his health was not fully re-established. It was gradually improving, but even if he found any woman willing to marry him, as he had made a promise to Tsuruko he was resolved that he would not turn his eyes elsewhere. If necessary he would maintain his chastity for ever.

Whatever happened he had been placed in the slums to help the people. The temptation to yield was not a light one, but he knew that he had strength enough to overcome his bodily passions. He trusted proudly to the victory of faith.

When he met Kohide he regarded her from his superior position. He pitied her, but it was his strange ambition to be a saint, even though he felt the enticement of Kohide very strongly.

There are men without any physical passions. But Eiichi had met any number of prostitutes in the slums and knew the depths to which sexuality can descend. He was sorry for Kohide, but in dealing with her he felt as if he were assisting a prostitute of comparative purity and could not carry his affection beyond that.

Now that he could easily control his passions and compared his present position with the crisis he went through at the office in Hyogo, he was conscious that his will had become stronger, that he could force his will to prevent him doing certain acts.

Thus he was able to meet the amorous Kohide and yet, looking at the morphine

addict and thinking over his fate, quickly bring his thoughts into order and forget all about women.

The autumn evening was quickly closing in on the muddy alleys of the slums. Eiichi examined the small balance in his deposit account and went off quickly to drew the thirty yen for Rin before the bank closed.

The morphine addict and the drunkard lay at the entrance undisturbed, like two corpses.

VIII.

In the morning the wife of Toda came rushing in crying, and related in a loud voice how she had been ill-treated by her husband.

There seemed to be a row going on also in Tora's house next door. His wife was scolding him because he was too fond of gambling. From opposite also there was a sound of parents and children quarrelling. Fighting Yasu was also having a quarrel with his wife, at whom he was shouting.

Toda's wife told what her husband had done to her with the red-hot tongs and showed Eiichi her thigh. On her beautiful white thigh there was the mark where he had burnt her with the tongs.

"What a terrible thing," he said.

"He's always doing it, he is," said Mrs. Toda, "whenever I gets in the family way he takes up with another woman and begins to ill-treat me. It ain't no use my getting angry with him. All I can do is to pray to Jesus and trust in Him. Last night he comes back late —it must have been one o'clock, and just says, says he 'Go and get some saké.' Well, there ain't even a farthing in the house and I tells him so. I says 'You talk about going out and buying saké when you knows very well you never gives me a penny for the house. Where do you suppose I'm going to get the money from to buy saké?' I says. 'You good-for-nothing creature,' he says, 'What's the good of you if you can't buy your husband some saké when he wants it?' he says. That's what he says, and mind you, it was one o'clock in the morning and where did he think I was going to find a saké-shop open at that hour? In the day-time you can always raise twenty sen or so at the pawnbroker's by pledging something so as to get some saké, but lately he's never been home once and never given me one sen for the house, and then when he happens to come home he always says 'Go and buy some saké,' as I just told him. Well then, you know how hasty he is. He just took up them tongs I was going to do something with and he jumps up and seizes my two hands and ties 'em behind my back, and kicks me and burns me on the thigh with them tongs in this way."

Here Mrs. Toda burst into tears and seemed as if she would fall down. The easily-moved Eiichi felt a rush of tears into his eyes when he heard this. At the back and also in the house in front the quarrels were still raging fiercely. At Fighting Yasu's house it seemed as if the table was being thrown about, there was such a sound of smashing and ripping of wood and crockery. In the midst of it all there was the sound of two or three babies crying.

At the sound of the children's cries Mrs. Toda took up her story again.

"But that ain't all, teacher. Just look at what he did to me here."

Here Mrs. Toda began to exhibit her left thigh and to take off the bandage round it.

"He ain't satisfied with burning me like this, but he must go into the back room and bring out his big knife and say he's going to kill me. And I—and I." (Here Mrs. Toda's narrative was broken by her emotion.) "I says—'Tatsu,' I says—'think o' what you're doing. We got five children and another coming and it's a shame for you to take up with another woman,' I says. 'I've had enough o' you,' he says, 'and if there's another kid coming I'm going to do you in,' he says, as if that were any reason. —Well, I ain't only a woman, teacher, and they say a woman opens her mouth too much. He grabs me by the hair and begins dragging me about and then in a fit of temper I just bit his hand. He outs with his knife and gets me down and stuffs a towel into my mouth so's I couldn't shout. 'Now,' he says. 'Re-

sign yourself. Your last hour's come,' he says, and he thrusts his knife towards my throat. There warn't nothing for me to do then but resign myself to my fate and I never says a word.—Oh, it was terrible,—but I was praying to Jesus in my heart all the time. 'Oh Lord Jesus.' I prayed, 'forgive the sin of this unthinking creature. I don't think nothing o' my life, but there's the five unfortunate children,—if you can forgive, Lord, let my life be spared.' That's how I prayed, and for ten minutes he kept that knife against my windpipe, turning it round, but he didn't cut my throat after all. Instead of that he cut me here."

She took off the bandage and Eiichi saw the gaping mouth of the wound. It required three stitches to bring it together and was, as she said, very deep and gaping in spite of the stitches.

Eiichi's tears flowed when he saw it. He did not know how to comfort her. Nevertheless as she tied up the bandage he spoke.

"Don't be anxious," he said. "If your husband becomes too cruel you can come and live in my house as before. I shall always be happy to help you."

She stood weeping in the kitchen while the old Kishimotos tried to comfort her. Eiichi stood at the back door leaning against a post.

The quarrel at the back had grown fiercer. It sounded as though Yasu was throwing the saké-warmer into the garden. It was a perfect uproar. The shrill tones of his wife's voice could be heard.

"Do what you like. . . Don't go to work. Drink as much saké as you like."

There was a sudden outbreak of children's cries.

The quarrel between husband and wife at the gambler Tora's at the back had changed into a quarrel between the parents and children. The blind mother and Tora's wife were quarrelling in high tones. At times the equally blind father, with the help of his wife, was reviling Kuma's wife savagely. Although he was a gambler yet he was still fond of his son.

There was another quarrel going on in a house in the lane opposite Tora's, where a rag-picker lived. Here it was a quarrel between husband and wife concerning the man's relations with his stepdaughter.

Mrs. Toda listened to the noise in the lane behind while she dried her tears.

"I didn't think there was such quarrels as that here," she said to Eiichi as he stood dully in the yard. "It makes one ashamed to hear them quarrelling like that. It ain't right to fight like that, but there are times when one's drawn into it unconscious like. One must believe in Jesus with all one's might because it ain't nice to be bad. I didn't have such a bad heart once, you know, teacher."

"You ain't done anything wrong," said humpbacked old Mrs. Kushimoto consolingly as she stood by listening.

"Well, I can't help answering back when people's quarrelling wi' me. I ain't any better than they are in this neighbourhood when I get to quarrelling. I'm real bad, I am—terrible terrible. But I wasn't always as bad as this, teacher. You know, Mrs. Kishimoto," she went on turning to her, "when I was about twenty I wasn't no good at housework, and when I was out at service at Maruya's the draper's, the master he was real good to me. But you know teacher my luck was bad." (Here her tears began to flow again.) "When I was twenty-three I met Tatsu and he was a very promising young man then—a fine looking fellow. But then I didn't know he was"—(here she put out four fingers—the sign for the special class)—"and I married him. After, when I came to know he was this"—(here she put out her four fingers again)—"I regretted what I'd done, but I couldn't undo it and so I let things go while the children kept on coming till I'd got five. Tatsu he didn't change a bit. He still went out buying girls or taking up with fresh women while all the time he was getting children at home, or he'd leave 'em and run off to the Hokkaido or Kyushu just as he pleased. I don't know what to do with him. I've thought many a time I'd run off and end it all by jumping into the sea and drowning myself."

Eiichi had not known till then that Toda belonged to the special class. In Shinkawa people of the special class are very numerous as they collect there from the villages along the shore of the Inland Sea, where they compose sixty to seventy per cent. of the population. Toda did not look at all like one of that class, however, and Eiichi was quite surprised.

"But, Mrs. Toda," he said, "That doesn't matter. Nowadays outcasts and beggars are all part of the people and no distinctions are made. You know Jesus is ready to accept all, even the most wicked, and there can be no distinctions. I wouldn't care whether my wife was the child of a beggar or an outcast. I don't think you should let that trouble you."

"Well, I only said it just to see," replied Mrs. Toda. "You know you've helped me from time to time and I shouldn't like to think I'd kept it from you. I know Jesus never made any difference, yet somehow it gives me a lot of trouble. There's my aunt and the others at Osaka—they're always talking about it and won't have anything to do with us, although it's eight or nine years since I married Tatsu."

"But Mrs. Toda, there's nothing to be troubled about" said Eiichi. "You know Matsu. He's the child of this"—(here he held out four fingers)—"from Sanuki in Shikoku, but I treat him as my own child and let him sleep with me every night. In God's sight there are no distinctions. Nowadays such ideas are worthless."

"Yes," said Mrs. Toda, "it don't trouble you because you've got learning, but common people like me we thinks about it all day."

"Yes," said Eiichi, "but all who believe in Jesus—everyone will be saved."

"That's right, that's right," said old Mr. Kishimoto who had been sweeping the doorstep. "Don't be troubled, Mrs. Toda, but leave it all to the teacher. Don't he say there's nothing to trouble about? Bring the children here and teacher will look after them."

Mrs. Toda promised to do so and departed with many thanks down the alley. Old Kishimoto looking after her murmured to himself, "She's a good woman and I really pities her. I thought Tatsu was a better man, but he's really a bad lot."

IX.

Four or five days after that, in the evening, there was a murder in the alley at the back.

It was just after the prayer-meeting on Wednesday, while Eiichi was talking to Takeda and Miss Higuchi, who always came to the meeting although she could not get away from her work till nine o'clock.

"Murder! Murder."

The cry came from a lane at the back. It was the voice of a young woman.

Then there was silence, broken only by the sound of naked feet running confusedly—some four or five people.

Another scream from a woman and then there was a sound of somebody falling.

Men's voices were heard. "She's done for! She's done for! Take care."

A woman's voice cried "Take out the knife." From all sides there was the sound of people running.

A moment's silence followed. Eiichi had bounded out at the back immediately. It was a clear November night and the stars were shining brightly.

Takeda and Miss Higuchi followed Eiichi closely. There was nobody at the back; they had all gone to see what the excitement was about.

Eiichi made his way through Tora's yard and came out in front of the barber's.

"It's all up with her," said a voice.

The girl,—it was the same girl who was said to have relations with her stepfather, about which the father and mother had been quarrelling—was being held up by a number of people, who had crowded into a house just west of Shin's. The girl's blood was welling from the wound and the hands of those holding her were covered with blood. Shin, who was always foremost in giving help, looked very important. She greeted Eiichi immediately he arrived on the scene.

"Teacher," she said, "this poor girl's done for. A terrible thing's happened." (Here she turned to the crowd.) "A doctor! Has anybody run for one? Quick, quick or it's no use."

Looking at the girl Eiichi found that he knew her well. She had lately gone out as a waitress and it was rumoured that her parents were going to sell her to a brothel. She was an attractive girl, with one eye a little smaller than the other, rosy cheeks, and butterfly chignon. The step-father, about whom the rumours were circulated, was also there. Eiichi knew him well. He was a man with close-cropped grey hair, a small moustache, a frowning forehead and a crafty expression. His face was pockmarked and altogether he was a ferocious-looking fellow.

The mother was also there. She was a rag buyer and had a long face like a Chinese. It was astonishing to think that such a pretty girl should have been born of such a mother. Yet on looking at the mother closely one could see that she also was probably beautiful when she was young.

All the people in the neighbourhood were gathered round.

Shin was calling the girl's name.

"Koto," she cried. "Pull yourself together."

The stepfather was smoking calmly in the back room.

"Shin," said the mother in a low voice," the girl's done for. See what a lot of blood she's lost."

"Ay, she's done for. She don't know anyone. Feel her pulse, someone. I can't feel anything."

Shin spoke in a loud voice, laughing the while.

Eiichi came forward and took the girl's left hand. Her pulse was beating faintly, but was stopping now and then.

"Her pulse is very weak," he said to Shin. "What about a doctor?"

No one answered.

"Hasn't anybody gone?" cried Shin. "I told them to go some time ago."

"What doctor shall we call?" said Tora's wife. Then in a lower voice as if speaking to herself she added: "Doctors round here always want the money first and they won't give you medicine and tells you to call a 'rikisha and pay the 'rikisha fare. Where can you find a 'rikisha in a poor quarter like this?"

Hearing this Shin began to scold.

"Dr. Anegawa or Dr. Tazawa—anyone will do," she cried.

"Do you think old Dr. Tazawa would come?"

"Dr. Anegawa would tell you to call a 'rikisha."

Shin turned to Eiichi. "Won't you go for a doctor to save this poor girl's life, teacher?" she asked. "I begs your pardon for asking you."

Eiichi was just going to start off when Takeda, who had been looking at the miserable sight, cried that he would go. Miss Higuchi also offered to go. Eiichi called after Takeda, who had started.

"Mention my name to Dr. Tazawa," he said, "and tell him I'll pay his fees."

Shin and the mother bowed and thanked Eiichi for his kindness.

Just then there appeared two or three men, still panting for breath. One was Matsuzo's elder brother; he was panting very heavily.

"Oh!" he cried, "I thought we'd catch Tsune, but he ran too fast for us. He crossed the railway and went right up the hill. I'm afeared he'll come down and commit suicide on the railway tonight. We caught him once but he was too strong for us and got away."

He then came into the yard to ask after the girl. The other two remained at the gate telling their story to the people who had collected.

"Tsune said he didn't want to live any more and we was afraid he would go off to the railway, so we ran after him. But he went so hard we couldn't catch him. I went as far as the bathhouse but I couldn't run any more. Tanaka went on alone but he lost sight of him after he crossed the railway, so he came back."

While Aida was telling his story in a loud voice at the front, Shin was still striving earnestly to save the girl's life. Slight convulsions ran over the girl's body, and the left side of her face contracted. Her back was stabbed through. An old towel wrapped round the wound was dyed in her blood. She was a truly pitiful sight. Her breathing had stopped.

"Water! Water!" cried Shin.

The slow-moving mother of the girl went out at the back and there was a sound of her moving something.

Shin turned to the front.

"Tell the old man and woman at the shampooer's to light the lamp and pray," she said. Then she shouted into the ear of the deaf and nearly blind old couple, "Pray, pray."

The old people went off to the house next door with tottering steps and hastily lighted the lamp at the shrine. Then, after a pause, was heard the sound of the drum. People collected round the house.

"Namu myōhō renge kyo. Namu myōhō renge kyo" came the sound of the prayer.

Then Takeda came back with Dr. Tazawa. The crowd opened a passage for them.

Eiichi greeted him calmly.

"I'm very sorry to be always giving you so much trouble," he said. "This is the patient."

"What's happened to her?" asked the doctor.

"There been some trouble with a young man" said Shin with a laugh, "and she got stabbed."

"Oh! Just take off that towel."

When it was taken off the doctor looked startled.

"Oh that's very bad," he said. "She's past help. Her pulse has stopped."

"Is she past help?" said Shin with a startled expression.

The mother stood in the yard just as she had gone to fetch the water. She said not a word but stood peeping at the scene from the corner of her eyes as if she were ashamed.

"Yes," went on Shin, "I suppose she is. She lost so much blood. Nobody could live after that."

She took off the towel that was round the girl's neck.

Dr. Tazawa peered at the girl over his spectacles.

"I can't tell without I see the body," he said. "Take off some of her clothes."

Shin, with Eiichi to help her, took off some of the girl's clothes, and on her beautiful skin could be seen the mark of the knife. It had gone right through her slender frame.

"Oh," cried Shin, who was still excited," what a terrible thing! Why was she treated like this? How did he do it?"

Matsuzo's brother, who was standing in the yard, explained.

"She stumbled and fell when she was running away from him, and he got on her back and stabbed her right through."

Another at the front confirmed this.

"That was it, that was it," he said. "When I came out Tsune was still on her back. 'Take that, you b—h,' he said, and seemed to stab her."

Dr. Tazawa took out his little notebook from his pocket and inquired Koto's domicile, full name, status and those of her parents. Then, as he was on the point of departing he said: "You must inform the police at once."

As he went off slowly Shin murmured, "What a terrible thing!"

Then, in a loud voice, she called to the old shampooer. "'Tain't no use to pray any more, the girl's gone."

This made the crowd laugh.

At the sound of Shin's shout the prayer ceased and the drum stopped.

Quickly the alley became silent. For a moment no one in the crowd spoke.

Eiichi bowed his head and prayed. Miss Higuchi and Takeda also prayed.

There was the sound of the mother sobbing in the kitchen.

The next day there was a rumour that Tsune had killed himself at the Sannomiya railway crossing. Eiichi inquired at Shin's and was told it was true.

That afternoon, at 4 o'clock, when the autumn day was already growing dark, two coffins left the alley. As the funeral bell sounded from alley to alley it seemed as if the slums of Shinkawa were really but the gathering place for all the wickedness of the city.

When one murder is committed in Shinkawa another follows. Two or three days later there was a murder in a two-mat room in Azuma-dori. The murderer was a husband who killed his wife because he suspected her of adultery. He was soon arrested.

Ito, the rag-picker, who was one of Eiichi's small congregation, lived next door to the house where the murder was committed, and he gave Eiichi some very interesting views on the subject.

"You know, teacher," he said, "since you've come to live in Shinkawa things have got much better. Why, two or three years ago every day there was someone stabbed or strangled. I can remember three years ago there were thirty murders in the year and the year before last there was ten, and last year, what with your exertions, teacher, and the row made by the police, there weren't only six. This year up to now there ain't been more than four. Seems as if as the years go on murders 'll get less and less and Shinkawa will be a better place to live in. Before they brought in the new criminal law, what a place it was! Women and children even used to go about with knives or pistols and use 'em too at the first chance. I can't tell you how dangerous it was. But since the new criminal law came in the knives have all been taken away, and since you've come to live here the children have learnt to be polite and you've tried to help 'em in all their troubles so that the people's got more civilised like. Instead of three murders we'll have two and instead of two we'll have one and so things will get a deal better. Yes, if it hadn't been for your exertions, there wouldn't ha' been any drop in the number of murders, 'specially now that trade's so bad. In the first place it's surprising how gambling's stopped since you come to live here. Why, the year before last even the women and children were at it all night with no time to sleep—just gambling away for all they were worth.

But now that teacher goes out every Sunday morning singing hymns in all the lanes and preaching in all the alleys, it makes the people pay attention something wonderful. Why in my neighbourhood recently gamblers ha' got quite scarce. But Shinkawa ain't got civilised enough not to have a murder now and again. It ain't the people's fault. It was the same in the case of that rag-buyer out at the back of your house, and in the house next door to me. When there's only two or three mats and a family of four or five's got to sleep there, however careful they be there's bound to be something bad happen. In a place like Shinkawa, where everybody's poor, there's sure to be some mistakes. That's why I says the only way to make Shinkawa a good place is to burn it to the ground. There ain't no other way."

This was Ito's opinion. He had good reasons for it and Eiichi found it very interesting.

X.

Hige Tanimoto, who was one of Eiichi's converts, came to Eiichi with a request that he would find him some work, as he had none.

Originally he had been a priest of the Kinsuji Temple who went round the city begging for donations for the building of the central hall of the temple. Later he went round with proposals for building a pagoda or something like that and used all the money he collected for himself. The Kinsuji was astonished that there should be among them one so bold as to practise such knavery.

Kyokashima brought him and introduced him to Eiichi, and he came to the services, and unexpectedly professed great repentance of his bad acts. Ashamed of his wickedness he had expressed great devotion to Eiichi, even to a resolution to lay down his life for him. He had thus become one of Eiichi's strongest supporters and his right-hand man.

At first he was engaged in making ear-picks, but in a little time orders for these ceased. He got a job from Komori to look after twenty-seven tenements, each of three mats, but this only brought him in his rent and nothing more, and he had to rely on selling a hundred to a hundred and fifty toothpicks a day to supply himself with food. But lately trade had been bad and there had been a cessation of orders from Osaka, and as he could not make enough to get food he came at last to Eiichi with the request that he would show him how to earn his living. At that time Eiichi was not restricting his assistance to those who were sick and he wished to establish in the slums, as a practical means of help, a simple eating-house. After consulting Dr. Williams, therefore, he determined to try Tanimoto.

For this purpose he took a large shop in a front lane above his house to open as an eatinghouse under the name of the Tengokuya. All the responsibility for the fitting of the shop and every other expense of course fell upon Eiichi, but it was arranged that if there was any profit, sixty per cent. should go to Tanimoto and the remaining forty to the slum co-operative society. On the other hand, if there was a loss, it was agreed that Eiichi would be responsible for the rent of eight yen a month and for further expenses up to about ten yen. It was on these terms that the eating-house was opened.

Tanimoto was very clever at picking up second-hand articles and he bought boilers and braziers and pans and dishes and big tea-cups enough for a hundred persons. For small cups he was content with those which had been used at the Christmas entertainment in the slums the year before. He also had a curtain made to hang up in front, on which was dyed, in large letters, "Tengokuya." All this cost from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and thirty yen. Everything was ready on the 17th of November. They had fixed the Harvest Festival as the opening day, but as this would mean the loss of five days' takings, it was decided to open it on the 18th. As the interest each day on the money borrowed came to a large amount, Tanimoto's idea that they should not lose any time in opening the eating-house was a good one.

On the 17th Eiichi got a man known as Tozaiya, who lived in the slums, to go round announcing the opening of the eating-house for next day, but he so exaggerated the affair that everybody

thought the eating-house was going to be free, and on the 18th, from half past three in the morning, they came in crowds, so that by five o'clock all the rice that had been prepared was sold.

This was beyond Tanimoto's expectations, but in the hurry of preparing some more, unfortunately too much was cooked and half of it was left. An announcement was sent out that it would be given away to the poorer tenement dwellers, and this being know it was all gone very quickly.

The business of the Tengokuya did not prove so easy as was expected. The lodging-houses of Shinkawa are full of cunning rogues who came to the eating-house and ate their full, and when the time came for payment went off with promises that they would pay some other day. Of course they never came back; they had merely come to get a free meal. The eating-house was started to help people who were badly off and, of course, they were willing to trust people who really had no money, but they were not willing to give free meals to rascals who had plenty of money to gamble with but not enough to pay their bills.

Eiichi had never contemplated this difficulty in the settlement of accounts when he started the eating-house. Every day there were three or four of such cases. Even when asked for their names so that they could be put in the account book, they refused to give them on the plea that they'd be sure to bring the money in the evening. Evening came, but, of course, they never put in an appearance. The turnover at the eating-house amounted every day to fourteen or fifteen yen, but out of that one yen forty to one yen sixty had to be deducted for the supply of free meals to these rascals. This meant a serious loss to such a business as a cheap eating-house, where the profit on sales is very small.

Tanimoto was greatly troubled over the loss on the eating-house.

Another point was that the honest poor, for whom the eating-house was intended, did not come to it. There were eight eating-houses in the Shinkawa slums, and although it was conceded that the Tengokuya was very clean and well appointed, yet complaint was made that the food provided was too highly flavoured to be suitable for workmen, while others held that the portions of fish served out were too small. This was only natural. At the other eating-houses no attention was paid to the fish being a little tainted, whereas at the Tengokuya endeavours were made to sell nothing bad which would send people to the hospital. This strictness as to having everything fresh made prices seem a little higher.

Nevertheless the Tengokuya had some seventy or eighty regular customers among the longshoremen and labourers. Then in the afternoon many of the women in the slums would come to buy certain dishes which they said were well cooked at the Tengokuya. In addition there were two or three ne'er-do-wells who came to have their meals there.

Eiichi himself often went in the morning early to eat the bean soup which was cooked in a large pan and which was so good that two or three people in the slums found nothing more delicious.

Eiichi sometimes helped in serving the customers and found that those with good appetites could demolish three big piled up bowls of rice, which were sold at four sen five rin the bowl. Medium sized bowls cost three sen and small bowls two sen. Eiichi found that one medium sized bowl was as much as he could manage to eat and he was often astonished at the workers' appetites. They had to be specially careful, however, with the customers who eat such large meals, as very often after they had finished they were not able to pay. Sometimes they made the excuse that they had forgotten their money. Tanimoto, who well understood Eiichi's feelings in the matter, never got angry on such occasions.

"That's all right," he would say: "Bring it the next time." This was the tone he adopted.

Sometimes a customer would call for saké, whereupon Tanimoto, after explaining that the Tengokuya was a Christian establishment and did not sell saké, would himself go across the road to the saké shop to buy it and serve it out politely to the customer.

Eiichi consoled himself for the loss they were sustaining by the thought that they were at least giving the people pure food.

There was, however, another trouble that arose out of the business, and that was that Toda, the gardener, grumbled

that while money had been given to Tanimoto to enable him to establish himself in business, nothing had been done for him.

XI.

It was the 30th of November.

Toda Tatsujiro, who had got drunk in the afternoon and had been going about hiccuping, was just coming out of the Aomiya eating-house when it occurred to him that he would go round and kick up a row at the Tengokuya, which was only a step away. He pulled open the half-door of the Tengokuya with a force almost enough to break it.

"Here, Hige," he cried. "You there? Come out. I'm going to pull your ugly head off."

Tanimoto was in the eating-house making up his accounts and came forward laughing. A crowd quickly gathered at the entrance.

"There, what's the good of getting angry like that," said Tanimoto. "You've been having a drop too much, so you'd better be quiet."

Fortunately there were no customers in the eating-house—it was between the noon meal and supper—and everything was quiet inside.

Toda knew there was a crowd watching him and let himself go.

"Here, you Hige," he said. "Gi' me some money."

"Oh money, is it? How much d'you want?" Tanimoto spoke very seriously.

"Gi' me a hundred yen. Hundred yen, d'you hear? I'm going to start a eating-house like you." Toda emphasised his demand by sitting on a table and lighting a cigarette.

Tanimoto did not reply.

"Here, what d'you say?" went on Toda. "Ain't you got a hundred yen? No?—You 'ave, course you 'ave. Ain't the business doing fine? Don't you make a fool o' me or I'll do you in."

Tanimoto went to the back in silence and brought back a five yen note.

"Here, Tatsu," he said, "you'll have to make this do to-day."

He handed it to Toda, but Toda would have none of it.

"Eh? What's that?" he said. "Is that all the money you make in this eating-house? None of your fooling. Look here, Hige. I know all about you. Wasn't you a lying old priest and ain't you been three times in quod, you villain? You got round that pasty-faced chap Niimi and got him to put up a hundred yen to start you in this shop, and now your head's so swelled you don't know people when you meet 'em. I'll give you my answer to your dirty five and ten yen notes."

Thereupon Tatsu jumped off the table and commenced to smash the pans to fragments. Then he cast his eye on a lot of cups that were piled up on the counter and these also he smashed to pieces.

"Now I'm going to kick up a row at Niimi's," he said as if to himself, and throwing away his cigarette he went out.

None of the people in the large crowd tried to restrain Toda. A great number followed him.

Tanimoto rushed off to inform Eiichi that Toda was coming. This he could do by going round the back way, as Toda, who did not know the way round to the back, had gone to the front of Eiichi's house.

Eiichi was tending a lame woman whom he had picked up when Tanimoto came rushing in in great excitement.

"What's the matter, Tanimoto?" he inquired.

"Where's Toda's missus and kids?" asked Tanimoto, excitedly. "Toda's coming here to kick up a row, and we ought to get 'em out of the way at once."

"She's gone out with the children," answered Eiichi. "It's quite safe."

Just then Toda appeared with a large axe. It was from the firewood shop.

Tanimoto rushed out again and Tatsu, after smashing open with his axe the door of the kitchen, where he knew Eiichi always was, came in. He made such a noise that he brought out the old dustman opposite.

"Here, what you doing?" he shouted as he came in. "Ain't that the teacher's room? What you got the axe for? Going to smash up the place for something? What a chap you are!"

His old wife had gone off hurriedly to the police-box.

Tatsu expected to find Eiichi in the kitchen, but Eiichi was not there,—only old Mrs. Kishimoto. For a moment he was checked in his fury.

"Halloa, granny," he said. "Where's pasty-face gone? Where's he hidden my wife, eh?"

Then he lifted up his axe and commenced to smash up everything, from the screens to the shelves, from the pans to the crockery—everything he broke to pieces. Mrs. Kishimoto stood at the back trembling.

The noise was heard by "Fighting" Yasu at the back and he came bounding out. He had a rusty old sword in his hand and no clothes on. Almost before he got to the door he commenced to shout.

"Here, Tatsu," he cried. "If you're out for a fight come along. I'm Fighting Yasu, I am."

Eiichi was thunderstruck when he saw him. What would happen if two drunken men began to fight?

"Here, Yasu, Yasu," he cried rushing out. "It's all right, it's all right."

But Toda paid no attention to Fighting Yasu. He went out at the front and in to the room next door in his clogs, going straight for the organ. Then he raised his axe again and began to smash up the organ. The lid flew off and the keyboard went to pieces. He was like a madman.

Then he began to demolish the chairs. It was dangerous to go near him.

With difficulty Eiichi had persuaded Fighting Yasu to let him take him back to his own house where Eiichi handed him over to his wife. When Eiichi got back, Toda had smashed two chairs to atoms, and was just beginning on a third chair when Eiichi came in. Seeing Eiichi he immediately stopped and rushed over to him.

"Here, pasty-face," he cried and springing upon him like a panther he seized him by the throat and commenced kicking him in the stomach with his clogs.

Just then Hide came rushing in from the back.

"What you doing, Tatsu?" he cried, catching hold of him. "Ain't you got any sense? Bring some rope," he continued "and let's tie up this fellow and give him up. He's got to be punished."

Tatsu had unexpectedly become quite mild in Hide's hold. As he was drunk he was not able to use his strength and Hide overpowered him easily. The people in the neighbourhood also came to Hide's assistance. Katsu, who lived next door and had just come back from the match factory, came to help him, and Tora from the back. Even tottering old Mr. Kawadzu came to help, and the women from the tenements.

Then, while they were waiting for the policeman to come, they tied Tatsu's hands neatly behind him.

Tatsu lay tied up in a drunken sleep in the basement of the large mission room. Blood was running from his mouth. Apparently he had bitten his lip.

At last three policemen arrived with their sabres clashing.

Hidé went out to meet them.

"As he was so rowdy," he said, "we had to tie him up."

Eiichi, although his stomach was hurting where Tatsu had kicked him, also went out and greeted the policemen.

One of the policemen asked if nobody had been injured. Another policeman came into the room to see the damage. He was astonished.

"He *has* been carrying on," he said.

Bent old Mrs. Kishimoto also came out at the front, where Mrs. Kawadzu questioned her.

"My head ain't really hurt," she answered, "but there's a little blood coming out. Just now when Tatsu was a smashing the screens a splinter flew off and hit me on the head. I didn't feel it at the time, but when I touched it just now I found blood was coming out."

"Yes, there is a little blood," said Mrs. Kawadzu kindly. "It's a cut. It's well it ain't very much."

The three policemen were thinking how they could get the prostrate Tatsu to the police-box. Eiichi wanted the policemen to leave him lying there till he had slept off his drunken fit and returned to his senses, but to this the policemen would not agree. They pulled him up, and one took one arm and one another, and with the third holding the scruff of his neck behind they pushed him along. All the women and children in the slums ran after him to see the sight and followed to the police-box. As Tatsu showed signs of violence there, the police called the firemen, and they tied Tatsu on to a handcart and took him to the police-station. Tatsu lay on the cart like a dead man. While he was being taken to the station, his wife Nao, with the four children—one on her back and one holding her hand and with the other baby strapped on to the back of the eldest girl—came up, and hearing it was her husband who was being take into the

police-station on the handcart, caught hold of the cart and sank to the ground in tears. The children, although they did not know what their mother was crying about, also began to cry at the tops of their voices. But the firemen paid no attention. The two policemen walked ahead and the five or six firemen, with their long lanterns, went on dragging the handcart to the police-station.

Eiichi saw the scene from a distance and wept. He saw Nao following the handcart till the sound of its wheels died away and the shadows of the distressed mother and her children were lost in the gloaming. The electric light, just lit, shone with dazzling brilliance under the clear, autumn evening sky.

XII.

It was about the middle of October that Eiichi picked up Mitsu. He had heard Matsuzo saying that a beggar named Mitsu, who was living on a piece of vacant ground, had been taken ill. He found on inquiry of Matsuzo that Mitsu had lived for the last two or three years in a little hutch at that place, and that she had recently become so ill that she was unable to go out and beg. The neighbours, taking pity on her, had sent her some food every day, but as the autumn passed, the poor woman, without bedding or anything, had grown worse. She had a terrible cough and was suffering from some internal disorder. There was no one to help her. A person who fell ill on the highway would be taken care of by the police, but as the woman had been living for two years in the hutch they said they could do nothing.

Eiichi got Matsuzo to take him to the place where the woman lived. He found her living in a fowl-hutch. He had often passed that way, but he had never imagined that a human being could be living there. Now he found to his surprise that instead of fowls, it was Mitsu who was living in the hutch.

The place was in an indescribably dirty condition. If the tenants of the hutch had been fowls, Eiichi thought, it would have been cleaned out regularly, but as there was only a deformed human being in it, there was no one to care. Such inconsistency aroused Eiichi's indignation.

Eiichi spoke to the woman kindly and getting her out of the hutch took her on his back to carry her to his house. The children found this very amusing.

"Teacher's taking home his bride," they cried.

Mitsu thought it very funny too and turned her flat face to the children all smiles:

"Ay, I'm going to the teacher's," she said.

She seemed to know all about the "teacher." Probably she had heard people talking about how the Christian teacher helped those who were in trouble.

Eiichi made up a bed for Mitsu in the Mission house, giving her soft quilts and keeping her warm. He also got Dr. Tazawa to come and see her. He said that although her lungs were bad, her internal disorder was not due to this and would soon be better. What made it troublesome to look after her was that half of her body was paralysed and she could do nothing for herself. Old Mr. and Mrs. Kishimoto knew Mitsu from of old and did not like looking after her because she was so dirty. Miss Higuchi, on the other hand, felt great sympathy for her and gladly looked after her. When she had time she would come to the Mission and nurse her and wash her clothes. This made a deep impression on Eiichi, and he felt very grateful.

Mitsu was thirty-six years old that year, but she looked over fifty because her hair was cut short like a nun. She had only one kimono on when she came to Eiichi, but Miss Higuchi made her another out of her own nightgown. This greatly pleased her, and she showed it to every one who came to the Mission.

Although she was thirty-six years old she liked to have pocket-money and Eiichi allowed her two sen a day. She was quite happy with this and would send the children playing in the alley on errands to buy her baked potatoes or jelly. She thus passed her days very quietly.

As Eiichi took great care of what she ate, towards the end of October Mitsu had quite recovered. The way that Eiichi had taken care of her greatly impressed the neighbours, who regarded Eiichi as a saint. Old Mrs. Kawadzu was especially astonished and said that one couldn't live up to "teacher" simply by means of money. Mrs. Fukazawa, a kind old lady, was so impresesd that she took part in the nursing, and Mrs.

Toda also came to help Eiichi. Thus they all came to do their share and the work of attending on the invalid grew lighter. Eiichi gave thanks to God for their kindness.

XIII.

As the end of the year drew near the number of sick and old people who applied to Eiichi for help increased.

Fujita Sanzo, the bean-curd seller, who had been for so long a time dependent on Eiichi through sickness, had grown better and had got work as an undertaker's man, so that, by one means or the other, he had been able to keep himself. But as the summer passed there was a decrease in sickness and deaths became fewer. At last he came to Eiichi.

"Teacher," he said. "I can't get enough to buy myself food. Won't you help me? Deaths a' got so few I can't make a living."

Eiichi laughed. "People won't die and so you can't get enough to eat, eh?" he said.

It is really true that among the poor many are waiting for the others to die and Sanko was one of them. He had come to throw himself on Eiichi's protection.

"It's like being saved from shipwreck to go to teacher's," he said, his flat, toothless face wrinkled with smiles.

Izu, still unable to move his head through his disease, asked to be taken in at night only. Ichiko, the ballad-singer, who was lame in one leg through the same disease, had applied for assistance in August. He went out amusing himself in the daytime, and in the evening he went here and there singing his ballads and picking up a few sen He always returned to Eiichi's house very late.

Matsunaga Yoshindo, the consumptive, also came to Eiichi for help, and Nakayama, who suffered from rheumatism.

Eiichi wanted to put them all up at the Mission, but it was too small, and he had to take another house for Matsunaga and Nakayama. After they had once come to Eiichi they never said anything about going away again.

Eiichi also started a morning and a night school for the sake of the young men. There were only two pupils at the morning school, but nevertheless Eiichi took great pleasure in it, because of Takeda's education. Takeda was not at all clever but he was a very steady youth, and Eiichi cherished the hope that by individual instruction he could turn him into a very fine young man. So from five o'clock every morning he taught him mathematics and in the evening the usual studies of the Middle Schools. These lessons had been going on since the summer. At first Takeda used to go backwards and forwards to his own house, but finally Eiichi let him sleep at the Mission, where he got up every morning very early to study, and sat up late at night for the same purpose.

Of course Eiichi did not receive anything for these lessons, but Takeda, who was a very kind boy, did everything he could to show his gratitude and always did what Eiichi wanted. At that time Eiichi was going out every evening to preach in the streets, and at eight o'clock, after the lessons were over, Takeda always accompanied Eiichi in his mission work.

The other pupil was a youth who had the nick-name of "God's child," because once, in giving his testimony before a large crowd, he had said that he was "God's child." He was a rather taking youth of fifteen years of age. Eiichi also allowed him to sleep at the Mission.

Eiichi for some reason or other took great delight in this school. When he was teaching at the elementary school at Tokushima he had felt like a dummy, but with these working boys he felt that he was bringing new forces into play. Teaching these two boys was his greatest pleasure, while they on their part both worked very hard.

Takeda's work at that time was enamelling ironmongery. Every day he had to stand in front of a furnace enamelling all sorts of pans and iron spoons and tea-kettles. There were three youths in the workshop, and whenever you went you found them singing hymns at the top of their voices, although Takeda was a very poor singer, and at the same time working away for their lives.

Miss Higuchi was always asking to be admitted to the classes, but Eiichi feared this would cause some misunderstanding and persistently refused.

Takami of Shingu, who had left the "Osaka Choho" and had joined a news agency, often came to visit Eiichi, but Eiichi did not like to trouble him by asking him to teach in his school.

XIV.

Eiichi's daily programme at this time was to rise at five to teach in his morning school, to go round among his patients and attend to them at seven, and then to sit down to his literary work. In the afternoon he went round the slums and took those who were sick to the hospital, conducted funerals, entered up his register of the people and played with the children. Then at six o'clock he had his night school, and at eight he went out preaching, returning about half past nine and going to bed at ten. This was his usual round.

On Thursdays, according to his custom, he went to Bentenhama to preach to the lumpers and dock labourers, and on Saturdays he went round all the slums in the city, which are scattered about in eight different places. He went preaching through all the alleys, like a town-crier. Then in the evening he discussed the family affairs of the people in the slums. Takeda very kindly assisted at these discussions. He was, indeed, an invaluable assistant to Eiichi.

Eiichi was working hard on a "Historical study of the lives of Christ." He had bought a large table for one yen and this he put in his large unmatted room. There he worked away at his book in the daytime, at the time when the slums were quiet.

He had no separate study. Sometimes he moved his bookshelf into the kitchen, at other times into the Mission hall, which, after all, was the quietest place. It was a big hall,—three houses made into one and containing seventeen mats. There he moved his bookshelf and put his desk by the side, with the chair, where he sat, sometimes reading and sometimes writing.

The bookshelf he had bought for forty sen at a second-hand dealer's. Afterwards he had bought a cupboard and three bamboo bookshelves. These he had placed one on top of the other and fastened them to the wall. They looked rather well when the books were all nicely arranged.

Eiichi liked to have everything very neat. He thought that even in the poorest housekeeping taste should be exercised and by the use of taste the poorest housekeeping was robbed of its discomforts. He himself felt no discomfort.

As he had no room to himself, he would be interrupted in the midst of his writing by Mitsu calling him to attend to her. He did not complain of this and would soon forget everything again in his writing. But the children were a more serious disturbance of his labours. They would come to play with Mitsu, and when they got tired of her, they would demand that Eiichi should amuse them. Their heads just reached up to the glass doors along the front of the Mission and they would stand there for half an hour, even an hour, at a time, peeping in to see what he was doing:

"Teacher, let's play."

"Teacher, let's play hide and seek."

"Teacher's busy now. He'll play with you this afternoon," he would answer, but they would not be persuaded.

"No, no," they cried, "let's play now."

They flattened their noses against the window panes and would never get tired of peeping in. There was seven year old Hige, her hair all rough and dirty,—apparently uncombed for a week. As her face was never washed there were patches of dirt on it.

Then there was Tako in a dirty kimono. He had a very lovable face, with long eyes and thin eyebrows. His face was always clean. A bigger child named Cho, the child of a beggar, also came. She had round eyes and pointed chin. Eiichi wondered why she had not gone out begging on that fine day. Hanae, nursing a hunchbacked baby on her back, would also come and peep in. Tako would breathe on the glass and draw pictures with his finger, whereupon Hanae would scold him.

Eiichi could hear the cry of a chicken from a house opposite. Apparently a dog was running after it. Cho called loudly to it and the dog barked. The autumn sunshine glittered brilliantly on the glass, the rays almost bright enough to crack it. The wind came and rattled the windows. It seemed as if the sun

were beating a drum. The alley was quite dry and there was a sound of clogs going click-clack. Everybody had gone to work and it was so quiet that Eiichi could hear everything going on in the alley, even the passing of the fresh air of autumn.

Old Mr. Kishimoto was very fond of cleaning. Even among the dirty tenement houses he was always trying to get rid of the dirt. He would fold up the quilts and arrange them in a neat pile and put everything else into perfect order. Eiichi thus felt no discomfort even though he did dwell in the slums, and could take up a book or his pen with perfect contentment.

The children who came peeping in at the windows were very entertaining. They certainly were a nuisance, but Eiichi had not the heart to drive them away. Sounds of life attracted him; the voice of Hige, the cry of the chickens, the sound of the clogs. They were more interesting than the philosophy of Bergson. He thought of the power of the *élan vital* and smiled.

The old Kishimotos were an unfailing source of pleasure to Eiichi. The old man was fastidious to an extreme and spent the whole day in cleaning. Although he was nearly seventy—his exact age was sixty-eight—he did not seem to care for sleeping. He was up every morning at four o'clock to light the fire in the stove, and at six o'clock punctually he would have some delicious bean-soup ready to serve. Then he would go round cleaning the doorstep and dusting the screens. The ceiling was covered with soot, and no matter how much you swept it, every time the wind blew between the roof and the ceiling the soot would fall all over the mats. But the persevering old man would sweep it up every time. However poverty-stricken the rooms looked he would keep them clean and neat. Perhaps it was because he had nothing else to do that he was always cleaning, but he was very different from Kyogashima, who spent all his spare time in sleeping. He took a delight in cleaning. Eiichi was somewhat careless in his habits, but the old man seemed to take a pleasure in putting everything straight after him. An instinct for neatness was embedded deep in his heart, whatever the poverty of his surroundings.

It seemed to Eiichi that the old Kishimotos were like a relic of feudal times, —retainers always ready to guard their lord. Their loyalty to Eiichi was a deep source of pleasure to him. Although Eiichi was himself very democratic he could not feel any aversion to having old Kishimoto as his trusty servant. He had been brought to Eiichi by Shin, and although he had a son, the son had shown himself very unfilial. He had been imprisoned four times for theft, but was now keeping a very fine bootshop in Tennoji. He gave the old man no assistance, however. Old Mrs. Kishimoto, whose name was Miyo, was the daughter of the head retainer of a nobleman in feudal times, but had gradually fallen, until, when old Kishimoto's first wife had died and his son was in prison, she had gone to live with the old man. She was of very fair complexion and exceedingly well mannered, so that no one would ever have thought that she lived in the slums. After you had heard her talk you would at once agree that her claim to be the daughter of a high retainer was true. Eiichi delighted to hear her highbred Yedo accent. As she was very old and her backbone weak she had a stoop and could not walk very easily. Moreover, as she suffered from cancer of the stomach, once every two or three months she had a flow of blood from the mouth. The old man also suffered from the same disease and there was something like a competition between him and his wife in being sick.

It was just after Eiichi had gone to live in the slums that Shin had brought the Kishimotos to him with a request that he help them. Before that the old man, while going round in the summer mending pipe-stems, had fallen down with heat apoplexy one hot day, and had been obliged to stay in bed. His wife, owing to her own infirm condition, was unable to look after him properly, and Shin, with her natural shrewdness, thought theirs was a case for Eiichi's help. The old man was firmly impressed with the idea that Eiichi was the proper person to look after them in their last moments.

"Ain't it something to be thankful for?" he said. "Even if our child was here he's too bad to be of any use and the teacher's the proper person to soothe our last moments."

The old man put perfect trust in Eiichi. From the day that he came into the house he would give thanks to the "Heavenly Father" in his prayers, which he repeated in a loud voice sitting in a corner.

As regards any change in his religion as the result of the assistance given him, Eiichi did not like to press it upon an old man whose ideas had long been formed, and felt some distress to think the old man should feel called upon to change his religion because his bodily needs were now being looked after and he was made comfortable. Eiichi was strongly averse to pressing Christianity upon those whom he took under his charge. He never made any effort at conversion until he received a request that he would explain the details of Christianity, and he did not have much hope of converting the old man. Even after he had been living over a year in the house the old man still preserved the same outlook.

The old lady, being of very quick apprehension and not having reached the same stage of senility as the old man, soon came to know all about Christianity. As she was able to read, Eiichi gave her a New Testament printed in large type, which she prized very much and read every day.

In his younger days the old man had been a ferryman on the Oi River, and could tell many amusing tales of the old times. In his youth he had been a gambler and a profligate. Evidently he had been very hard to manage, but he claimed with pride that he had never performed a dishonest action and always insisted upon the greatest decorum and propriety. This caused much trouble to Matsuzo.

Every morning when he got up the old man would give Eiichi the sele of the morning very politely and formally. Matsuzo never did. He had been brought up in the slums and thought such things were silly.

The old man's mouth was a little awry and his eyes weak—there was a film over one of them—and he thus looked very decrepit as he tottered about the house. From his youth he had been used to drinking lots of saké and it had left its mark on him. Since he had come to live with Eiichi, however, he had entirely abstained and he was never tired of repeating how glad he was.

"Since I've come to live with teacher," he would say. "I've given up saké and tobacco and feel so thankful I don't know what to do. My spirits is riz and my health's so good I can get up early every morning and enjoy my work."

Eiichi thought that there could be no greater felicity beyond that enjoyed by the old couple. It was really a great pleasure to hear tales of the old times from the old couple, who showed such appreciation of the support he gave them. Since he had come to live in the slums Eiichi had had in his house old people and children, women and students, and he felt great delight in the thought that they had all been able to live together harmoniously. Life in the slums had its enjoyments.

The soup the old man made was delicious. He put plenty of vegetables in and boiled it well, and eaten fresh from the pot its fine flavour was indescribable.

Eiichi had a very good appetite in the morning and enjoyed his early morning meal better than anything.

XV.

About that time Eiichi re-read a small but instructive book which Kesayashi Yamazaki, a bumptious member of the Socialist circle who called himself "Count America," had introduced to the public. The book was called "Health and the Simple Diet," and Eiichi was glad to see that it preached vegetarianism. For nearly two years since he had gone to live in the slums he had himself been a vegetarian, during which time he had been ill only twice. The people in the slums, however, regarded vegetarianism as a kind of dieting for sickness. The truth is that the people who drift into the slums, and have to eat rotten whale flesh and scraps of stale meat left over at the butchers' shops, seldom live to old age. The old men are those who have trained their bodies for many years by life in the slums and know what to eat.

Old Kishimoto was very much troubled over Eiichi's vegetarianism. For himself he liked a bit of fish occasionally and did not want to depart from his habits; but for Eiichi's sake he would endure anything. He wanted to be like Eiichi and try in every way to please him, and he went about his work with great spirit and never showed the last sign of dissatisfaction. As for the others, the case was quite different; they were all strong-

ly opposed to Eiichi's vegetarianism. "Teacher," they would say, "can't we have a treat to-day?"

Eiichi was not selfish enough to keep others from eating what he did not eat himself, but as a vegetable diet suited his health, he would say to Sanko, "Buddha commanded that we should not kill even an insect, didn't he, and I want to be like Buddha."

Sanko would laugh at this.

"Eh, if master's a Buddha," he would say, "hadn't us better burn some incense before him and offer some flowers?"

Vegetarianism had all sorts of interest for Eiichi. He came to think the human race was very cruel. His interest in and taste for fruit underwent a complete change. He came to know that there were many delicious things to eat,—all kinds of fragrance and colouring and flavour. He ate the fruits as they came round in their season. He would stand in front of the fruiterer's and give thanks for their colouring and fragrance and shape. The sight caused him the most exquisite pleasure.

In winter he gave thanks for the oranges. Even better than the flavour of the oranges he liked the feel of the skin in peeling them. When he dug the tips of his fingers in, the juice would spurt out and scent all the air. That was the moment that Eiichi loved. He liked the sight of apples better than the taste. Somehow the acid in apples did not agree with him. The lustre of the green Canadian apples and the red Japanese apples seemed to him the finest samples of the divine art.

Dried persimmons were Eiichi's favourite delicacy. He was attracted by their beautiful colouring and their touch of sweetness, and nothing gave him greater pleasure in the winter.

Between the last of the oranges and the coming of the strawberries there was an interval when there was no fruit. But with the opening of May the fine red strawberries appeared on the markets suddenly. He had read somewhere that a great French philosopher had said that if one ate strawberries every morning while they were in season one would live to grow old. Eiichi certainly held the opinion—somewhat dogmatically—that if a vegetarian eats strawberries he will live a longlife. So he ate strawberries and milk and wondered at the marble-like colour of the milk compared with the blood-red of the strawberries.

About the same time as they were eating strawberries delicious bananas from the South Seas would appear on the market. Eiichi appreciated this yellow, nourishing fruit, with its delicious flavour. He also ate gladly the mountain peaches which appeared in the early summer, attracted by their colour—the same as that of dried persimmons—and by their shape. He also welcomed the cherries for their ruby colour and gloss, and when the plums appeared he knew that summer had come. Pomegranates were one of the pleasures of early summer. They were like shy maidens come to meet you. With their seeds like jewels, and the rich juice spurting like blood when you crushed their thick skins, they were indeed delicious.

About this time also the children brought *gumi* berries from the hills and gave them to Eiichi. They were too sour to eat, and although he knew this, their curious shape, and their delicate colour and markings attracted him, and he felt that he must at least try them once. When he was eating them he felt as though he was a wild man of the woods.

He drew the line at green plums, however. He only ate them after they had been pickled with nettle-leaves till they became red, when, although they were sour, they were eatable.

The best fruit of summer for Eiichi were the peaches. Their beautiful colour and gloss, and the lusciousness of their flesh made them his special delight. Summer oranges also were not bad. Peeled, with their juicy flakes covered with sugar, they were very good. It made one forget the heat of summer to pile the yellow flakes on a dish, cover them with snowy white sugar and eat them with a spoon. Damsons he did not eat very much. He remembered that when he was a boy he had made himself ill eating them, and although he was attracted by their colour, he hardly touched them. Grapes were to him a symbol of the fruitfulness of the earth. He was attracted by their pale purple colour, but they were so dear in the slums that he seldom indulged in them, though he could not refrain in the height of summer from having at least one bunch.

He looked forward to autumn for the chestnuts and the persimmons. Persimmons attracted him, but chestnuts, which seemed to him symbolic of the hermit's life, were what he waited for every year

in the autumn. In November every year he used to go to the hills at the back of Rokko to gather chestnuts. The brown chestnuts bursting out of their prickly shells awoke in him fresh courage. Whenever he crossed the railway line to mount the hill and passed the stall where they were selling roast chestnuts, he was so pleased that he had to buy five sen worth. That was because he wanted to get the flavour which reminded him of a hermit's life.

But although he was so fond of fruit, as he had not much money he was only able to gratify his taste by buying a little at a time. Nevertheless they kept him in touch with the simplicity of nature,—how without any cooking or other preparation, flesh and blood was supplied by the beneficence of Heaven. Realising this he was more than ever in love with the fruits of the earth.

Old Kishimoto being ready to accept everything and Eiichi being content with the simple life, existence in the slums was not without its enjoyments. When there was not enough they did without and when there was plenty they enjoyed it, thus accommodating themselves to the fluctuations of their existence and deriving amusement from their position.

As Eiichi could not go out to do hard manual labour like others he did not think it wrong, living as he was on seven or eight yen a month, to stay quietly at home pursuing his mental work. Thus it was that from early morning, when all those who could work had left the slums and the place had become quiet, that he sat studying in his room.

It seemed to him, living in the slums, that he was like a hermit living in the fastnesses of the mountains.

XVI.

At the beginning of December, a friend of Ichiko's, a man working in the harbour, and a boy named Umekichi Tsuda, who had lost one of his hands while working in a saw mill, came to Eiichi for help. Tanimoto knew the parents of the boy Tsuda. They were both alive but they were both invalids, and his elder brother was quite unable to support them all. The friend of Ichiko who came for help was named Uesugi. Work in the harbour was then very bad and he could not make enough to pay his lodging he said. He asked to be allowed to sleep there at night. Eiichi allowed him to stay for Ichiko's sake, but for some unknown reason Uesugi behaved very badly and not a day passed without a quarrel. From the first Uesugi came into collision with Sanzo Fujita. Uesugi being a lumper was very strong and whenever he struck Sanko it took a day for Sanko to recover. The reason for the quarrels was, briefly, that Sanko being a great idler, Uesugi used to twit him for his idleness, whereupon Sanko would make some retort which Uesugi considered impertinent. Eiichi would order Uesugi to leave the place but as Uesugi had nowhere to go to he persisted in staying. On inquiry Eiichi learnt that as a matter of fact Uesugi was known at all the fourteen cheap lodging houses in Shinkawa. At one he had stopped a year, at another three months, and so on, but they had all got tired of him finally, it appeared, and turned him out. Everywhere he was regarded as a troublesome and disagreeable fellow and nobody would have anything to do with him.

Eiichi felt sorry for the man and determined to be patient with him for two or three days, but the next thing was that Uesugi attacked Mitsu, the sick beggar, trampling on her and kicking her. Thereupon Eiichi scolded him very severely, telling him that if he persisted in attacking a weak creature like that, in opposition to all Eiichi's principles, he had better leave the house. The man said nothing and went out, but he came back again after Eiichi had gone to bed and got Sanko to open the door for him, when he crept stealthily into bed.

This went on for three or four days, the man never showing himself to Eiichi, and Eiichi, still feeling sorry for the man, took no notice. But one evening he came in drunk and began to revile Takeda and the other students of the night school and kick up a row. He had picked up a few words of broken English from drunken sailors on the water-front, and he now began to imitate them, clenching his fists and crying "Go to hell! Godem!" He said he was going to break Eiichi's nose and began edging up to him, and then as Eiichi was silent he seized him by the collar of his kimono

and demanded money. Eiichi was still silent, whereupon Uesugi, glaring at him, commanded him to speak and not be so insolent. Then he threw Eiichi into the middle of the room, but still Eiichi said nothing. Then old Kishimoto arrived on the scene, but when he tried to restrain Uesugi he was soon thrown down. Uesugi raged like a wild beast.

He went on raging like this for three or four hours, but at last fell down and dropped asleep. In the morning, while it was still dark, having slept his drunkenness off, he got up, dressed himself, and went off to his work in the harbour, everyone hoping that he would not come back. But in the evening, about eleven o'clock, he came back and having awakened Sanko, crept into his bed. Sometimes he would stay away for three or four days and then turn up again unexpectedly, telling Sanko in a low voice that he'd been sentenced to three days' detention for loitering about without any occupation.

Hearing that, Eiichi again felt sorry for the man, and decided to overlook his faults, whereupon he would again become insolent and return early in the evening. This time he would commence teasing Tsuda, the youth who had lost his hand.

"When I look at a useless chap like you I feels as if I didn't want to go to no work," he would say. "Yesterday morning I though o' going to work, but as soon as I cast my eyes on you I knew my luck was bad and I didn't go. Whatcher going to do about it, eh?"

Uesugi's face became like that of a wild beast as he seized the helpless Tsuda by the collar and shook him. Eiichi rushed up to release Tsuda, whereupon the vindictive Uesugi kicked Tsuda over and began to glare at Eiichi. Tsuda went out crying, whereupon Uesugi demanded money.

Uesugi's aversion to the youth who had lost his hand was apparently instinctive. If he happened to see Tsuda's hateful face just when he was starting for his work in the harbour, he would not go, probably thinking what an awful thing it would be for him if he had any trouble with the winch and lost his hand like Tsuda. That was apparently the reason why he had not gone to work the day before as he told Tsuda. So much did he hate Tsuda that he often told him that he wished he would die quickly.

Eiichi, of course, did not feel any compunction towards such a wild and devilish creature, but he was too astonished to be able to say anything. When the man was sober Eiichi talked to him seriously, but at those times Uesugi would not say a word.

Toda suffered twenty days' detention and then came back with promises of amendment. He took away his wife and five children, so that Eiichi's house became quite solitary.

In December there were a surprising number of cases of tenants decamping by night.

XVII.

After Shika had gone to Osaka the house next to Eiichi's kitchen had been tenanted for a long time by a lumper nicknamed "Hyogo." He had decamped by night and the next person to take the house was a woman named Hana, who was a secret brothel keeper. She was a woman of about forty. Unlike the hot-headed Shika, she showed great friendliness to Eiichi.

"Don't look, teacher," she would say. "You makes us shamed. We know it ain't what you call right, but times is so bad we can't get enough to eat, so put up wi' it for a bit, won't 'ee?"

This prevented any opposition from Eiichi.

Towards the end of November Eiichi saw they were being dunned by the clerk of the moneylender Samaru, while all sorts of rumours were flying round the neighbourhood.

"Mark my words, teacher," said Kozu's wife, "and see if they ain't off pretty soon. They're selling off their things bit by bit."

Sure enough, on the 3rd of December, in the afternoon, there was a sound of great commotion in the house, followed by perfect silence. When the second-hand dealer came to take back the furniture it was discovered that they had decamped as Kozu's wife had correctly predicted.

Following this there were a number of moonlight flittings in Eiichi's neighbour-

hood. Among them was Shigezo Motoki, the barber, who had last year attended the mission and had been a diligent student of the Bible. He went off taking all the Club money with him and nearly causing Shin to commit suicide. She spent a whole day searching for him throughout Kobe and Osaka, and then in the evening she came to Eiichi.

"I've found him, teacher," she said, "I've found him. He was in Osaka. I'm going to bring him back to-morrow."

Then on the next day the family where the murder of the step-daughter had taken place decamped. Here again it was said that it was owing to the Club money, although the family seemed to have worked hard enough. After that Hamazaki, who was a carter, also decamped. It was stated that the reason was that he had guaranteed someone who had failed.

Shin brought Motoki to see Eiichi.

"Teacher," she said, "he won't do it any more. When I was sick in the spring I borrowed some money from the money-lender on the other side of the river and I've never been able to pay the interest. They've been bothering me for some time. The time was up three months ago, but you know how bad things are. The money I makes by selling syrup ain't hardly more than enough to feed one. I borrowed fifteen yen, but I could only pay off four yen and now the interest's as much as what I borrowed. Afterwards I got the interest down to half, and then they says I got to return the loan this month. How was I to do it when I hadn't got a sen? Shigezo, he'd got the Club money which he was keeping, and—well you know what happened. If you could lend me eleven yen till the spring, then I'll be able to pay 'ee off ten sen at a time till it's all paid."

To the request of the voluble Shin Eiichi could not very well harden his heart, and he lent her the money.

"There won't be any need to run away now," she said as she went away joyfully, with Shigezo following her.

According to what Shin said the number of moonlight flittings that year were not greater than usual. The largest sum which caused a decampment was only about twenty yen. For the most part they were caused by the Club money having been used, and the next largest number by their having fallen three months in arrears in their payments. Eiichi often thought that if he had a little money he would make advances without interest.

Then in the middle of the hard times plague broke out in the slums, quite close to Eiichi's house. A lumper suffering from plague was taken to the infectious diseases hospital from a house close to Eiichi's, and all the families in the neighbourhood were taken by boat out to the disinfecting station at Wada Point. All day doctors, nurses and policemen, dressed in white overalls, were hanging about the lane and next day another man was taken to the hospital from the very row where Eiichi lived. He also was suffering from plague. Then in the afternoon the wife and children of the lumper were pronounced to be suffering from the infection, and the next day a child's funeral issued from the slums. A whole family was removed from another house in Eiichi's row. Eiichi thought that he also might have to go to the hospital, which would prevent him giving his Christmas treat.

Reports as to the measures taken to stamp out the plague in Shinkawa appeared every day in the papers. Policemen were busy every day putting rat-poison beneath the floor-boards. Afterwards they would come to ask if there were any dead rats. A dead rat infected with plague was discovered in the house of a rice-dealer, and all the furniture was taken out and the house very thoroughly disinfected. A policeman named Aogi, who was an expert in catching rats, went about in a mask and white gloves and overalls, lifting the floor-boards with a crowbar and searching for the rats' holes. He knew all about the habits of rats, and wherever plague broke out in Japan he was quickly sent for.

The plague spread all over the city from the slums. As a charm against bad luck through all the streets of the slums were seen trays piled up with red rice and prayer papers, with a light in the case of more educated families. The Kobe City Office gave instructions for the whole city to be disinfected, which cost the city five hundred and eighty thousand yen. When Eiichi read this in the paper he thought with sorrow that with such a sum the whole of the slums could be rebuilt.

In truth the slums were buried in gloom. Beyond the plague-lights burning in the streets they were wrapped in darkness.

But Eiichi was not afraid. He determined to hold his Christmas treat for the sake of the children in the Sunday School and also for the sake of greeting those from whom he had been separated by the plague.

XVIII.

Mr. Takeda, Mr. Yao and Mr. Hashida, of the Kwansei Gakuin, were Eiichi's chief helpers in the Sunday School. Of these Mr. Takeda was the most experienced, as he had been for some time teacher in an elementary school at Kyoto. He was thus a very suitable person as teacher in the Sunday School, and every day, thanks to his efforts, the slum children showed improvement. Eiichi firmly believed that reform in the slums must come from the children, and he could not but rejoice at seeing the improvement in the children due to the earnest efforts of the professors of the Kwansei Gakuin.

Eiichi, however, besides the Sunday School, had another plan for the reformation of the children. This was to get the slum children invited to the Christmas festivities of some of the families belonging to the Church on the Hill. To bring this about he first obtained the approval of the Ladies Association of Kobe Church, and also the support of several other kind people, so that he was able finally to get invitations for parties of three or four children from several families. They were not very rich families, but they were all families which, to Eiichi's knowledge, offered good examples of fine Christian homes. His idea was that if the unmannered children of the slums could spend one or two days in enjoying the Christian festivities among such people, their rough ways would be softened and they would know that not all the people in the world behaved like beasts but that there were some people who spoke and behaved politely.

He was thus able to get invitations for "Cho," the beggar's child, Jinko and the second son of Tora to one house; for the two eldest sons of "Fighting Yasu," Hanae from next door, and snotty-nosed Tako to another; Toraichi, Kazu, and Minosuke to another; Matsuzo and his friend Yoshitaro, Toda's eldest girl, Nonda's girl Yuki and Kawazu's girl to another. The welcome accorded the children pleased Eiichi very much. At one house, the mistress of which was a particularly gentle and kind lady, the children were treated as if they were Princes and Princesses, such a warm reception was accorded them. Cho, the beggar's child, got so excited that to express her thanks she proposed that she should show them how she could stand on her head, and actually did stand on her head in the middle of the room. Many of the children would not eat the good things offered them. "I want to take it home to my mother," they said and could not be persuaded to eat.

Eiichi thought of the poor brothers in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" who were envious of the rich man's Christmas and took a journey in fairyland. To Cho and Tako and Hanae, receiving such kind treatment from Christian families, it must have seemed as if the fairyland of "Blue Bird" had come true.

When these kind friends heard of Hanae's life they felt great pity for her, and asked that she might be allowed to stay a night with them, as she was such a good girl.

Thus Eiichi's plan was carried out according to his hopes, and a vision rose before his eyes. If all Christian families threw open their doors in that way, the slums would immediately disappear. But the number of families that would do that was small. Nevertheless there was no other way for the reform of the eight hundred children living in the slums. Even if it was only a small fraction of the children who benefited, nevertheless their reform would gradually result.

Eiichi planned moreover that all the eight hundred children should have a Christmas treat together, and so, as usual, on the 27th and 28th of December, in the evening, they celebrated Christmas. As was the case the year before a tent was erected where all the children assembled, but the beggars' feast this year was given for two days in the seventeen-mat room of the Mission. Many people came from Kobe Church to help, and as this year the beggars were divided

into two parties of fifty each, the work was easy. Miss Higuchi was among those who came, and also, of course, the young people attending the Mission.

On the 27th of December the young men slept in the tent as watchmen, and in the morning, when they woke up, they found that this year again, the same as the year before, a worn-out prostitute had found her way in and was lying on the ground near the entrance. Her body and face, swollen with the damp night air, were quite cold. The youth Enoki reported the matter to Takeda.

"Takeda, Takeda," he cried, "there's a woman who looks like a prostitute lying dead in the tent. She's quite cold."

Takeda hastened to the spot, but did not recognise the woman. As she could not be left there Takeda hastened to inform Eiichi that a worn-out prostitute was lying in the tent and that as her body was quite cold he believed that she would die unless help was quickly forthcoming.

Eiichi went to see her and recognised her as a woman named Toku who had live with "Drunken" Yoshida as his wife for a month, but had been turned out by him because he said she was diseased. Since then she had since been wandering round as a prostitute. With the help of the young men she was carried away on a door to Eiichi's sick-ward.

That evening the tent was filled with the ragged children of the slums. Tickets had been issued for four hundred children but five hundred assembled. They were all very good and sang hymns very nicely together, much to the delight of Mr. Yao of the Kwansei Gakuin, who repeatedly exclaimed "Splendid, splendid."

Comparing their conduct with that of the year before Eiichi felt greatly gratified at the progress made. A year ago, such an assembly of children from the slums meant constant quarrels and fights and mocking cries of "Amen! Somen!" Such was their rude behaviour of the year before. This year everything was different. The children had fully absorbed the lessons of the Sunday School. Under Mr. Takeda, as principal of the Sunday School, the children had made great progress in recitation, singing and conversation. When it came to the snotty-nosed Tako to do his piece, he would not go on the stage because his clothes were too dirty. This greatly troubled Eiichi. Hanae, however, went up at once and gave a capital lecture which she had learned by heart, with a very good enunciation. She was very loudly applauded. Her brother Katsu came up to Eiichi afterwards with a very delighted air, offering to help him in anything he wanted. They had hymns and prayers, story-telling and other entertainments, and at a little after nine the meeting came to a close with a distribution of the Christmas presents and cakes and oranges, which the children took home.

After they had gone Shin came out from somewhere.

"Teacher," she said, "if you can make all the mischievous brats here like that the slums won't be like they was pretty soon. I come here to-night to hear our boy do his piece and, do you know, listening to him he seemed quite genteel. Really it was quite a pleasure to hear him."

Seeing how much the children had improved on the whole, Eiichi gave thanks to God for the reforming influence of education.

On the next night they had another party of five hundred children, who shook the slums with their singing of hymns. Eiichi was impressed by the influence which these children must have on the poverty-stricken homes from which they came.

XIX.

The beggars were entertained on the 28th and 29th of December at the Mission in Kitahon-machi. Their numbers were fewer than the year before, as invitations were issued for fifty for each day. The ladies of the Kobe Church assisted as before, and the ladies of the Mission also exerted themselves. Two big boilers were hastily installed at the back of the premises and there was great animation. Miss Higuchi was this year again the leading spirit in the work.

After the 29th of December following these festivities, there was a sudden lull. On the 30th of December Eiichi got some New Year rice-cakes and prepared to invite the poor people who were unable to buy the New Year luxuries.

Just then a young man from the Province of Iyo came to call on Eiichi. He was to graduate from a Normal School in the spring of the following year and

then become a teacher at an elementary school, but as he hated the idea of the formal education given in the elementary schools, he wanted to abandon his present school and become a Christian preacher, for which purpose he had come to Kobe. He only knew one person in Kobe, a dormitory inspector at a girls' school, and as it was impossible for him to put himself under that person's care, he came to Eiichi to ask him if he might live there. As he appeared a very ingenuous youth Eiichi granted his request.

This student's name was Sahei Murayama, and he proved a very sincere and honest youth. In regard to his family, he said that his elder brother was a teacher at the Middle School at Uwajima. It pleased Eiichi very much that he had someone with whom he could exchange ideas at meal times, but as Murayama had no knowledge of social subjects, Eiichi had to act as his instructor.

That evening Tomoya Takami of the Kobe News Agency happened to call and Chuji Moroi of the Kobe Higher Commercial School, who was in the habit of coming to talk with Eiichi on philosophy. Moroi was an enthusiastic adherent of Homei Iwano's philosophy of the natural impulses, and he came to the slums, he said, to get fresh inspiration.

That evening Moroi was full of adultery, murder and robbery as grand deeds.

"Ah, what must it be to commit a murder!" he laughed.

His cheeks flushed and his muscles trembled as he said it.

Murayama, fresh from the country, was shocked.

"To thrust a naked sword into the white bosom of some lovely girl," Moroi continued, "and to watch the scarlet blood bubbling out over her white skin. How delightful it would be."

Takami laughed loudly when he heard this. Eiichi was silent.

"When I come to the slums I feel as if my whole body were tightened up. Twenty-four hours in this place would kill me,—I should get too excited. Such excitable fellows as I couldn't endure two years in this place like Eiichi here. From that point of view Eiichi's a marvel, but from another he's a fool, because he's too insusceptible."

Hearing this all the others laughed again. Takami met the argument by a side-thrust.

"Then you believe it would be better for Eiichi to give up his relief work in the slums and live according to his natural impulses?" he queried.

"No, no, that's not it. It's only that I'm such an impulsive fellow that I couldn't live here for two years."

"Then you believe that it is best to live according to the natural impulses?"

"Yes, of course."

"And not try to help the poor?"

"Of course. A faulty fellow like me would be sure to make mistakes."

"Then a father must be wrong in loving his children?"

"That's different. It's a splendid impulse for a father to love his children. Children are so lovable, you know."

"How about the ugly, ill-nurtured babies in the slums?"

"Oh, they should be killed."

Murayama listened earnestly while he looked from one to the other. Eiichi was silent as before.

"Then you believe that if the children are troublesome to the parents, they should be killed?"

"Well, something like that. There's nothing else to be done if the impulses are to remain unperverted."

"Then Jesus Christ in sacrificing himself for the good of humanity was committing a foolish act?"

"No, no, that's not it. Jesus Christ in sacrificing himself for the good of humanity gratified a natural impulse. It was not by sacrificing himself, but by gratifying his natural impulse to taste the pangs of death that he served humanity."

"That's a difficult doctrine. If you explain the death of Jesus in that way, then it must be good for Eiichi to gratify his natural impulses by coming to the slums?"

"Yes."

"Then you can't say his action was foolish."

"But I never said Eiichi was foolish."

"You certainly said that Eiichi was insusceptible and was therefore a fool."

"Yes, I said that."

"Well then, how do you reconcile Eiichi being a fool because he is insusceptible and Eiichi being a wise man because he sacrifices himself to his natural impulses?"

"You're too much for me. I give in. Let me off this time. I'll think it over a bit more," and good-natured Moroi laughed loudly.

This set them all laughing.

Takami swept back his hair, which he wore long like an artist.

"The mistake in Moroi's philosophy of impulses," he said, "is that it is merely objective,—an outside view. It's a contradictory theory. Eiichi has already passed the period of external impulses, and has arrived at the period when he is dominated by internal impulses. Creative impulses have arisen, and unlike your external impulses they provide a splendid basis for action. Your philosophy of impulses is really a very shallow idea,—hardly skin deep. Eiichi's philosophy of impulses, on the other hand, permeates the whole body, and springs like a fountain from the heart. The ugliness of the external world is obliterated before it. That is why Eiichi can live amid the ugliness of the slums without being disheartened. Eiichi then is no fool; nor is he insusceptible. He lives and works according to his internal impulses, which are stronger than the external impulses. He has conquered the objective world. Your philosophy of impulses is merely a condition of being conquered by the objective world,—in fine, a loss of individuality. The spirit that seeks to create the world is not made of such weak stuff."

"How grandly you talk, Takami," said Moroi laughing, and he leaned over from the chair on which he was sitting and patted Takami on the back.

"That is the truth, Moroi. Your philosophy of impulses is too shallow. Think what it means to live merely according to outside impulses. It means fornication, prostitution, murder. Such things are not done by those who get their impulses from within themselves. The true impulses must be sought within ourselves and be of our own creation."

"From your tone I know you are only retailing other people's ideas."

"Of course. I agree with Eiichi's philosophy and therefore it is natural I should have caught his tone."

"Well, I give in. My head's begun to ache. Takami's beaten me thoroughly to-night."

"Then you won't talk any more about murdering people?"

"No, no, I won't talk about it any more," said Moroi waving his hand.

"But, Moroi," said Eiichi jokingly, "you were talking the other day about loving Mrs. T. Are you going to give her up?"

"Never," said Moroi. "I should die if I did."

"But to commit adultery would spoil your life," said Eiichi seriously.

"I know that, but I'm going to follow Takami's philosophy and love her only internally,—one-sided love. If one can't love a beautiful woman like that, then one can't love any woman."

Moroi's voice, shriller than ever, made them all laugh.

"Have you told Mrs. T. that you love her?" asked Takami laughing.

"No, no. I shouldn't suffer such torture if I could tell her a thing like that. Besides there's something sacred in untold love which causes a pleasing sadness."

"Oh, you're suffering from that pleasing sadness again, are you?" said Takami laughing.

"But I say, Eiichi, I've found another girl recently, so I'm really quite happy."

"How many girls are you in love with?" asked Takami turning towards him.

Moroi replied by holding up three of his fingers

"There's Mrs. Toyama and that girl. Who's the other?"

Takami asked his question in an insulting tone.

"Mrs. Toyama? You know? Who told you it was Mrs. Toyama? Was it Eiichi?"

"Don't you tell everybody yourself?"

"I've only told Eiichi and Nomura. Who did you hear it from?"

"I heard it from Nomura the other day when we were out for a walk together."

"Oh! That's a pity."

"Won't you tell us who the other is?"

"No, no, I won't tell you that. It might embarrass others. At least, there's one here who would be embarrassed."

"What does it matter about the people here, even if you do embarrass them?"

"Well then I'll tell you. It's your wife."

All burst out laughing when they heard this.

"Don't talk nonsense," said Takami, while he twisted up the ends of his moustache.

"Shall I tell you who it really is, Takami?"

"Yes, tell us the truth."

"Well, it's Kohide."

As Moroi said this in a low tone he looked at Eiichi's face and laughed.

"Who is Kohide?" asked Takami.

"Don't you know Kohide?

Eiichi smiled bitterly as he stared at the electric light.

"Who is Kohide?" repeated Takami gravely.

"Go on," said Moroi loudly, "Eiichi knows all about her. Ask him. You've known Eiichi all this time and never heard of Kohide? How extraordinary!"

But Eiichi only laughed in reply to Takami's question.

"Do you know Kohide, Moroi?"

"No."

"You don't know her? How then can you love her?"

"For love's sake. Shall I tell you all about it as you don't know?"

"No, no, Moroi, be quiet."

It was Eiichi speaking. He waved both hands as he spoke. Then Moroi became serious.

"What has happened to that woman, Eiichi?" he asked.

"She told me the other day she was removing to Nagoya to join her sister. I haven't heard anything of her since then."

"You don't know? What an extraordinary confession to make! Is it all over then?"

"What?"

"What? You know what I mean. Have you no pity for Kohide?"

"What do you mean, Moroi? What are you talking about?"

Takami could not understand the purport of the conversation, but Moroi did not take any notice of his interruption.

"What a shame! You are cruel, Eiichi, to throw aside a woman who loves you like that."

"I don't understand."

"That's not true. Kohide has shown herself very earnest lately. I heard all the details from a newspaper man I know. He told me the other day all about Kohide's despair. The fact is I came to ascertain the truth of the matter."

"But, Moroi, it is impossible for me to buy love."

"But there was no question of money in Kohide's love."

"But Kohide never said anything about love. How was I to know?"

"She never said anything about it?"

"Not a word."

"That's strange. The newspaper man told me that you were both far gone."

"That was long ago, before I became a Christian. Of course I've seen Kohide many times since, but our relations have not been intimate."

"But when we were upon Rokko, with Nomura, you told us all about Kohide. You seemed to look upon the matter as serious then?"

"Not exactly. I simply told you that there was such a woman."

"At that time, when you told us about Kohide, although I hadn't met her or seen her, I fell madly in love with her. I wanted to meet her, even if only once. Now I never shall. Is it true you have quite severed relations with her?"

"Well, it's true and it's not true. I never had any relations with her from the first."

"It seems somehow suspicious."

Takami and Murayama had been listening in silence to the conversation between Eiichi and Moroi.

"What an impetuous chap you are, Moroi," said Takami, tapping him on the shoulder,—"to fall in love with a girl you've never met or seen."

"That's the best part of it. It's the girl you meet who's dangerous. To fall in love with a girl you've never met,—that's quite safe, isn't it?"

"Then you mustn't go too near Mrs. Toyama," chimed in Eiichi. "You'll have to take care."

"I'll take care right enough. You needn't tell me. Won't you put me up for the night here. I've got awfully fond of your Mission. Somehow, coming here, I feel more inclined to my fellow creatures. Takami," he went on putting his arm round him, "What do you think? Is your wife quite well?"

Moroi was an affectionate fellow and expressed his affection in his actions.

Murayama looked on in astonishment. He had been silent from the beginning of the conversation, but his thoughts had been busy as he looked at each in turn.

"I haven't got much bedding," said Eiichi," so Moroi and Murayama must sleep together."

The evening of the 30th of December was very quiet. Takeda and Kami-no-ko had urgent work to do and were to be up all night. Sanko and Ichiko were also absent. The only person in the house was Tsuda, the youth who had lost his hand. He was sleeping in a corner.

At nine o'clock Uesugi came back from the harbour. Matsuzo also came in.

Takami went home at ten o'clock, after expressing his pleasure at the conversation they had had that evening, and then

Ichiko and Sanko, followed by Izu, came back, and soon went to sleep. Eiichi was also making preparations to go to bed when Mitsu called to him to attend to her. Moroi looked on with staring eyes.

"Is she ill?" he asked. "Do you have to attend to her every day?"

Eiichi only replied by a nod of assent. The slums had become strangely silent. One could almost hear the cats walking on the roofs at the back.

XX.

The last day of the year was a miserable one for Eiichi. He went in the morning to go through the accounts of the Tengokuya eating-house and found that the deficit for the last month of the year, apart from the rent, was twenty-four yen. This was almost wholly due to the customers who did not pay for what they ate. Hige Tanimoto declared that he had no idea people could be so deceitful.

As it had already been decided that the Tengokuya should serve rice-cake soup free on New Year's morning, Tanimoto had bought a quantity of rice-cake, which Eiichi estimated would mean another twenty-four yen. He was not in a position to stand so much loss on the eating-house, but as the rice-cake had already been paid for he could do nothing.

When Eiichi came to calculate all his monthly expenses he was obliged to tell Tanimoto that he could not stand the loss on the eating-house more than two months longer.

Tanimoto agreed. "It's a great shame," he said, "to lose twenty-four or twenty-five yen a month just through people not paying for what they get, specially as we don't make any profit on the stuff."

"With the loss we suffer on those who don't pay," answered Eiichi, "we could help a number of sick people with medicine and do a lot of good in other ways."

The most part of those who did not pay for what they ate were depraved youths; honest workmen never did such a thing. The swindlers were largely those who were in want or who spent their money in gambling or on women. These were the sort of people who had caused so much trouble to Ueki when he was selling cakes. Now they were going to the Tengokuya, and Eiichi realised how much distress there was among the poor for whose sake he had opened the eating-house.

Of course if they had raised their prices and made the other customers pay for those who ate without paying, then they could have managed, but in view of the fact that the eating-house was for the relief of the poor, they felt they could not do this, and thus there seemed no possible hope of the place proving a success.

Yet the eating-house was well patronised. Twice a day the small shop was filled with customers, who departed well satisfied with the fare. This gave Eiichi great pleasure, and he felt that to shut it up now would be to inflict a hardship on the people living in Shinkawa.

The pawnbrokers' shops were also well filled. When Eiichi went to the post he saw about twenty persons, all of whose faces were well known to him, standing in front of the pawnshop in Minamihonmachi. Among them was Hanae Yamauchi from next door. She was carrying something she was going to pawn.

Eiichi had just got back when Hanae returned from the pawnbroker's. She passed in front of Eiichi's glass windows, —a lonely little figure.

Eiichi called to her.

"Wait a minute, Hanae," he said. "Have you had any rice-cake at home this year?"

"No," she said, "we ain't. We ain't got no money."

"Well then, won't you come and have some rice-cake broth with us to-morrow?"

"Thank you. You see, teacher, we ain't been able to pay the rent for three months and they want us to get out, so I've been and pawned me and my mother's winter clothes."

In truth Hanae had only a thin dress and a petticoat on.

"Aren't you cold?"

"No, not when I'm nursing a baby. It's warm as can be then."

"Yes, but when you haven't got the baby you must feel cold."

"No, I run about then, so I don't feel cold a bit."

Hanae was fourteen years old this year. She had a very good complexion and her features, which resembled those of her mother and her brother Katsu, were very regular.

Eiichi inquired about the troubles next door. He knew that Katsu was at work,

but it appeared from what Hanae said that her elder brother, who was an actor at Osaka, had fallen ill lately, and that was how they were in want of money.

In the evening Eiichi, with Takeda, "Kaminoko" and the student Murayama, who had arrived the day before from Uwajima, went out preaching in the streets, which were rather lively. Returning they met a member of the Kobe Church who said he was going to the New Year service.

Takeda wanted to go along, but Eiichi thought it was better to go home and go to bed, as he intended to spend the whole of the following day street preaching.

Till late at night the money-lenders were going round the slums collecting their loans. Old Kishimoto had bought some rice-cake and was busy preparing the broth for next day.

By eleven o'clock everybody had gone to bed; Eiichi alone sat at his desk, murmuring a prayer for the end of the year.

Then on the margin of his notebook he wrote the following free verses:—

To-morrow's the New Year,
To-night ends the old.
The old year is dying to-night.
I raise myself up
But still I fall short,
Grow older in years
But never in wisdom,
Am I bent then for ever like this?

To-morrow's the New Year,
To-night ends the old.
The old year is dying to-night.
The figure of God
Is obscured from my sight,
While I seek in the depths
For His hands' gracious grasp,
Breath fails me, I gasp with the pain.
Is it thus that the year ends with me?

To-morrow's the New Year,
To-night ends the old.
The old year is dying to-night.

While Eiichi was again praying suddenly he saw Moroi peering through the glass shutters. What had he come for?

"Eiichi," he cried, "I've come again. Unless I get the inspiration of the slums I can't calm the fever in my blood. Put me up for another night. I had to run the gauntlet of the prostitutes. They hung on to my sleeve so that they've torn it. Look what they did," and he showed Eiichi how his sleeve had been nearly torn out.

"The slums are really pitiful," he went on. "I felt astonished to see people in this cold weather going about in one thin kimono,—loitering about out-of-doors. All the pawnshops were full as I came along. It seems as if the pawnshops kept open all night on the last day of the year."

While he was speaking, in the quietness of the night there broke out at the back sounds of quarrelling. There was a quarrel between husband and wife in "Fighting" Yasu's house, and a quarrel between parents and children in Tora's house. In the house next to Shin's there was a woman in hysterics, screaming something.

"The inspiration of the slums is too strong for me," said Moroi. "It wasn't like this last night." His face flushed up with the young blood racing through his veins and his voice shook.

"It's always like this," said Eiichi very calmly, "It's rather better than usual to-night, in fact. Don't get so excited. As I have to get up early in the morning let's go to bed now."

Just at that moment all the bells in the city sounded. Eiichi bowed his head and said a silent prayer.

"Ah," exclaimed Moroi in a choking voice, "how miserable is man's life."

The lanterns of the money-lenders were still flitting about the slums.

XXI.

There were quarrels at the back from early on New Year's Day. Eiichi had arranged that they should all celebrate the day together in the big Mission Room by eating rice-cake broth, but Kishu and Uesugi went out to wash their faces and never came back. Eiichi therefore invited the family next door—consisting of Katsu, Hanae and their mother—to come and breakfast with them. It was while they were eating that the quarrel at Fighting Yasu's started again, apparently a continuation of the quarrel of the night before, followed by a quarrel at Tora's. There also appeared to be a quarrel at the house next door to Shin's, and when it seemed to die out, there was a noise at the back of trays being thrown about and crockery being broken.

In the midst of this Kishu came back with one of his arms out of his sleeve and rushed into the kitchen, where there

was a sound of things being tumbled about. Thinking it strange, Eiichi went to see what he was doing, when he rushed out holding the kitchen knife. His face was distorted with passion and drink.

"What are you doing with that knife, Kishu?" asked Eiichi.

"I ain't doing nothing."

"Well, what have you got the knife for?"

"I'm going to give 'em what for for treating me so beastly."

"With that? But what's it all about really? Where have you been drinking?"

"At the house next door to Shin's. They asked us to come in and keep it up with them, and so this morning me and Uesugi we went over, but there's some of my relations there and among them was a youngster who's trying to make a fool of me."

So saying he was rushing off barefooted, not even giving himself time to put on his clogs, but Eiichi detained him by catching hold of his kimono.

"I can't have you doing anything bad," he said scolding him.

Kishu tried to break away silently, tears of rage standing in his eyes.

Moroi and Murayama came in, and Katsu also came to try and pacify him.

Then Uesugi came rushing in at the back door.

"A knife, a knife!" he cried, "Lend me a knife. I'll do 'em in. Gimme a knife," and he commenced hunting for the kitchen knife. After him came Shin and a number of lumpers and longshoremen, trying to pacify Uesugi and Kishu.

"Teacher," said Shin. "It's a terrible way to begin the New Year ain't it? It makes me feel fair down."

"That's what comes o' drinking *saké*. It's a shame."

Eiichi related with laughter how last year Matsuko had had a quarrel at Shin's house and how he had come home to heat the tongs and rushed off with them.

Having finished breakfast Eiichi decided to start out and do some early morning preaching in the streets. Just when they got outside they saw a man with a drawn sword rushing down in the direction of the harbour. He was a young man called Amagasaki, usually very quiet, but now raving drunk. After him came a woman who was apparently his wife. She was bare-footed and crying as she ran. She kept on calling to him, but he did not heed her voice and soon disappeared in the alleys where the smaller tenements were situated.

When Eiichi got out of the alley he found a large crowd collected in front of the Happyakuya, and the whole street in excitement. Eiichi asked a person who was standing by what was the matter and learnt that there had been a murder near the Onoe Bridge, and going there he found the ground all covered with blood. As it was New Year's day and still early all the houses in the neighbourhood had their doors shut and few people were to be seen. There was no doubt somebody had been murdered there.

The wife of the barber was standing idly in front of the post-office, but on inquiry it appeared that she did not know the details of the murder. Eiichi went back a second time to the Happyakuya and found Izu standing there, with his sore head on his hand. He gave Eiichi full details of the murder.

"It seems from what the people here says, that there was a navvy stopping at the Sakamotoya with his mate, and they had a bit of drink last night and got into a dispute about some trifle. Well, another chap there he tries to settle it, but the younger of the two he pulls out a naked sword and goes for the other fellow. So he runs off to tell the police, but when he got to the corner by Onoe Bridge, the other fellow, who was running after him, catches him up and stabs him from behind. It's a bit of a shame because he was only a young fellow of thirty-two or thirty-three."

"What has become of the body?" asked Eiichi.

"They put it in the Sakamotoya till the Procurator comes. It's terrible what drink 'll do, ain't it?"

There was nobody standing in front of the Sakamatoya. The ashy sky of the dawn of New Year's Day loomed over the bare undecorated streets of the slums, making the scene still more gloomy.

It would be as well, Eiichi thought, if the sun never rose on such a scene. He had a feeling that there was something pitiless in the sun rising on such a wretched scene on New Year's morn.

Eiichi was filled with grief. What use was it for him to continue his labours for another year? No effect had come from them; or at most a mere ripple on the surface of the water that had soon passed away. It was too great a work to bring the denizens of those slums to re-

pentance. The people's hearts were not to be moved by sermons. He scorned himself for having thought they had any effect.

He thought of St. Paul's words, "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." But the words sounded to him false and he thought that the power of preaching had left him. But for Eiichi, save in preaching and prayer, there was no other means to attack the evil of the slums.

Then Eiichi, summoning up his courage, started singing a hymn. He stood at the corner of Onoe Bridge, where the roadway was all splashed with the blood of the murdered man, desolate but bearing his cross unashamed. Looking up at the dull grey sky of New Year's morn, he lifted up his voice.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shall be.

As he sang the chorus the tears welled from his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. He was applying the words of the hymn to himself.

I will follow Thee, my Saviour,
Thou didst shed Thy blood for me,
And though all the world forsake Thee,
By Thy grace I'll follow Thee.

Eiichi had a loud bass voice. A musical critic, commenting upon his voice, said that it was sufficient to drown a chorus of eight hundred sopranos. Eiichi did not at all admire his own voice. But standing there, that New Year's morn, in the place where the blood of the murdered man still bespattered the road, calling the people to repentance like the prophets of old, he felt that, however ugly his voice was, it must resound through the world like the note of a golden bell. It echoed through the morning air, seeming to pass through the school enclosure on the opposite bank of the river to the alleys behind. There were two or three women standing there gazing across. It was pleasant, standing there under the cold grey sky, to hear how far his voice could carry. The shivering of his body made the vibration of his voice still stronger.

Eiichi did not stop long at the Onoe Bridge. Instead he went to the corner of Kitahon-machi and sang there for some time. The parties of gamblers assembled there found Eiichi's singing very annoying. For one thing the children, pleased with the sound of Eiichi's voice, gathered round him, and for another Eiichi's voice was so loud that they could not hear each other's bets. At last one of them, a well known gambler of Shinkawa known as Yoshi, got angry.

"How can I win," he cried, "with that chap making all that noise? Why don't he go higher up?" and he glared at Eiichi.

Eiichi, however, was not at all disturbed.

"Luck's bad here," continued Yoshi. "Let's go up to the next turning," and he seized the old kerosene tin that served as a stand and the dice and the cup and went off to the next corner, followed by all the other men.

The place having thus become quieter Eiichi gave a short discourse on God and righteousness.

When he got back to the house he saw Cho, the beggar, waiting at the house next door for Daishi, who was making preparations for going out begging. At last Daishi came out. Daishi was a beggar of about fifty years of age, whose face had been eaten up with syphilis. He had neither eyes nor nose. For some reason the skin of his upper and lower eyelids had stuck together, and when his eyeballs moved under the lids you could see ripples pass across them. However his tongue was all right, and he began a discussion with one of the beggars who lived opposite in a sort of beggars' boarding-house.

"What d'you bet I don't get this bag full to-day?" he asked.

"Talk about getting it full at this time of day!" came a voice from the house opposite.

"Well, what 'll you stand us if I do? —A bottle of saké?"

"Two bottles is more like the mark."

"All right, I'll make you put 'em up to-night."

"Suppose you don't get that bag full whatcher going to do? Stand me a bottle?"

"Right you are. I'll stand you one. I'm off now. Here, Cho, pick up your stick quick," and Daishi, full of spirits, threw a six-sided stick towards Cho and went out of the alley.

Quarrels were still going on. Fighting Yasu had taken up the quarrel at Shin's house and was still grumbling. Down in one of the smaller tenements there was a tremendous quarrel going

on, caused, it was said, by a man named Te flinging a stone at one of his mates. Old Kawazu, mad drunk, was beating his daughter and his son-in-law. Drunken Yoshida, who was behaving like a beast, had been beaten in front of the Okayamaya. It was stated that he had broken up a gambling party in the street. A man who looked like a lighterman had kicked up a row in the Giruya lodging-house and three policemen had come to take him away. Uesugi came back covered with blood. Mizuta the boss had got into a quarrel with an unknown ruffian at a corner and knives had been used. By nine o'clock in the morning there had been nineteen quarrels in the quarter.

In Kitahonmachi there were thirty or forty parties of gamblers gathered, numbering from a thousand to fifteen hundred persons in all. In the alleys here and there drunken men were lying in the gutters, lost to the world. New Year's Day meant a complete abandonment to evil.

Looking in at the Tengokuya after eight o'clock in the morning Eiichi was told by Tanimoto that there had been over a hundred and fifty customers scrambling for the free rice-cake broth and that by half-past five in the morning half the rice-cake provided had been consumed.

Eiichi went to see how the people in the smaller tenements were faring on New Year's Day. He found four or five tenements where the people were burning old clogs from the dust boxes in braziers made out of empty tins, but for the most part the houses were shut up and the people sleeping.

Going to ask how "Granny of the Cats" was getting on he found that she had received seven rice-cakes and had baked and eaten them. As the dealers in rubbish were closed it was no use going out to rake over the dust boxes, and as she had nothing more to eat she had gone to bed. All the people in the neighbourhood were the same.

"New Year ain't any time for rejoicing," said Haru the beggar. "It's the other way about. If it was an ordinary day we could go to work, and if we was strong we shouldn't have to trouble about the money to buy rice. But on New Year's Day if we want to go to work there ain't any work to do, and as we ain't got anything saved up to buy rice, New Year Day's only a time of sorrow for poor folk like us."

Only two or three of the children in the smaller tenements were dressed in New Year clothes. All the others were wearing their ordinary winter dress. They were gambling by the side of the road for a few sen.

For these people there were no flags, no decorations, no saké, no rice-cakes. The beggars could not buy any rice-cake and without rice-cake New Year Day loses its enjoyment.

As he went round the slums Eiichi took pity on the children and told them that in the afternoon they were to come to the waste ground, where he would play some games with them.

On his return home Eiichi found Takeda, "Kami-no-ko," the bean-curd seller Yosaburo Machida, Murayama and Miss Higuchi waiting for him, and they all started off as arranged to preach in the Minatogawa Park.

Eiichi stopped behind for a minute to attend to Mitsu, whereupon Machida began chaffing him.

"Your daughter gives you a lot of trouble," he said. "Can't she attend to herself yet?"

The New Year's sun was breaking through the haze and shining brightly through the alley, seeming to drive away all the depression caused by the greyness of the slums.

They emerged from the alley joyfully, marching along like those about to conquer a world.

When they came to Onoe Bridge, the traces of the blood of the murdered man had almost been trodden out. At the police-box they saw a rough-looking man who had been arrested in a quarrel. He had only his loin cloth on. A great crowd of people was standing round watching.

In Nakamichi-dori there were all the signs of a national holiday. Flags were flying and the pine-trees under the eaves of the houses looked so bright and green that it seemed as if spring had come. Coming out of the greyness of the slums it felt as if one had escaped into a different world.

Looking at the girls with their beautiful sashes and flowing sleeves, as they played battledore and shuttlecock, Eiichi remarked to Machida what a strange world this is.

"In the slums of Shinkawa," he said, "people are sleeping because they have nothing to eat. We cross a bridge and there are people expensively dressed

amusing themselves as if they had not a trouble in the world."

"Each New Year is a milestone on the road to the other world," replied Machida. "It is a cause both for rejoicing and sorrow."

From ten o'clock till about one the six of them preached in the Minatogawa Park to large crowds of people. Machida's narrative of his repentance created a great impression on a number of people.

In the afternoon, when Eiichi got back to the slums, with the help of Murayama he quickly organised sports for the children of the smaller tenements, and played with them till dusk on the waste ground in Azuma-dori. It was the only way to keep them from gambling. Eiichi himself felt like the captain of a band of imps. The murders of the slums, the gambling, the prostitution,—all were forgotten and he played and joked among them like a child.

When the sun was setting behind Mount Tekkai, Eiichi, surrounded by a crowd of children, returned to his home, feeling that New Year's Day was, after all, a joyous time. But directly he got back he found fresh cause for anxiety.

Matsuzo had not yet come back from Shinkawa. He learnt from Hanae next door that he had gone with Kikujiro and Unosuke and five or six others to the theatre. Eiichi felt anxious when he heard whom Matsuzo had gone with. Kikujiro and Unosuke had lately become the associates of pick-pockets, for whom they acted as catspaws.

Eiichi grew more and more anxious. The light was still burning in the kitchen, and Matsuzo had not come back yet. Eiichi sat by the second-hand brazier that he had bought for thirty sen, praying continually while he raked the ashes.

Murayama also grew anxious.

"Shall I go to Shinkaichi to look for him?" he asked.

In comparison with the confusion in the morning the slums were now quiet. You could hear the people playing cards at Tora's house at the back. There was the sound of a kettle being moved. The old Kishimotos were sleeping in the three-mat room in front. Eiichi sat on the mats staring at the holes in the paper screens.

The lonely New Year evening was passing quietly. A cold north wind was blowing in at the door at the back. Eiichi remained plunged in meditation, about what he hardly knew.

Torataro Ueki came staggering in dead-drunk, muttering New Year congratulations, and fell down in the kitchen doorway, where he was soon fast asleep. Eiichi made no answer to him, but sat continually stirring the ashes in the brazier. Alternately smoothing them and then stirring them up, he finally piled them up in the middle of the brazier and wrote on the top again and again the word "isolation."

The fire had begun to go out in the brazier but he did not attempt to revive it. With his head bent over the kettle he wept. He was thinking that the burden of redeeming the slums was too heavy a one for him to bear.

His tears fell on the kettle, and as they fell with his finger he made the drops into a cross.

Ueki was snoring loudly. Matsuzo crept in quietly at the back door some time after eleven o'clock. Eiichi did not dare to scold him.

XXII.

Eiichi got up early the next morning and, after praying, read until the others got up. Matsuzo, who was late the night before, stayed in bed till past seven, when old Kishimoto woke him up. He went out at the back to wash his face without folding up his bedclothes, and old Kishimoto kindly folded them up for him and placed them with the others. When he was lifting up the bottom quilt a silver-plated nickel watch came to light. The old man was startled and asked in a loud voice whose watch it was, whereupon Matsuzo, who was in the midst of washing his face, cried. "It's mine, it's mine."

"What a fine thing. When did you buy it?" asked the old man jokingly.

Eiichi, seated at his desk, turned his head to look at the watch. His heart began to throb as he thought that Matsuzo had finished up by becoming a thief.

To get the watch Matsuzo had rushed in at the back door.

"Where did you get that watch, Matsuzo?" asked Eiichi.

"I got it from Kiku yesterday."

"Do you think it was right to accept it from Kiku?"

"Kiku's got a lot of 'em. You know he's a pickpocket and he's got five or six of 'em. He says to me, 'Here. I'll give you one," so what was I to do? I tells him I don't want it, but he makes me take it. He's got one of his own of real gold worth two hundred yen stuck in his sash,—he's such a swell."

Matsuzo laughed as he said this. He did not seem to think there was anything wrong in it.

"Give it back, Matsuzo," said Eiichi. "If you take things like that the detectives will be after you."

Matsuzo received the order submissively.

"Can they put you in quod for receiving something what's stolen?" he asked. "I don't want to be nabbed. I'll give it back."

Accordingly Matsuzo, without eating any breakfast, went off with the watch.

Half an hour elapsed and then another half hour, but Matsuzo did not return. Anxious about what he was doing, Eiichi went out at the front to look for him.

In front of the Gifuya lodging-house, on a bench, Eiichi saw some five or six dissolute youths who had become pickpockets. Some of them were playing with a gold watch and a toy pistol. Others were laughing at an indecent picture they had. Kikujiro was not yet sixteen years old, but he was cutting a dash in an expensive dress, with a black silk overcoat, a good sash, a pair of fine clogs and a soft felt hat. He might have been mistaken at a glance for the son of some wealthy family. He was surrounded by some five or six poorly clad children who were envying his fine clothes,—fingering his overcoat, praising his clogs, and begging for some pocket money.

Eiichi hid behind a telegraph post watching them.

"Unosuke," said Kikujiro in a loud voice to Unosuke, who was a poorly dressed, slender youth of fifteen or sixteen,—"Unosuke, shall we go out and do some business? We ought to make some seventy yen to-day."

Unosuke and Matsuzo had got the case of the nickel watch open and were examining the works, so Unosuke did not reply. Kikujiro reached over and took the indecent picture from a boy of twelve or thirteen.

"I say, Iwanuma," he said in a loud voice, "shall I take you out to-night to buy a girl? Unosuke, let's go down to Fukuhara to-night to enjoy ourselves. It would be a lark."

Eiichi had not expected to hear such talk even among these dissipated youths, who were not ashamed of discussing their misdeeds openly,—who looked upon picking pockets as a great exploit and on prostitution as an everyday matter. This lack of all sense of decency and honesty quite astonished Eiichi. He called to Matsuzo, and Matsuzo, flinging the watch to Unosuke, came running to him.

Eiichi rejoiced to think that Matsuzo had yet the seeds of honesty in him.

Eiichi had got Dr. Tazawa to look at the woman they had found in the tent on Christmas morning and he had said that she seemed to be suffering from intestinal tuberculosis. This put Eiichi to great inconvenience. He determined to hand her over to the municipal authorities, but the City Office was closed till the fourth of the month and would not take in stray cases of sickness. Eiichi was therefore obliged to put her in his sick ward, although the room was overcrowded.

Eiichi, with the enthusiastic Takeda and Machida, went on the second and third of the month to the Minatogawa Park to preach there. In the afternoons, to keep the children from the temptation of gambling, he took them all to the waste ground for games. Gambling was fiercer on the second and third than it had been on New Year's Day. In Kitahon-machi and Higure-dori there were something like a hundred and fifty parties of gamblers, and the four or five policemen there were quite powerless to stop it. The Sannomiya police cells were soon filled. Two or three times a day a mounted policeman would come and ride through the gamblers, scattering the dice boxes and gambling tables, but as he rode away the gamblers would raise a derisive cheer and set to work to gambling again.

Matsuzo, having been forbidden to go off to Shinkaichi with Kikujiro and the others, went out gambling while Eiichi was out preaching, and got run in by the police. However, they soon let him go again. In the evening Eiichi scolded him, but Matsuzo appeared quite unrepentant.

"The police don't scold you very much for gambling at the New Year, teacher," he said. "They soon let you go. Even if they do keep you it only means a fine of twenty yen, and the boss always pays the fine."

Matsuzo explained to Eiichi the methods of the gamblers.

"You see, no matter how many parties o' gamblers there are, all the men who keep the bank borrow the money from their bosses, who get half of the winnings as their share."

On the third of the month Eiichi was able to hand over the sick woman found in the tent to the municipal authorities and he thus had a little more leisure for himself. He decided to leave Murayama and old Kishimoto in charge of his other patients, and to take a trip to Tokyo, to inspect the slums there.

In the evening, when he was making preparations to catch the half-past seven train for Tokyo, the Rev. Mr. Tanida of Tokushima came to call on him, and in the course of conversation the name of Tsuruko Tamiya came up.

"It's no use—absolutely no use," said Mr. Tanida. "They say Tsuruko's going to marry a wealthy student from a higher commercial school. It seems to be quite true. It's a great pity. I had a better opinion of her and I'm quite disappointed."

Mr. Tanida had evidently no use for Tsuruko.

"She hasn't been to church lately," he went on, "but shut herself up at home. She gave up school-teaching last year. She's got awfully fashionable. A girl like her would never have the strength of character to come and live in the slums."

Tanida was a man of a fine, soldierly bearing.

"Who did you hear it from," asked Eiichi,—"that Tsuruko was going to get married?"

"From one you know, I think,—Hayashi, one of your old school fellows. He passed out of the medical college recently and has set up as a young doctor. He's been coming to church lately. He seems to know a good deal about Tsuruko. He said it was quite certain she was going to get married."

Eiichi made no further inquiries. He had made up his mind on the subject before. He knew that Tsuruko was not the sort of girl to come and live in the slums and had abandoned the idea that she would be his wife.

"Give her up, give her up," said Mr. Tanida, in his loud voice. "I'll find you a much better wife."

Eiichi was silent.

They went off together by the half-past seven express. Tanida was going to Nagoya to wind up his affairs there and remove his family to Tokushima.

XXIII.

Travelling in the train had become a novelty to Eiichi. It was four years since he had been to Tokyo, and he felt as if he were going to a foreign country. Although the third-class carriage was uncomfortable enough, yet it was like heaven compared with the slums. In the first place everything was strangely straight, while in the slums everything was warped and crooked. To come thus into a world where everything was exact gave Eiichi the impression that he was in a foreign country. In the second place as Eiichi had been shut up in Kobe for over three years and had lost sight of all the means of travel, to rush along at top speed seemed very enjoyable. In the slums there was neither progress nor intelligence, only a sluggish crawl; to get outside the slums was to feel with what great strides the world was progressing.

He parted from Tanida at Nagoya and travelled thence alone. At Numadzu the dawn broke and he had a grand view of Mount Fuji. Eiichi, with all his hatred of everything conventional, after his two years' contact with the thin faces and wasted forms of the slums, could not repress his admiration for the glorious sight of the mountain soaring up above the clouds like an inverted white fan. "Yes, Mount Fuji is beautiful," murmured Eiichi, with his face glued to the window. From Numadzu to Mishima, Mount Fuji assumed many shapes, all showing the beauty of its outline. It was impossible either to describe or to draw that glorious sweep to the sky. When the train reached Gotemba Eiichi got out in the snow and admired the greenness of the pines and cedars. To his eyes, wearied with the sights of the slums, the vegetation on the lower slopes of Mount Fuji was inexpressibly beautiful. The streams of

Hakone were beautiful, and the volcanic rocks. Even the small waterfall at the Fuji Spinning Mill seemed beautiful. Crossing the plain after passing Hakone his eye saw differences in the vegetation to that in his own part of the country. It gave the country a tenderer, brighter look. The villas at Kozu and Oiso pleased him; it was no wonder that the richer classes came to live there. As the train neared Tokyo, passing Tsurumi, Omori, and Shinagawa, Eiichi admired the gardens near the stations. Japan was becoming a beautiful country, he thought. His eye caught sight of exquisitely dressed ladies standing on the platforms as the train passed through, and he thought of the beauty of Japanese womanhood. He had not seen such beautiful women when he was in Tokyo four years before. They seemed to have become more sedate, more intelligent. He himself alone was an outcast.

Eiichi alighted at Shimbashi and took the tramcar to Ueno, whence he walked to Mr. Takeda's house. The Ginza appeared to him shabby, accustomed as he was to the Settlement at Kobe. The want of design and lack of regularity seemed to him symptomatic of the stage that Japanese civilisation had reached. Everything seemed to be made of wood, bamboo and paper. He found Mr. Takeda's house in Shitaya. It was in a row of attached tenements largely occupied by persons below the middle class. Eiichi was surprised to see so many houses of this kind in Tokyo.

He left his baggage at Mr. Takeda's house and immediately set off to inspect the slums in Shitaya. There he found great improvement, none of the tenements, with the exception of the Iroha, being absolutely bad. Eiichi then crossed the river and went to see the slums in Honjo. He found the position in Honjo Ward and in Fukagawa Ward much more difficult that that of which he had experience in Kobe. Cheap lodging houses by the hundred, arranged in rows, sufficient to accommodate some tens of thousands of workers, stood in great contrast to the fourteen of such houses in the slums of Shinkawa in Kobe.

As he wandered round the district Eiichi thought of what Japan was laying in store for herself in thus neglecting the workers. They are living beings although they are poor, and thus have their rights, he thought. When they rise to claim them, the wave of agitation will spread from Tokyo everywhere,—the snow will be blown to all quarters. Every worker he met was dressed in a single thin jerkin marked with the crest of his employer. Eiichi felt ashamed that he himself was dressed in a warm, lined kimono. In the evening he had his supper at a cheap eating-house run by the Salvation Army, and afterwards went to the Fujimikwan lodging-house, where he paid fifteen sen for a bed and went to sleep shivering with cold.

On the next day Eiichi went to the Mitsui Charity Hospital and to the Tokyo Infirmary. He was greatly pleased with the appearance of the Mitsui Charity Hospital, although he wondered how many lives had been ground down to create all this magnificance. As a mere hobby of the rich he could not feel thankful for the work.

As for the Tokyo Infirmary, Eiichi, so far from admiration, wandered round it with disgust. Out of the thousand odd homeless persons received into the institution he did not see one who appeared in good health. There were a large number of aged people, among whom many were sleeping half uncovered, apparently because the quilts were too heavy. The attendant who took Eiichi round scolded them for lying thus uncovered and struck them, and the old women, lying like persons on the point of death, silently replaced the quilts. All of them seemed exhausted; not one of them seemed to be renewing their strength. It was strange to see these remnants of humanity lying there while all around the fountain of life was bubbling and new lives were opening. It was a living hell. Eiichi wondered whether the outlook of the sick people he was treating in his ward in Shinkawa was the same as these. How difficult it was to help these people!

The Tokyo Infirmary made him feel sick and he left abruptly and turned his steps in a new direction. He visited the slums in other parts of the city and outside it, and found the greatest pleasure in the Kindergarten in Yotsuya Ward, where he heard the children sing a hymn.

I believe, I do believe
That Jesus died for me,
That on the Cross He shed his blood
From sin to set me free

sang the children in their childish voices to the strains of an organ. Eiichi did

not see the Principal of the Kindergarten, but the lady in charge gave Eiichi full details as to the way in which the Kindergarten was conducted. His disappointment over the Infirmary was forgotten in his delight over the Kindergarten, and he came to the firm conclusion that there was only one way in which to rescue the people in the slums, and that was by way of the children.

The end of a week of going round investigating the condition of the poor left Eiichi half stifled, and he departed from Tokyo as quickly as he could. It was exactly eight days since he had arrived.

Thinking over his impressions of Tokyo while in the train, Eiichi had a vision of a world of paupers wandering about in tattered clothes. There was a sound in his ears as of the near approach of an outbreak among the hungry millions of Tokyo. Leaving behind the dazzling lights of Shinagawa, Eiichi, as he leaned his head against the carriage window, saw no hope ahead for Japan while such poverty existed.

XXIV.

When Eiichi returned from Tokyo he was in a very melancholy mood. He thought of the vast throngs of workers in Tokyo and the small amount of provision made for them. Nor was there any provision in prospect. Eiichi had gloomy anticipations of a great rising taking place there some day.

Lately, also, his eyes had been troubling him. He found that he could not read easily for any length of time, and moreover he had pains in his ears. He feared that he must have caught trachoma, but he had no money to spend on himself. He could send others to the oculist, but for himself he had neither the time nor the money to go to the doctor. Every morning he looked at his eyes in the glass and saw they were bloodshot, and he felt anxious lest he should lose his sight.

When he got back from Tokyo he found the Tengokuya eating-house closed. Tanimoto, when questioned, said it was quite impossible to run it. He had decided to go back to his old house and start in business as a second-hand dealer. Eiichi asked him if he could recommend anyone to take his place, and he mentioned the name of Deguchi, a Christian who was not strong enough to do hard work, but who was not too weak to boil rice, and, as he was engaged in selling "Kwantodaki," a favourite dish, was probably very good at cooking.

There being nobody else, Eiichi went to Deguchi and asked him if he would take Tanimoto's place. But Deguchi refused.

"I don't think I should be able to carry it on for a month," he said.

Although the old man had evidently made up his mind that it would be a failure, Eiichi persisted and finally Deguchi said he would think it over and let Eiichi know in the morning.

Deguchi called Eiichi back as he was leaving. "That fellow Ishino who comes to the Mission," he said—"he ain't no use. He's always been a lazy chap. He took a holiday at the New Year and he ain't done a thing since. He came to my house to borrow some rice and I heard that the day before yesterday he made his wife stand in front of the temple while he acted as pimp for her. He's a bad lot, he is. From what the neighbours say Ishino's missus had a lover across the river and she's still got him on the string. Ishino don't see anything because he don't want to while he's making a good thing out of it. He was there the other day, an old man over sixty, the neighbours say. Ay, that Ishino, he's a bad lot."

Eiichi recollected that Ishino had come to borrow some money from him once or twice at the end of the previous year, and had then confessed about his wife, whose misconduct he had complained of.

"It don't matter what I say," he complained," I can't get her to behave herself. When I'm out some of her old cronies come to see her. 'You tell 'em you're a Christian now and can't see 'em,' I says, but she jaws about 'er not being able to get 'em to go away. She ain't trying to reform, she ain't."

Ishino's wife was a tall woman of some five feet four inches. She had gone to live with Ishino many years before, together with her child, a girl. There was a difference of twenty years between her and Ishino. With her brown face covered with wrinkles and a wall eye, she was not a very pleasant person to look at. There were many ugly

women among the prostitutes in the slums but Ishino's wife was exceptionally ugly. Two years before Eiichi had conducted for them the funeral of a child they had adopted and after that Ishino had brought his wife to the Mission, where she had been very earnest in prayer so that finally they had been baptised and received into the church. Before this they had worked at cleaning the cement off old tiles, but they had lately given up the work, and having thus become poor again, with no money to buy rice, the woman had abandoned Christianity and gone back to her old life as a prostitute.

Eiichi felt sad to think that she had again fallen, but he thought of Christ's words as to publicans and sinners and he prayed earnestly that her faith might be restored. He felt, however, that she was a woman who preferred standing in front of the temple to going to work, and as he returned home he pondered how far the prostitute was from Heaven.

Deguchi's reply next day gave Eiichi great satisfaction.

"I don't believe the Tengokuya will ever pay," was Deguchi's reply, "but I don't mind having a shot at it as one has to sacrifice oneself once in a lifetime."

Tanimoto set himself up as a second-hand dealer next door to the barber's in Kitahon-machi, and Deguchi moved into the Tengokuya.

As soon as Deguchi had started running the Tengokuya, Ito, the rope-picker, came round begging for money. As Eiichi thought that Ito was not in need, he excused himself, whereupon Ito stopped coming to the Mission services and soon after vanished from the slums. It was always in this way that the Mission lost some of its older supporters. The reason was that they were not able to read the Bible and found the sermons too difficult to understand. The only way to reach them was through pictures, Eiichi thought, and he expounded his views to Murayama. The Bible, he said, was useless in proselytising in the slums: what was wanted was a picture book that could be sold for a few sen.

As Eiichi had anticipated there was no permanence in the conversion of men like Kyogashima, the Ishinos, Toda the gardener, Shigazo Motoki the barber, and Ito the rope-picker. They were too old to absorb the new belief. Eiichi recalled a number of other disappointing examples besides these. There was Tsuruoka, an old man whom Eiichi had assisted when he had fallen ill. Tsuruoka, in return for Eiichi's kindness, had come to the Mission services for some time and then one day he had asked for the loan of one yen. Eiichi refused, whereupon the old man never came to the services again. Then there was Ikemoto, who had a family of six children. Working in the harbour he had been injured by the fall of a sheet of iron and was laid up for a long time. Eiichi had allowed them ten quarts of rice a day and twenty sen in money, and moreover, when the wife fell ill of pleurisy, had called in Dr. Tazawa and nursed her for five or six months till she was completely recovered. To show their gratitude they came for one or two months to the Mission services and then stopped. Then there was Shiro Yutani, a man who lived outside the slums and was in the pay of a small employer. This man showed himself very earnest in coming to the Mission services, perhaps because he thought he would get some money out of it. But after five or six months, on the plea that he could not read the Bible and that he could not give up tobacco and saké and women, he came no more. Of course he tried first to borrow some money from Eiichi, which Eiichi, very politely, refused.

Eiichi quite understood the attitude of these rice Christians and for that reason never mingled religion with their daily bread. He had assisted Toda's family in everything, but he had never bothered them to become Christians. He had assisted them merely as fellow-creatures. All the sick he had nursed had never been asked to become Christians. He had welcomed those who came to the Mission services, but he realised that the poor generally were weak in faith and lacked decision.

This was not the case among the young people, however. Most of those who had passed through the elementary schools, once they had become Christians wherever they went always retained their faith.

It was the same way with the young women,—Miss Higuchi and her sister Akiko, and the other girls who had come with them. It was three years since they had started coming but they still adhered to their faith in Christianity. Moreover they were all young people of very good character. There was Ichi-

mura, who was brought to the Mission by Takeda and stated on his first coming that he was an outcast, and Tadokoro, Asada's friend, who worked at the Dunlop Rubber Co.,—all of them were young people of good character.

They were not outcasts from the slums, however. They were young workers who had been attracted from outside the slums by their admiration of Eiichi and their desire to become Christians.

After Eiichi, with the help of Takeda, had started his Saturday Bible classes, Kondo, an undertaker's assistant, who could not read the Bible very well, had attended for six months without result. On the other hand young men like Tadokoro had only to listen to a street sermon once to be converted. Therefore Eiichi decided that as he had not gone to live in the slums to convert the workers, he would leave those who understood him to come to him by themselves, and devote himself to the children. It was the children of the slums, he thought, who should somehow be rescued. He gave earnest thought to what was to be done for the urchins and baby-minders of the slums, but for some reason the result of his labours was not encouraging.

He sent a boy named Kawazu as apprentice to a big grocery-store in Motomachi but in less than three months he was back again in the slums. He had been with a house-cleaner before, but as there were no prospects in that business his mother had come to Eiichi to ask him to get the boy some other work, and Eiichi had got him into the grocery-store, the owner of which was a Christian. The boy had been put to mind the shop, but he had got tired of doing this every day, and at last ran away. "It's much more interesting cleaning houses," he said, and the next day he went back to the house-cleaner's.

A teacher at the Shoin Girls' School wanted a young nursemaid, so Eiichi sent him one of Ikeda's daughters,—a girl of fifteen, although she only looked about eleven or twelve. She was not a very good nursemaid and moreover she disliked being confined to the house all day, so that in three days she was back again in the slums. However good the children in the slums may be the fact is that they lack perseverance. According to Eiichi's observations this is due to the faults in their bringing up. However smart they appear to be there is always something lacking in them. Moreover, when they go out to service in middle class families their pay is very small. For instance at a cleaner's they receive their food and twenty to forty sen a day, while if they go as errand boys in a store they get at the utmost, only five yen a month. Little nursemaids also only get three or four yen, whereas if they go to a match factory they can earn fifty sen a day packing matches. Of course the pay they receive is nothing to what they might receive if they had regard to their future prospects. They may work at a cleaner's or an undertaker's for ever without getting any more and so go on living in poverty all their lives.

There are reasons why these slum children do not continue long in the employment of the middle class. In the slums all are equal; there is no troublesome etiquette even between parents and children, and no diffidence. Yet they manage to get on very well without it. But in the middle class, even in small households, to get into the living room from the entrance involves some fifteen or sixteen bows. Then you must not run in the rooms, and in the morning, when you get up, you must say "Good morning," and at meal times you must not eat before the master of the house is served. In fact there are all sorts of class restrictions which are unendurable for the children of the slums. Moreover from the point of view of the slums, the life is disagreeable. The hall in the middle class houses is very small, but the children taken from the slums are cruelly made to sleep there. Further, while they are used to running about barefooted, they are made to wear clogs even if they go for a moment into the garden. The tone generally adopted in speaking to them, moreover, is one of pity and condescension as troublesome objects, and altogether it is no wonder that the children, however much they may wish to get on, get tired of the restrictions placed on them and run away.

Eiichi did not condemn the system of employment, but he was disheartened at the failure of the middle classes to destroy the shackles which bound them. For these reasons Eiichi thought that placing the children of the slums in middle class families for any length of time was like sending them to execution. On the whole Eiichi felt, at the bottom of his heart, that in view of the large number of feeble-minded children in

the slums, there was little chance of their receiving much assistance from the middle classes. The only chance for the children of the slums was to become skilled artisans. To think that on leaving the slums they would ever rise to become great men and women in the world Eiichi felt was futile.

Thus, after two years' exhausting labour, Eiichi had come to have an inkling of how reforms in the slums should be carried out. One thing that troubled him was the low state of his finances. To provide housing and medical attention, to say nothing of food, for thirteen persons needed at least a hundred yen. Then also he had to meet the loss on the Tengokuya. In these circumstances the fifty dollars remitted to him every month by a friend of the Mission in America proved insufficient. In the spring of the year before Mrs. Pearson, the wife of the Pastor of the Fifth Presbyterian Church of New York, had sent him five hundred and fifty yen, but this, with the four hundred yen he had received from Shinoda, had all been spent, and he had to rely entirely on the fifty dollars a month sent him by Dr. Williams' friend in America.

A hundred yen a month was quite insufficient to meet his expenses, however, and Eiichi was compelled to seek some other source of income. The books he had written had scarcely sold at all. The "Study of the Lives of Christ" had been finished in July of the preceding year and had been published in November, but had scarcely sold at all. Only some two hundred copies had been sold and out of the eight hundred remaining five hundred had never been bound but were lying at the printing office untouched.

Eiichi therefore felt that he must seek some other work, and went to consult Dr. Williams, who told him that the Girls' Divinity School was in need of an interpreter, and although the salary was small the work was for only two days a week. Eiichi felt very pleased at receiving this information, and going to the school found that Miss Moore, a lady teacher who had only arrived in Japan the year before, was in need of an interpreter for her lessons in Old Testament and Bible history. The lessons were given on Tuesdays and Fridays from nine o'clock to noon, and the salary was fifteen yen a month.

Eiichi thought that even fifteen yen a month would be of use to him and accepted the position, going to the school on Tuesdays and Fridays.

At first Eiichi felt rather strange, as an unmarried man, in assisting in a school for girls. The school was very strict in excluding members of the male sex and Eiichi was the only one that was trusted to do nothing wrong.

Eiichi, however, could never get out of his head that he was only getting fifteen yen a month as an interpreter and that he knew Old Testament history a good deal better than Miss Moore. To interpret her dull lectures therefore did not give him any pleasure. Occasionally he thought how much more pleasant it would be if he were the lecturer and could recount his discoveries in Bible history.

The fifteen yen Eiichi received from the Girls' Divinity School still left his income insufficient, and he was forced to accept again a monthly stipend from Dr. Williams. In this way he managed to get a monthly income of something like a hundred and thirty yen.

Eiichi had determined to appeal to a comparatively larger public by writing some Bible stories for children, and he therefore began to write a life of the Prophet Jeremiah. Thus every day, in the intervals of his mission teaching and tending to the sick, Eiichi bent over his big, one-yen desk, studying the life of Jeremiah. When Eiichi sat down to study he concentrated himself on his work and forgot all his money troubles and everything else. His labours over his small book involved the turning over of more than thirty books of reference.

Eiichi was greatly attracted towards the character of Jeremiah. From his youth Jeremiah had to bear a heavy responsibility as a prophet and to endure a bitter and grievous struggle. With a nature rich in humanity, he lived for fifty years the life of a prophet without a sign of fatigue, working earnestly at his mission. Looking only to God, he confronted the succession of kings . . . preached everywhere he went, taught internationalism, stood aloof from . . .* and took the part of the workers, upbraiding King Jeconiah in front of the Imperial Palace when he failed to pay them. All these and other actions of Jeremiah pleased Eiichi very much. Ei-

* These blanks are in the original.

ichi also had great sympathy with Jeremiah in that he had remained unmarried all his life.

Eiichi felt that for a prophet to be married was an impossibility. He himself had not been troubled with fleshly lusts for a long time, and the mortifications of the flesh which Origen and Sir Thomas More had practised appeared to him worthless. He felt he had the strength to overcome all desire even in the most intimate contact with women.

Nevertheless Eiichi was a man. He did not think it wrong to love devotedly some beautiful woman, as beautiful as an engraving of Venus. But shut up as he was in the slums no Venus came to visit him, no goddess Athene. Kohide had come to see him, but for her it had been a matter of business, not a matter of passion, and the romance which he had once thought to be connected with the name of Tsuruko had long since faded away.

The fact was that Eiichi had abandoned hope of any beautiful woman coming to visit him in the slums for love's sake. Thus he had come unavoidably to the conclusion that a philosopher's life inclined one to celibacy. Spinoza had devoted his life to celibacy through disappointment in love. Kant, Descartes, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Buddha, Christ, Paul, St. Augustine,—all had been celibates. If to these were added all the celibates in history, how many hundreds and thousands would they number? Eiichi thought that the philosopher and the priest were able to live simpler lives by remaining celibates. If one had a wife one would want mirrors and combs and creams for the preservation of her skin, if she were a beautiful woman, and all kinds of powder. Then there would have to be soft cushions and probably she would want a piano. And to keep everything nice, at least one maid servant would be required,—to prevent your wife getting chapped hands. It wouldn't be nice to feel lumps on your wife's hands, like the women in the slums had.

But the greatest objection would be the pregnancy of your wife. If one had children it would be impossible to rear them in the slums. One would have to leave the slums and then what occupation would be possible? If you had no occupation how could you earn your living? Thus Eiichi came to the conclusion that it was better to live alone. It was nobler to live the life of a philosopher.

Finally at the thought of how celibacy would suit the philosophers of the slums, Eiichi burst into laughter.

XXV.

It was a fine cold morning in the middle of February. Ueki, the rag-picker, who had not been to see Eiichi for some time, put in an appearance early in the morning with an air of great earnestness.

"Teacher," he said, "won't you give some help? It's a matter o' life and death."

"Life or death?" said Eiichi startled, "What's the matter?"

"Well, it's a very pitiful case,—there ain't many like it even in Shinkawa."

"Who is it?"

"Poor chap, he ain't had anything to eat for three days and he looks as if he were dying."

"Where is he?"

"He's in Kitahonmachi,—one of Hashimoto's houses. Won't you send the doctor, teacher? He ain't seen a doctor yet. He was took ill two weeks ago. He's got a child, he has,—a boy, only six years old what don't know nothing yet. I was born and brought up in Shinkawa, but I ain't ever seen such a pitiful case as his."

Eiichi was always glad to find that Ueki, in spite of his crafty appearance, had a soft spot in his heart and was moved by the sufferings of his fellow-creatures. He went to see the sick man and found him in a small, dark house, the only light in which came through the door, so that when he stood in the doorway Eiichi could not see the face of the sick man. Although there was a brilliant sky outside the house was so dark inside that it was impossible to see one's way about.

"Kasuke," called Ueki. "The teacher's come to see you."

Ueki called very loudly and the sick man, who was only just able to move his head, lifted it up, evidently for the purpose of making a bow, while he mumbled an exclamation of surprise.

Eiichi looked intently at the dying man's face. There were black rings round his eyes and his eyelids were red and swollen as of one suffering from malnutrition. He tried to look at Eiichi from time to time, but it appeared that his heavy eyelids would not open. At last, when he had succeeded in opening his eyes, Eiichi saw they were dull like those of a dead fish, and he wondered that the man had been able to live so long.

"This man is dying of starvation," thought Eiichi. "How strange that nobody knew he was lying here like this! How heartless is the world! In this large city of six hundred thousand people this poor man has been lying within the shadow of death unheeded. At the Tor Hotel and the Oriental Hotel there is food in abundance. Here there is no one to nurse a man who is dying of starvation."

Tears started to Eiichi's eyes as he gazed on the man for whom there was no hope.

Ueki also gazed silently. The sun, already risen above the eaves of the houses, shone brilliantly on the wall of the bath-house opposite. Its rays seemed to make the scene more pitiful. Outside the darkness had been driven away; inside the house it still reigned. Eiichi's tears were still undried. Ueki remained silent. Eiichi also was silent. The house was a dirty one of two mats. The bedclothes were hired and were covered with dirt. There was no sign of a fire. A cold wind blew in under the door. Eiichi, as he stood, felt his feet grow cold.

Ueki called Eiichi outside for a moment.

"Ain't it any good, teacher?" he asked. "I ain't got much hope myself. The poor chap seems so weak this morning. He wasn't as weak as that last night. It'd be a pity if he died, 'cause there ain't anyone to pay for his funeral, —and he's got a child too."

"Where is the child?" asked Eiichi.

"I put him in the care of old Mother Homma at the back there last night. What's to become of the boy if his father dies? The neighbours says 'Gi' him to me, gi' him to me,' but they ain't human beings in the slums. Won't you get him into an orphanage, teacher?"

"That's easy," said Eiichi, "but what shall we do about the sick man?"

Ueki ran to call Dr. Tazawa, and Dr. Tazawa when he came decided the case was hopeless.

Ueki abandoned rag-picking for the day, and stayed with Eiichi to help nurse the sick man. Kasuke had once been a lumper in the harbour and possessed a strong constitution, but when he reached fifty years of age he had been attacked by pneumonia and being a widower had no one to look after him. His wife had died when the child was born and as the child was only six it was quite dependent on its father.

That night Eiichi spent in nursing Kasuke. The indefatigable Ueki was ready to do anything to help. He went and bought a bag of charcoal, and then opened it in the yard in the cold night. Afterwards, when he had made a good fire in the brazier, he began to get drowsy in the warmth.

Eiichi sat by the light of the lamp, in deep thought, as he watched the face of the dying man.

He was thinking how he had helped Roppei in the January of the year before to bury the child he had adopted. Roppei was a little, blear-eyed man, with a face like a shrivelled plum-stone. He had come to ask Eiichi to send the doctor to see his adopted child, which was being reared on rice-water and had in consequence become as thin as a leaf. The doctor, when he saw the child, said it did not require medicine, but that they should give it milk. Eiichi bought some milk for it, but the baby could not digest it and in five days it died. Roppei seemed suddenly overcome by the illness of the child and asked Eiichi to say a Christian prayer for it, protesting with tears that if it died he had no money to pay for the funeral. Eiichi knew it was hopeless, but went to pray for the baby, and soon after he got back home the news was brought that the baby was dead.

Eiichi gave Roppei five yen to pay for the funeral and Roppei went out himself and bought an orange-box. After he had thus made preparations for the funeral he came to ask Eiichi whether he should have a Christian or a Buddhist service. Eiichi told him that if he had a Buddhist funeral he would have to pay the priest, and he offered to go himself.

When Eiichi got to the house, however, he found that Roppei had done nothing to prepare the body for interment and that he proposed to stuff it into the orange-box just as it was.

Eiichi told him that that was too cruel, and that he should wash the body and dress it in its best clothes in preparation for the journey to the other world. But Roppei expressed such abhorrence of touching the body that Eiichi got him to heat some water and himself bathed the body of the poor little baby.

It was still a baby in spite of its terribly wasted condition. It had not been dead long enough for its beautiful silky skin to lose its lustre. As he wiped its face, which was rather light blue than purple, so bright it shone that he felt inclined to call it a Buddha. Babies are beautiful even when they are dead. As Eiichi washed the body of the little baby, which he had never seen nor known of before, he thought that if it knew his love it would soon return to life.

As the water in the tub had grown a little cold Roppei brought a little more hot water, and Eiichi washed the body of the baby quite clean, from its head to its toes. He was astonished to see by the blisters on the child's body how much it had been neglected. Roppei had only taken the child out of greed. He had been quite unable to look after the child and had left it uncared for.

Eiichi washed the body of the baby very carefully, handling it as little as possible, and dressing it in the kimono that Roppei brought out, he laid it in its coffin, the orange-box.

The orange-box was a very poor one, and had to be tied up very securely with rope. It was made of very thin wood, which had not even been roughly planed, and there were knot-holes and cracks all over it. Eiichi thought that it was too cruel that a human being should be sent into the other world in such a box.

As Eiichi knelt by the side of the orange-box containing the child's body he felt as if he stood before a Sphinx. Was it better to preach or to pray? He could not decide. For five yen it should be possible to have a decent funeral. How was it that Roppei had only been able to get an orange-box? He turned and asked Roppei, and Roppei explained that he had fallen into debt a long time ago when he was ill, and he thought he might use the money to pay off the debt.

Eiichi accepted the explanation in silence and conducted the funeral service with a reading from the Bible and a prayer. Then in the early dusk of the January evening he followed the funeral to Kasugano. It was the first time in his life that he had attended a funeral where the body was enclosed in an orange-box, but nobody in the street noticed that it was a funeral. All the way to the cemetery at Kasugano Eiichi was silent and Roppei also did not utter a syllable. When they arrived at the crematory the form of the man in charge was hardly visible in the dusk. Eiichi was startled to see that another orange-box had been left there by someone else.

* * *

Eiichi had thought that Kasuke was motionless, but he now noticed that he was moving his head in a strange way. He leant closer over the dying man, taking care not to disturb him, but Kasuke was again motionless. The last moment seemed to be approaching. Already there was the Cheyne-Stokes breathing, causing ripples to run across the coverlet under which he was lying. The slums had become very quiet as the night deepened. The oil in the lamp was running low and the lampblack was forming in a beautiful curve. Ueki continued to doze as before. Eiichi again sank into a meditation on death.

* * *

Shortly after Roppei's baby had died a little girl of eight or nine, who went out begging with her mother but always attended the Sunday School, came to Eiichi.

"Teacher," she said, "muvver wants to talk to you."

Eiichi went with the child, and she led him to a tenement house in the same street in a very damp quarter, where in a four-mat room he found a tall woman, one of whose eyes was defective, lying on the mats with no quilts but only a piece of cloth to cover her. The woman took no notice of Eiichi when he went in, but apparently this was only her way, as she did not appear to be ill. In fact her colour was very good. Eiichi looked at the woman in silence, and the woman opened her eyes and stared at Eiichi. For a short time the little girl also was silent but she soon broke out.

"Muvver," she said, "the teacher's come,—the Christian teacher. Ask him."

For the first time the woman broke the silence by muttering an excuse for sending for him. Again she was silent while her eyes blinked.

"Ask him, muvver," broke in the little girl again. "Ask him, ask him," she repeated.

Eiichi could not understand what she meant.

Then the little girl turned to Eiichi.

"Muvver's cuddling a baby," she said.

Still Eiichi did not understand. The woman still kept silent, uttering not even a syllable. Then the little girl, unable to endure the situation any longer, went up to her mother and snatched off the piece of cloth with which the woman was covered. Eiichi then saw that the woman was holding the body of a baby closely to her bare breast. As the baby's back was towards Eiichi, he might have seen that it had all turned purple where the blood had coagulated, but at that time he did not realise that the baby was dead. It was only when the woman told him that the baby was dead that Eiichi noticed its condition. As the woman released her clasp of the baby it fell away from her, and Eiichi saw that its eyes were glazed.

Looking closer he saw that the condition of the baby was just like that of the one he had buried for Roppei. He immediately suspected that it was a case of getting rid of an adopted child.

The woman did not say any more, and Eiichi also was silent. The little girl also did not speak. It was a winter's morning and the sun shone brightly in the damp lane. As Eiichi saw the rays of the sun shining so brightly he felt aggrieved. He thought it would be best if the sun never shone on that spot. But it shone over the broken roof opposite, direct into the yard of the house, even to Eiichi's feet.

The silence remained unbroken. No one passed along the lane. All the people who lived in the tenement were out at work.

"When did the child die?" Eiichi asked quietly.

"Three days ago from to-day," answered the woman. "It was on the morning of the day before yesterday that it died. But I was so sorry for it I couldn't bear to part with it, so I've held it in my arms ever since."

The woman showed no concern, however. There was no trace of tears in her eyes.

"Why didn't you have it buried?" asked Eiichi. "It's dangerous keeping a dead body like that. You'll catch something from it and die yourself."

"I hadn't got the money for the funeral," replied the woman. "I thought of having it buried the day before yesterday, but I couldn't raise the money, and yesterday I tried to borrow some from the money-lender, but I couldn't, so I went on day after day like this, just holding it in my arms."

"Is the child your own?" asked Eiichi.

"Um."

"No, it ain't; it's adopted," broke in the little girl. Her truthful answer elicited no denial from the woman. Apparently the little girl had some strength of character.

For a while the three were silent again. The woman again took the baby in her arms and covering herself with the piece of cloth, turned her back on Eiichi. What she meant by this conduct Eiichi was at a loss to explain, and he was just about to go away again when the little girl suddenly became excited.

"Muvver, muvver," she cried loudly, "ask him, ask him. You know we ain't got the money for the funeral."

The sound of her voice brought an old woman out of the house next door.

"Ain't it too bad," she said. "Three days she's laid like that with the corpse."

Eiichi understood the mentality of beggars and knew that the mother and the girl were displaying the sulky humour of their class. He could not explain how sorry he felt for them and as there seemed no other way of expressing his kindness he just stood dully in the yard.

"Don't you feel cold?" he said at last.

"No, I ain't cold," said the woman, turning towards him again.

"But you must feel cold without any quilt."

"No I ain't."

As the woman seemed inclined to talk again, Eiichi continued to question her.

"How much did you get with that baby?" he asked.

"Only five yen and seven kimono."

"Where did you get it from?"

"I got it through Roppei up above there."

This answer affected Eiichi as if a nail had been driven through his breast. Apparently there was a systematic traffic in babies.

Eiichi was silent for a moment. He thought he would wait to see if the woman would ask him to pay for the funeral, but the woman showed no such intention. Eiichi saw that he would have to make the proposal himself.

"Shall I bury the baby for you?" he asked.

"No, no," she replied. "It's all right like this with me holding it tight."

"But it will begin to smell."

"No, I've been holding it like this for three days and it ain't changed a bit."

"Then you don't intend to bury it at all?"

"But it don't seem like dead with me holding it like this."

"Have you shown it to a doctor?"

"No."

"But if it's dead it must be dead."

"Well, it ain't alive."

"Then it's dangerous to go on holding it like that."

The woman made no reply.

"I'll pay the funeral expenses," went on Eiichi, "so you'd better have it buried. Aren't you going to get up?"

"I got a cold."

The old woman next door chimed in in a very disgusted tone.

"Yesterday the neighbours said they couldn't bear to see it and they offered to collect the money and pay for the funeral, but this woman's such a shameless creature they wouldn't have anything more to do with her. It's always the same when she's got an adopted child what dies; she must go to another house and have the funeral from there. There ain't such another obstinate woman as her in the world."

This was, indeed, a frontal attack.

Eiichi went back to his house and got five yen and took it back to the woman with a quilt from his own bed and a mattress. That afternoon he again attended an orange-box funeral. The baby was dressed in one of Eiichi's own gowns and thus sent to its long rest in its little coffin.

The face of the child still passed before Eiichi's eyes.

Watching by the death-bed of Kasuke, Eiichi saw a vision of the faces of the many dead that he had buried recently.

Among them was that of Ume the Devil, Kumakichi Kawashima, who died in a lodging-house, and the old woman who burned herself to death next door. She was the mother of the head of the beggars. She was carrying a brazier with burning charcoal in it when she upset it and set her clothes alight, dying from the burns. Then there were the two women whom Drunken Yoshida, who lived opposite, had brought home,—probably they had been prostitutes. They had both died of peritonitis. They had both pale, puffy faces and greatly resembled each other. Then there was the young man who, in despair because he was out of work, had starved himself to death on the seashore. He constantly came to Eiichi's Sunday School and had a very attractive face. That such a fine young fellow should have died of hunger increased Eiichi's anger with the social conditions which caused such things to be possible.

Then there was old Mother Yamato who hanged herself. When she had fallen seriously ill her relatives in the country had sent twenty yen in order that it might be used for the funeral. But her son, who was a dissipated gambler, lost all the money in gambling, whereupon the old woman became disheartened, and after she had had a hearty meal, hung herself with her sash on a nail in a corner of the room. How she did it was a wonder, as the room was only of two mats and there were five persons sleeping in the room at the time, not one of whom was disturbed. Eiichi still saw the old woman's face in the darkness.

Although the son of that old woman was a beggar priest, nevertheless she was fond of Christianity and came to see Eiichi from time to time. Eiichi only saw her once face to face, however, when they had a talk about Christianity.

* * *

Many other dead faces came before Eiichi's eyes. There was the family of a man named Uenichi, who had committed a murder and fled to Shanghai. Three of the family had died of consumption, and all had died on the same day though in different places. Eiichi had helped all three of them, but the face of the wife, which was like that of a Buddhist saint, still haunted him most persistently.

Other dead faces rose before his eyes. There was the face of the wife of the dissipated greengrocer Haruko. This man Haruko had gone to the secret brothel next to Eiichi's house, and when he had refused to pay had been severely beaten by the pimp. Eiichi had rescued him and there the matter had ended at the time, but about a month later he had come to Eiichi and asked him to help a sick person he had in his house. When Eiichi went to see who it was he found it was Haruko's wife. She was in the tertiary stage of syphilis and

this had caused peritonitis. She died soon after, and Eiichi, as usual, looked after her burial.

* * *

The face of an old woman in Kita-honmachi—a very old woman, on the verge of starvation—also rose before his eyes. When he went to put things straight after her death, he took the quilts he had lent her out to the front to air. While he was carrying them something like ashes kept falling out and on closer inspection he found they were lice. Eiichi was covered with them, and as he had no change of clothes he suffered from them for many months. As Eiichi, with the help of Uchiyama, washed the lice-tormented, wasted body of the old woman, there dawned on him the full significance of baptism.

Still the dead faces rose.

* * *

As he gazed on them their ghastliness made him shudder. Half the face of one had rotted away. All the bones of the face had rotted from syphilis. Yet the man had lived one or two weeks almost without food. He had lived in the lane—called "Hell's Lane"—behind Granny of the Cats, where there was a stinking urinal, in a house where the sun never shone. When he went to take Dr. Tazawa to see the man Eiichi remembered that he could not bear to look at the man when making inquiries. It was too terrible.

At that time he felt inclined to doubt whether God really loved mankind. The man had died shortly after and Eiichi buried him decently with a prayer to God.

"Heavenly Father," he prayed, "I did not think that it would be possible for you to show me so much suffering in the world. The sight of so many horrors nearly drives me blind. I have only myself to rely upon. You have made me strong, and even at the sight of all this ugliness I am not disheartened. I have strength enough to pursue my spiritual vision above all the misery of this world. My hopes are still fixed on you, because I still have hope of myself.

"It was you who brought me across the death-line. I will try to love myself yet more. In that way, through myself, I will try to love still more the people of this world. The world must be revivified through my flesh. I will die the beautiful death of Christ, for the sake of restoring to beauty the ugliness of this world. I will try again to turn the ugliness of this world to beauty. Then the world of love will be the world of beauty. The world of love is the world of beauty, even though the flesh crumble and lose its significance.

"But to change the world for the better demands the love of God. I must try to dig the fountain of love in my own breast, so as to find there the source of love. Then will some portion at least of this hateful world become lovely, and some of my own suffering be hidden. Oh, God, make me holy I beseech you, and also cleanse the ugliness of this world."

Eiichi remembered this had been the prayer he had offered to God at that time.

* * *

The breathing of the dying man had become laboured.

Eiichi bent over him.

"Shall I give you some water, Kasuke?" he asked.

Kasuke grasped with his hand at empty space, seeming to mean by this strange movement his desire for water.

Ueki had opened his eyes at the sound of Eiichi's voice.

"Ain't it no use, teacher?" he asked. "Wants some water, does he? Ain't there some in the teapot?"

Eiichi shook the teapot that stood by the pillow of the dying man. There was a little water remaining in the bottom, and Eiichi poured it into a cup and held it gently to Kasuke's lips. But Kasuke did not open his eyes or make any attempt to drink. His lips were parched.

The Cheyne-Stokes breathing became fainter. Eiichi took his hand. His pulse was beating irregularly and his body was growing cold. The end was near.

At times the pulse seemed as if it had stopped, and then again it commenced.

In the silence Eiichi could hear his watch ticking in his waist belt. The sands of life were slowly ebbing for Kasuke, the longshoreman, aged fifty-three, and he was setting out from the Hashimoto tenement house on his journey to another world.

Ueki was afraid of death.

"Teacher," he said, with a giggle, "I'm afeared. Ain't there no hope?"

"There is no hope," replied Eiichi. "His pulse is growing fainter and fainter—almost stopping."

"Poor chap," groaned Ueki, and he abandoned the brazier with its glowing charcoal and came to the dying man's side.

"Kasuke," he shouted. "Don't give in. Kasuke! Kasuke!"

But Kasuke could make no reply to Ueki's shouts. His breathing was becoming fainter and fainter.

"It ain't no use, teacher, is it?" said Ueki. "If he don't answer to that it ain't no use."

Kasuke's pulse was no longer beating, although he still breathed faintly.

Eiichi murmured a prayer as he placed Kasuke's hand under the bedcover, and Ueki followed his example. The lamp was flickering like that burning in loneliness in a Buddhist temple.

Eiichi stared at the dying man's face; he wished to see the last moment of the dying man.

There was a click, which Eiichi thought at first was the sound of Kasuke's neck breaking, and then a strong shudder ran through the body and Kasuke's spirit mounted aloft. At the same moment his head fell on one side. Kasuke was dead.

XXVI.

Fighting Yasu's family was one of the most pitiable in the slums. Although babies were born to him every year he made no attempt to provide for them. There was Shigeichi, Yokichi, Haru, Tsunezo, Tama, and Torokichi—six of them, but Yasu, who was a funeral bearer, drank up all the money he earned and the children had to go half-starved.

The eldest boy, Shigeichi, had lost nearly all his hair and eyebrows through small-pox, and the disease having also attacked his eyes he had lost the sight of one of them and was thus a very ugly child. As their house was only one room of five mats, in which the whole family of eight persons had to sleep, and it was never properly cleaned out, Eiichi had fears that tuberculosis would develop among them.

Fighting Yasu, although he was fond of saké and fighting, was a kind-hearted fellow and had taken in a weak-headed orphan boy by the name of Eizo, but as he had only three quilts to keep them warm in the cold weather, his eldest son Shigeichi and the second son Yokichi had no quilts and had to sleep on the mats. This did not appear to trouble Eizo, who made himself quite comfortable on the quilt while Shigeichi slept on the floor. Eiichi, however, was greatly concerned and agreed to let Eizo sleep in the Mission, and brought a large quilt from his own house for the other children to sleep on.

The condition of Shigeichi was very pitiable, however. Yasu had caught pneumonia towards the end of the year, but with the help of the doctor whom Eiichi had called, had recovered. Eiichi, however, felt anxious lest the children should catch the infection from the dirty bedclothes, and sure enough at the New Year nearly all the children had coughs. Shigeichi, the eldest son, and Tama, the third girl, were the worst, and soon Shigeichi began to spit blood. Twice a day, in the morning and evening, in passing along the lane Eiichi was in the habit of visiting Shigeichi, and one day he was startled to find that the large quilt that he had given the children had disappeared, and that Shigeichi was again sleeping on the dirty and ragged mats. On asking Yasu's wife what had become of the quilt Eiichi was told that she had had to pawn it as there was no money to buy rice, although she was afraid the teacher would scold her.

Eiichi, however, had not the courage to blame her. He asked the reason why there was no money to buy rice.

"Well," said Mrs. Yasu, "you know how Yasu drinks,, and with Shigeichi sick like this he must have his meals regular or he won't get better."

Eiichi felt sorry for her and made no reply.

That afternoon Yasu came to Eiichi and asked for some rice and fifty sen in money. He said that funerals were scarce and he had not been able earn enough money to buy rice. Eiichi accepted the explanation and feeling that Shigeichi was not receiving proper treatment in Yasu's house, proposed that he should receive him into his sick ward. Yasu gratefully declined the offer at the time, but the next day he came again and acknowledged that the boy was not receiving proper treatment If he was to die then there was no help for it, but all the same, he said, he would be glad if Eiichi would take charge of him. As

a matter of fact owing to Yasu's lack of work the boy had been left for two or three days at a time with nothing to eat, and Yasu's wife, hearing that Eiichi had offered to look after the boy, had sent her husband to accept the offer.

The truth was that Shigeichi was not the child of Yasu's present wife. He was by a woman named Sayo, the daughter of a celebrated "boss" of Kobe, nicknamed "Boteushi," by a concubine. Yasu, who was at that time the associate of pickpockets, using his influence, had redeemed the girl from the stews at Fukuhara, where she had been sold, and shortly after Shigeichi was born the girl had died. The other children were all by the present wife Masa.

It was for this reason that Yasu was particularly fond of Shigeichi, while Masa, his wife, did not seem to care for him so much. Yasu and Ueki, who was related to him, had expressed their indignation at Masa's treatment of Shigeichi and told Eiichi all about it. Up till then Eiichi had no idea that the boy was badly treated, but on inquiry he learnt that there was no doubt about the matter.

Eiichi took Shigeichi into his house, moving the old Kishimotos into the Mission and putting the sick boy into the three-mat room. Eiichi also gave him his best quilt and fed him on milk and eggs and such other nourishing food as he could get. But Eiichi knew it was too late to save him and Dr. Tazawa's opinion was that he would not last long.

Nevertheless Eiichi nursed him as if he had been his own child. Shigeichi was thus installed in clean, white sheets, and warmed by the southern sun, while Eiichi, assisted by the old Kishimotos, attended to him. Even Eiichi's stepmother, who had never taken any interest in his work before, was induced to leave her house to attend to the patient. To nurse a beautiful child is a pleasure, but to nurse carefully an ugly child like Shigeichi is a great trouble. But Eiichi attended to all his wants very carefully. During the following week he sat up with the boy at night. The patient's condition continued to grow worse, however. His temperature went up and down, and in two weeks, earlier than Eiichi had anticipated, tuberculosis of the bowels set in. At this Eiichi knew the case was hopeless. Such was the offensive smell from the boy's body that it was almost impossible to eat one's meals in the next room. Nevertheless no word of complaint was heard.

Eiichi was sorry for the poor boy but he knew that Dr. Tazawa was right as to the case being hopeless. Yasu, on hearing that matters were hopeless, came in dead-drunk, and proposed that he should take the boy home again. Eiichi was afraid that Yasu would accuse him of having made the boy worse, and that he would resort to intimidation or outrage. But Yasu was not such a bad man as that. Instead he began to cry and to call aloud, "Heavenly Father! Heavenly Father! It's me what's bad. It's my sins what has brought things to this." He began to drivel at the mouth while praying.

This was as far as Yasu had got in becoming a Christian. At times he had come to the prayer-meetings at the Mission and had prayed in a loud voice, but in his own house he worshipped at an Inari shrine and when he remembered it would himself make offerings at the shrine. Eiichi thus knew that Yasu, although he appeared at times to pray very fervently, was not at heart a Christian.

Indeed, Yasu was also known as "Inari Yasu," from the fact that many years before he had suffered from hysteria—a rare thing in men—and was in the habit of working himself up into the belief that the god had entered his body. The truth was that Yasu had been subject to epileptic fits, and even now, when he was drunk, still had them. When he was drunk he appeared to be insensible to pain and he never gave in till he saw blood. He was an example of how crime is caused by abnormal conditions of the body.

Conjecturing as to the state of mind of Yasu towards Christianity, it would appear that it was only because he lived near Eiichi that he had received any suggestion of it. It seemed as if he would react to any religion, whether Christianity, Buddhism or Shinto. Moreover in Yasu's temperament there was an immense craving for prayer, no matter to what god. He was just as likely to use a Buddhist prayer as a Christian. (A curious fact is that in the slums the Nichiren prayer "Namu myoho renge-kyo" is used in praying to Inari.)

Shigeichi was carried back to Yasu's house with all the bedclothes Eiichi had provided for him, even down to the pil-

low, after which Yasu disappeared. That night, as usual, he was dead drunk and quarrelling with his wife.

On the next day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Yasu was heard crying loudly. Eiichi rushed out at the back to find out was the matter and learned that Shigeichi was even then on the point of death.

"Shige, Shige," Yasu called amid his tears. His wife, nursing the baby on her back, was also crying. Yasu, without listening to Eiichi's attempts to stop him, was holding in his arms the dying lad, who should have been left in peace, and sobbing over him.

"Shige, Shige," he cried. "Forgive me, forgive me. It's me what's killed you. Forgive me, Shige."

Eiichi hastened to call Dr. Tazawa, but before the doctor came Shigeichi was dead.

After Shige's death Yasu became very melancholy and did not go out to work. Eiichi's bedclothes that he had lent to Shigeichi went to the pawnbroker's and Yasu spent his days in getting drunk. Eiichi pretended not to notice what was going on, but he saw when he passed Yasu's door that lately a large number of beggars had collected there. He did not ask the reason, however.

One night Yasu came in to return Eiichi's coverlet and asked for a loan of fifty sen, and on asking what was the matter Eiichi learnt the reason for the large number of beggars.

"It's cause of the repose of the soul of Shigeichi," explained Yasu. "I thought I'd try and help as many of 'em as I could. Even though I ain't got any bedclothes I can spare 'em one quilt, and although there ain't anything to eat they can have a sip of gruel. My house ain't much, with all the mats torn and not a screen that 'll fit into its place, but, teacher, in the sight of all the Buddhist saints and of God—(here Yasu's voice took on a theatrical tone)—we're all brothers, all the world over. We must share with those that ain't got nothing. If we ain't got but only one kimono we must tear it in two and share it with those who ain't got none. I'm helping all the wandering beggars what's in trouble. Yes, this money what I've borrowed is to help an old man back to Shikoku. Since Shigeichi died I've helped seventeen of 'em. This old man what's going back to Shikoku,—the steamer's too dear for him so I went down to Onohama as far as Chikko and looked for a sailing boat going to Takamatsu. I found one what 'll take him for just fifty sen and so I came to borrow it of teacher. It's cause I want to help these people that I came to bother teacher. I'll never forget all the kindness I've received from teacher,—how you helped Shigeichi—(here his voice trembled)—and how he wanted for nothing up to the time of his death,—how you gave him what he wanted to eat and had the doctor to see him every day. I felt ashamed that you should take such trouble and I always give God thanks for what you done. I ain't the same man as I was."

Yasu made this last remark with set teeth and was silent for a moment.

"I've got a different soul," he continued. "I want to follow the path of Jesus and help the weak and break the strong. I've been drinking up to now, but I ain't really bad at heart. I ain't been to teacher's house in a proper state and I've talked a lot of nonsense. The fact is I've always had a glass before I came."

Here Yasu assumed an oratorical tone and half hesitated, but Eiichi made no reply.

"I ain't an educated man," he went on, "so you must excuse me. Yes, Yasu's got a soul. Don't people say that every insect has a soul? However low I've sunk—down to only a funeral mute—no matter whether they calls me 'Funeral Yasu' or 'Inari Yasu,' I was known among my mates formerly as a man of spirit ready to help all in trouble. That's why I wants to join your persuasion. I ain't really ever left it. Even now when I hears the organ playing I comes out at the back and stands behind the shutters. Really it's a fine thing,—to help the weak and to break down the strong and to love everybody. I can't help admiring it,—to stand facing the sun every day and pray to the 'Heavenly Father.' I ain't but a poor man and don't get enough to eat and can't clothe my children properly and has to go about in rags even in the winter,—I ain't got but this one jerkin—(in truth he had but a jerkin to cover his nakedness as Eiichi saw)—and couldn't have a proper funeral though I got the undertaker to lower his price, and even then had to pawn something to get enough to meet the funeral expenses the other day. But things being as they are,

teacher 'll forgive all that's happened in the past. All that's gone and done with now, and you'll forgive it for Jesus' sake. Remember that the old Yasu's all done with and help me. I want you to help me to send that old beggar back to Shikoku."

While Yasu was saying all this he was down on the mud floor grasping the sill of the door with both hands, as though he had been addressing a daimyo. Eiichi suspected that Yasu's fluency arose from too much saké. He felt quite a relief when his tongue came to a stop,—such relief as one feels in arriving at one's destination on a railway journey.

In his admiration at Yasu's earnestness Eiichi quite forgot all about his bedclothes that Yasu had pawned and handed him a fifty sen piece, thus allowing the converted Yasu, who had given up saké and in his sobriety had found means to help others, to return home. But Yasu, who was still mentally disturbed, began to pray in a loud voice.

"Heavenly Father," he prayed, "in Shinkawa there are certainly many miserable people. Save them,—the old, the young, those who are sinless, those who are without clothes in these cold times, those who are shivering with hunger. Heavenly Father, deign to look upon these unworthy people,—save them in some way. I am an unworthy creature, a drunkard, a criminal, a thief. But now I am reformed. I will obey the teacher's commands even though they crucify me. Heavenly Father, I believe with all my heart. Cast down your love upon me. Let this one house be saved. There are many as wicked as me in Shinkawa. Take them under your care—even if there be only one who worships you."

Yasu ceased his prayer and his tears fell. Eiichi was astonished at the grandeur of his prayer, but aware as he was of Yasu's mental condition he did not think it strange.

Then Yasu stood up and departed with the fifty sen. In the dusk he came again, saying that he was just taking the pilgrim down to the boat and again expressed his thanks briefly.

XXVII.

Eiichi continued to work hard without considering himself. As before, he got up at five o'clock every morning to teach Takeda, and after that he did some writing, attended to his sick ward, went out street preaching, and finally went off to interpret for the Girls' Divinity School. The greatest suffering he had to endure during the cold season were the visits he paid every Friday, from four o'clock in the morning, to the harbour to preach to the longshoremen. To face the cold wind and endeavour to make his hoarse voice heard were part of the hardships of open-air preaching. But he felt that it would never do to show himself weaker than any of the Buddhist sects, and he put all his strength into his work.

Eiichi found great amusement in a youth named Eizo, who lived with Fighting Yasu at the back. This youth was a little weak in his mind and his efforts to express himself clearly were very funny.

"Teacher," he would say," shall we mortify ourselves? We'd beat 'em all if teacher had a drum and beat it, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, so that they couldn't sing. What about a hymn? I knows a hymn. Shall we bellow it out? They'd all give in, only teacher's voice is too low. Sing a little louder."

"Listen to him," said Matsuzo, who was sitting by. "Don't you know teacher ain't well and can't sing loud. You'd better take his place, Eizo, and go out street-preaching."

"All right. I'll take his place," replied Eizo, and he began imitating the singing of a hymn. "Jesus Saviour, Jesus Saviour." This imitation sent him into convulsions of laughter.

Matsuzo urged him to go on singing, but Eizo had begun to imitate the street preacher.

"Brethren," he began, "be converted. Give up wine and tobacco and women," and again he went off into convulsions of laughter. He had pursed up his lips in imitation of Eiichi's habit. Eiichi was greatly amused to think that Eizo had only learned this one phrase of his sermons.

Then Eizo, in pursuit of his idea, indulged in all kinds of amusing talk.

There was one thing about Eizo which struck Eiichi, and that was his insensibility to pain. Matsuzo, to try him, used to take a sewing needle and run

it into the sole of Eizo's foot. But Eizo did not feel any pain and only indulged in a burst of laughter. Even when the needle was twisted about in his skin he only continued laughing. To all inquiries as to whether it hurt he always answered "No."

Sometimes Eizo would suddenly try to express his thanks for what Eiichi had done for Fighting Yasu's dead son Shigeichi. Here again he was very amusing.

"Yasu," he would say. "Yasu's Shigeichi, you know,—he what died,—teacher took him in,—he was sick,—he lost blood, poor chap,—teacher gave him milk to drink, and eggs, five sen each, and he eat three of them."

Matsuzo listening would cry, "What is Eizo talking about? Who eat three eggs?"

"Don't you know?" replied Eizo. "Yasu's Shigeichi eat 'em."

"Well, what about it?' inquired Matsuzo, much amused. Eichi listened in silence.

"Teacher's very kind," went on Eizo, —"sent 'em on purpose. Everybody's very happy,—they are really."

This was the way Eizo expressed his thanks. Eiichi thought of the unknown depth of feeling which lay within his stumbling words, and was greatly delighted. Weak-headed as he was it was evident that Eizo had a kind heart.

It was always a pleasure to Eiichi to have Eizo come to his house. Eizo also seemed to be glad to come. While they were indulging in ordinary talk, Eizo would suddenly cry out, "Teacher,—I,—I'm very fond of teacher," and he would come closer and grasp Eiichi's hand and hug him. This caused Eiichi to think that there was not much difference between foreigners and Japanese in the way of expressing their emotions, and he returned Eizo's caresses.

Every day Eizo, no matter whether it was fine or wet, went to act as a funeral mute. Yasu sometimes took a holiday, but he always sent Eizo. All the money that Eizo earned he took to Yasu, and Yasu never gave him a penny for himself. He thus worked as a serf for Yasu. Moreover Yasu, who was half a madman, sometimes treated Eizo most cruelly, by striking and kicking him.

At such times Eizo would not come to Eiichi's house for two or three evenings, spending his nights in a dust bin or cart. However, he soon began to come again after such spells. As he never got sufficient food at Yasu's he was dreadfully thin, being, indeed, nothing but skin and home. He said he was eighteen years of age, but he looked more like a child of thirteen or fourteen. Eiichi occasionally gave him some pocket money and also something to eat.

On the first and fifteenth of every mouth Takeda's mother and Miss Higuchi were in the habit of bringing some special delicacies and these Eizo was allowed to share. At such times Eizo would bluntly declare his affection for Eiichi. He was also very pleased when Eiichi called in the doctor to attend him for a cough.

This gentle, unresisting, always cheerful, weak-headed Eizo was a great consolation to Eiichi. Never had Eiichi heard Eizo speak ill of anyone. When Eizo laughed, which he was in the habit of doing when he said something funny, his face went all into creases. He always laughed when he looked at Eiichi and Eiichi could not help laughing in return.

"What a funny chap teacher is," he would say. "He always laughs when he looks at me."

Eizo's jokes, which were always without malice, were better than a comedy. His very appearance was comic,—with his long hair and his jerkin, which he wore summer and winter. He never seemed to feel the cold, just as he was insensible to pain. He had a face like a flat pan, and appeared never to take any interest in what was going on around him.

Eizo's conversation served to dissipate all irritation and made the world appear like enjoyable comedy. Eizo would talk about dust-picking, about dogs, cats,—anything. And he would repeat the same thing over and over again.

"That dog at Yasu's,—the lame one, you know, the one that had its leg run over by a tram."

He was talking about something that had happened two years ago.

When one asked him about sleeping in dust-boxes he would say: "It ain't cold. There's straw mats,—if you take two or three and cover yourself over, and curl yourself up like a dog you can sleep," and he would show how it was done.

Eiichi felt great happiness in being surrounded by the simple-minded old people who live in the slums. Whenever he was ill and had to stay in bed

they were the first to show him kindness. Granny of the Cats brought him two or three five sen oranges. Kawazu's wife from over the way came to rub his back and spent an hour at his bedside. It was not uncommon for many of the poor people in the neighbourhood to bring him small presents when he was sick. Early in the morning, as they went by in the alley, many people called out to know how he was.

In the face of all this kindness Eiichi could not continue long in bed. Even the prostitutes, who did not ordinarily salute him, came outside to ask how he was when his illness was protracted. After he had been in bed four or five days, some women representing the neighbours brought him a box of sponge-cake. Eiichi was too overcome by their kindness to thank them properly. Then there was Fuji, a women whom Eiichi had helped when she had been driven out of her room. She brought him some potatoes that she had picked up somewhere on the beach, asking that they should be cooked and given to him.

All seemed to feel a deep affection towards Eiichi, and Eiichi felt more than ever that it would be better to die in the slums than anywhere.

XXVIII.

One of the pleasures that Eiichi enjoyed through his illness was that he was able to remain quietly in bed, with a cessation from street-preaching and the necessity of listening to his own hoarse voice. The calm that fell upon his mind was very refreshing.

In his sickness he had time to think of his sister Emi and his two younger brothers. Gikei, the younger, after he had gone to Tokyo, had been apprenticed to a big rice-dealer, he had heard, owing to his guardian having suffered some losses. Eiichi wondered how he was getting on.

Masunori, the other brother, who had been adopted by Yasui, had been apprenticed in Osaka to a big dealer in fertilisers, a relation of Yasui's.

Eiichi did not regret that his two younger brothers had become apprentices. He thought with satisfaction that they were able somehow to earn their own living as apprentices, while the larger part of the youths in the district where he lived, even if they wanted to become apprentices, could not be trusted in such positions. But he felt very anxious about Emi. He knew that she was alive because he had received a New Year's card from her, but he did not know how she was living. From the postmark on the card she appeared to be living in Osaka, but of what she was doing there he had no knowledge. Perhaps she was living with the priest, but why did she not come to see him? But Eiichi knew why Emi did not come to see him. It was because she knew that her scolding stepmother was living under Eiichi's protection in the slums.

Hisa, the stepmother, was living in a neat, five-mat room, with nothing to worry her, and with nothing to do. Yet she made no attempt to assist Eiichi in his relief work. She came three times a day for her meals, and at most all she did was to give Mitsu, the sick beggar, some slight assistance. Even this slight act, however, showed that Hisa was making progress. Born the daughter of a great provincial family, even to live with beggars and follow Eiichi's practice of the simple life was for her miraculous. To minister to a beggar, morever, showed an extraordinary change in her ideas. That the daughter of a great provincial magnate, living in the seclusion of her family's mansion, waited upon hand and foot, should come to wait upon others was a thing undreamt of.

Eiichi wished that he could afford to keep his stepmother in a better place, but of course his finances would not allow this. As time passed she showed more and more contentment, falling into the ways of the poor people around her, going out herself to buy baked potatoes and to the cookshop to get the comestibles she fancied. Eiichi rejoiced to think that his stepmother was falling into the way of helping him, even if only a little.

XXIX.

At this time a very painful incident occurred. This was that Deguchi, tired of his own wife, had begun relations with another woman, which resulted in the closing up of the Tengoku cookship which he had himself opened less than three months before. Deguchi, after he had been cured by Eiichi of his rheumatism, had become a firm believer, had come regularly to the services, and had brought many people there. He had gone astray in the following circumstances. The woman with whom he had opened relations was a plump, good-looking young woman, the wife of a roadsweeper employed by the Municipality who lived in a two-mat room in Azuma-dori. Although Eiichi did not know fully the circumstances leading up to the trouble, he knew that Deguchi's wife suffered from a certain disease and that, although she had lived with Deguchi for fourteen or fifteen years, she had never borne a child. She was a gentle creature, of great kindness of heart and deep faith, but Deguchi, while he was keeping the Tengokuya and it was making money, had gone three times to the brothel quarters unknown to Eiichi, while also, apparently, making eyes at this young woman. This young woman had three children. Her husband had fallen ill towards the end of the year and was confined to his bed, and Deguchi, out of kindness of heart, had done all he could to relieve them, giving them money and provisions. But while consoling them, as the sick husband was not able to move, Deguchi had been led to do bad acts. Somehow or other the husband had got wind of this and a quarrel arose, till finally, finding the situation unbearable, Deguchi and the woman, with a difference of thirty years in their ages, had fled to Osaka, taking the baby, which was not yet a year old. Then Deguchi's wife, who had known all about it from the beginning, told the whole story to Tanimoto, and Tanimoto, in turn, told the story to Eiichi. The sick husband, being thus left with two children on his hands and no one to nurse him, became nearly mad with grief and cursed his erring wife. Of course, all the neighbours sympathised with him. Moreover, Deguchi being a Christian, his bad conduct was a severe blow to the propagation of that religion, a fact which caused Eiichi great trouble. Knowing that his own virtues were insufficient for his task, he grieved when he thought of Deguchi's conduct.

Eiichi had not thought such repentence would be so short-lived. Before Deguchi had become a believer he had been a great rascal. Although he had never been in prison he acknowledged that he had done some very bad things. But after he had been converted and had become a follower of Christ, for two full years he had not shown any sign of falling off. Of course he had not displayed the ardent fervour of Yosaburo Machida. He could not read the Bible like Machida, and hardly the syllabary of the hymns, and thus his faith had made no progress. Still Eiichi had not thought that he would commit adultery. It was thus a great sorrow to Eiichi that Deguchi should have, by his behaviour, betrayed the trust that he had placed in him.

Eiichi almost began to think that all his labours at conversion during the years he had spent in the slums had been wasted, but still he had no mind to cast Deguchi off, and he requested Tanimoto to go in seach of him. Tanimoto's efforts to find him were in vain, however.

About three o'clock on a cold morning, four days after Deguchi and the woman had disappeared, Eiichi woke up to find Deguchi, fearfully wasted, sitting by the side of his bed. Eiichi was startled at this sudden appearance. Deguchi told his story with tears.

"I'm a great sinner," he moaned, "and Almighty God has punished me by filling me full of pains, so that I can hardly stand. Please, for my sake, ask the Lord God to forgive me. I'm a rotten bad 'un to take another man's missus and he in trouble, and I'm shamed to stand in front of you who's God Almighty's own apostle, but if teacher don't pray for me I shall get to be a cripple like I was before. I got the pains on me now. I'm punished for my sins. I said I was a believer in Jesus with my lips, but my heart was black with sin to hanker after another man's missus. Four years ago, at Christmas, God in his mercy answered teacher's prayers and gave me the use of my legs, but I forgot this and acted like a beast, and ever since I took that woman I ain't been able to walk, though there wasn't anywhere to go to. I couldn't go to my brother's house at

Hyogo cause I was too ashamed, and I couldn't stop at an inn cause I hadn't the money. So we had to go on the hills, in this bitter weather, me and the woman and the baby, with nothing to eat and freezing with cold. I thought at first of committing suicide, me and the woman, and then I thought of her sick husband and of the baby and I felt sorry for them, and I thought if I could just get teacher to ask forgiveness for me Almighty God would forgive me. Then if I had to leave Shinkawa I would. But now, as I'm quite repentant, won't you just heal my leg as you did before so that I won't become a cripple. Won't you just appease God's anger by praying to Him for me ? I've done one bad thing after another, but do please forgive me."

This was the petition Deguchi made amid his tears. In the face of such repentance Eiichi could do nothing but forgive him, and again offer up a prayer for his affliction. When Eiichi had prayed Deguchi declared that the pains had left him.

Everybody else was asleep. The neighbourhood was quiet. The cool morning air stung their bodies. Everything looked distorted in the dull light; the sooty beams could be seen faintly here and there. Everything looked ghostly. Eiichi felt as if he were living in a street in Sodom or Gomorrah on the last night of its existence.

After the prayer was finished Deguchi asked for a loan of ten yen. Eiichi asked what he wanted it for and Deguchi replied that he was going to the woman's husband to apologise and he wanted to take it to him. Unfortunately Eiichi had only four yen in the house, and he told Deguchi that as he had not ten yen he had better take the four yen and give it to the man. But Deguchi thought that four yen was not enough, so Eiichi told him to take a wadded kimono which the ladies of the Kobe Church had given him and pawn it, as he would get three or four yen on it, which, with the other four yen, he could give to the husband.

Asked where the woman was, Deguchi replied that she was waiting outside in the alley, and as he wanted to go to Azuma-dori and apologise while it was still dark, he went off, leaning on a stick, with the woman, who had been waiting in the darkness with her baby. Eiichi, following with his eyes their shadows disappearing in the darkness, fell upon his knees in the gloom of the alley and prayed for them in tears, while the thought ran repeatedly through his heart, "Mankind is too weak."

The gloom in the alley was intense and the ground was damp. A slight frost lay on the tiles of the roofs. The cold air entered Eiichi's diseased lungs like needles. A cock crowed in the darkness. But the slums were still sound asleep; only Eiichi was awake kneeling in prayer on the cold ground.

XXX.

Eiichi came to the conclusion that the older people were hopeless. But the children were bubbling over with life. Even the children who were born imps of mischief one could not help loving.

Many children of the prostitutes came to play with Eiichi. Although they were children kept by the prostitutes merely as objects of amusement, not being mostly their own children, they were so artless that one could not help loving them. There was Tako, two years old, with his merry face, who always went about sucking a tit,—he was one of Eiichi's friends.

"Teater," he would say, and when one tried to hug him he would throw out his arms and toddle away. He had smooth, shining cheeks, as rosy as an apple, and two shining, bead-like eyes, which always had a look of surprise in them. Tako was always looking through Eiichi's glass windows. His companion, also the child of a prostitute, was a little girl of five, with a dirty nose. She was apparently a little weak in her head. There was also another little girl of three.

It gave Eiichi unspeakable pleasure to see these children. Tako's house was in the same alley and so he came to know Eiichi well. He had a little sister named Ito, who, when she was only about one year old, could say the word "Teater"—the first word she spoke. Then there was Nabashima's little boy, whom Eiichi called Deko, and who lived opposite to Tako. He had a great respect for Eiichi, but being very backward for his age it was not until he was about two years old that he at last began to speak, and the first word he could say clearly was "Teater."

The elder brothers of these children went to the Sunday School and took home with them remembrances of some hymn or of some interesting story, and thus unconsciously the children began to want to know Eiichi and imitated their parents in calling him "Teater."

If the children happened to see Eiichi and they called to him he felt very happy. He felt that his mission would be a success if he managed to instil into the children new life and the idea of God. Jesus had said "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." and Eiichi felt that in the slums it was only the children who were capable of being born again. It was among the young that the possibilities were greatest.

Eiichi considered. In ten years the babies of that time would be ten years old, and those ten years old would have reached their majority, while all the young men would be fathers. He thought that the saying "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings comes praise of the Lord" and decided to go slowly.

Certainly the people of Shinkawa were not lacking in respect to Eiichi and his religion. Whenever Eiichi finished his street preaching there were many who thanked him. Most of the opposition came from the special class who lived in Minami-hon-machi, but sometimes the young men of that quarter, when all the rascals of Shinkawa interrupted Eiichi's preaching, would be aroused to sympathy and there would be blows struck. At such times Hayashi, who had constituted himself Eiichi's bodyguard, and his fellows would show their great respect for Eiichi by refraining from intimidation.

One night in summer some of the lodgers at the cheap lodging-houses, who knew little about Eiichi, were interrupting his sermon by calling out "Amen! Somen!" till Eiichi found the interruption intolerable. Some of the men from Shinkawa who were standing in the crowd felt sympathy for Eiichi and raised cries of "Who called that?" "Ain't it rude to interrupt the teacher when he's explaining things to us?" "Get out."

In the face of this storm of abuse the man who had interrupted got ashamed and concealed himself in the crowd. There were other men, however, who would not be silenced.

"That's them, that's them," called out Kawadzu, pointing to two workmen sitting on a bench, men of about thirty-four or five, clad in workmen's jerkins.

"What you calling out for?" went on Kawadzu, scolding them. "Don't you know the teacher of Shinkawa?"

"Which is them? which is them?" called out another man and in a moment he had pulled up one of the gutter-boards and hit one of the men on the head. It was so dark that it was difficult to make out anything, but Eiichi knew the man who was struck as a well known gambler.

Fighting Yasu who attached himself to Eiichi, would allow no other street preacher to take up Eiichi's stand without Eiichi's permission. Those who tried to enter without permission were driven out with a blow on the cheek.

At the New Year Eiichi had broken up a gambling party by singing a hymn. He thought that his action would have made the chief gambler angry, but this was not the case. He was not angry in the least. Thereafter, whenever he saw some drunkard trying to interrupt Eiichi's preaching, he would call out, "I'll kill you if you interrupt the teacher," and drag the man away.

But this gambler, who was called Yoshi, in return made levies on Eiichi. The gamblers had a fixed formula in making such demands: "Give me some money. I got cleaned out in gambling." As Eiichi had no money he lent him a kimono.

Although there was plenty of reverence for Eiichi's religion there were few in Shinkawa who could be brought to believe in it.

Nevertheless great progress had been made, and Eiichi determined that the work should be brought to perfection before he died in Shinkawa.

XXXI.

January and February are truly wretched months in the slums. Many drunken men were constantly coming to Eiichi, and one morning a drunkard named Koshu, who was always interfering with the policeman in the police-box in Minami-hon-machi, was found stark-naked under the iron bridge across the Ikuta river, frozen to death.

Hundreds of people collected in front of Miyata's every morning for employment, the most of whom had to go away empty-handed.

Many of the people, clad only in jerkins, shirts and pantaloons, made fires in the streets with wood they had picked up somewhere. There would be two or three of these fires going at once. Every morning, going out, Eiichi would see these throngs of starving people and would feel great pity for them. Their expressions were as of those who had just had a glimpse of hell. There were many who were staring, and whether they were aware of the hard times or not, there were many going about giving alms.

Every Wednesday two Catholic sisters went round dispensing charity. They had been doing this for many years before Eiichi went to live in the slums and were well known to the people. They had some kind of medicine which they dispensed and which was famed for its efficacy in allaying fever. But in such a winter, when times were so hard, the people were ready to snatch the money from their hands, so deep was the distress. It was like the people snatching the rice cakes distributed at some celebration. Even those who ordinarily disdained to beg were importuning the foreigners for alms. Drunken Yoshida, the longshoreman, who could earn three yen to three yen fifty sen a day, and was a prince among the longshoreman of the slums, was now reduced to rushing out in his tattered shirt and joining the throngs who begged for charity. Yoshida being reduced to this extremity it was hardly surprising to find the women joining in the craze for begging and thinking nothing of rushing out to get any charity going.

These sights impressed upon Eiichi how miserable a thing charity was. The condition of mind which led the people to claim charity as a right showed Eiichi that it was not the way in which the people might be saved.

Even in the slums those of a steadfast temperament disdained charity. Even when the Catholic sisters went round such people did not go to their doors. When everybody else was clamouring for relief they would laugh and call them "dirty dogs."

The beggars in those days had many competitors, notably men like the pretended priest who lived in Eiichi's alley. In the morning, attired as a mendicant priest, he would leave his house and wander all over the city, and in the evening he would return home loaded with rice and money. This was his every day programme. On his worst days he would bring back a *to* of rice and thirty to forty sen in coppers. Thus he passed his life in priestly luxury. Between whiles he spent his days with his fellows in playing chequers and drinking saké, quite unconcerned.

"These old priests," the workmen would cry, "spend their time doing nothing and even then get plenty to eat, while we can't get enough to eat although we has to work hard."

Seeing this Eiichi reflected that even if one sank to the lowest depths it was still possible to live.

XXXII.

Murayama was a very unsettled youth. He went off to Osaka in January, saying that he was going to become a labourer. but there was no opening for him, and even if there had been he saw no prospect of getting on. so he returned to Eiichi's. But he did not like to thrust himself upon Eiichi, so he soon set off again. Every time he started off he wanted money for his journey, and if Eiichi had no money he did not scruple to take Eiichi's bedding and pawn it, without asking his consent. "He's young yet," was all Eiichi said to Takeda, but Takeda looked grave.

Eiichi found it pleasant to act as interpreter at the Girls' Divinity School. This was because for one day at least he could breathe the pure air of the school, listen to fine music, and enjoy the company of the gentle young girls.

What a distance separated the school from the slums! Eiichi especially enjoyed the strict attention paid to punctuality in the classes. There were only fourteen or fifteen pupils in the school, but it was nevertheless run with all the regularity of a large school. Not one of the girls showed any sign of cleverness; they were simply sweet young things. Whether they understood them or not, they all made a great show of taking notes of the trifling lectures of the

teacher. An atmosphere of peace reigned. There was no fear of a drunken man suddenly rushing into their midst, nor were the strident screams of prostitutes forced upon the ear. It seemed like a dream to Eiichi, surrounded as he usually was by repulsive faces. "Is it possible to live by such studies?" he often asked himself. For Eiichi to assist in such instruction was a kind of rest, but he always felt his pulse beating faster when he returned to the slums.

Gradually the spring returned until it was a day at the beginning of March. It was a beautiful day, and the brilliant sunshine was reflected from the roofs of the houses in many varying colours and tints. As Eiichi passed along the smooth, well swept roads on the Hill, bathed in the brilliant sunshine, he felt that the world was not altogether a bad place to live in. But it was always his fate, when the sun was shining most brightly, to have some dreadful story poured into his ears on his return to the slums.

On that day, immediately on his return, old Kishimoto came to him and announced in an agitated tone that Toda's wife had come early in the afternoon and had asked for the teacher. It appeared that her husband had had a quarrel with someone and had left his work.

Eiichi felt anxious and went off at once to Toda's house to inquire. The house consisted of two rooms, three mats and two mats, and as there were many children and the mother and father were away at work all day, the house was very dirty inside. Eiichi found the eldest daughter minding the two younger girls, but the mother was not there. On inquiry, however, he learned that she was in the neighbourhood, and the eldest girl running off to call her, she soon arrived. Standing in the doorway Eiichi learned from her the details of the affair.

Toda had been very good since his last escapade and had obtained employment from Yutani, who was a contractor for public works, where he had shown great energy, earned his employer's goodwill, and been of good service among the fourteen or fifteen men employed. This had aroused the jealousy of "Yoshi of the Eyes," who worked at the same place, and he had done everything he could to interfere with Toda's work, much to Toda's annoyance.

On that day there was to be a celebration for the raising of a roof-tree over at Nada and Toda had gone to work early, when the lazy Yoshi began importuning him for a tip. Toda submissively gave him a five yen note, and without a word of thanks Yoshi shoved it in his bosom and went over to the foreman of the carpenters with the same request. The foreman also pulled out a five yen note, but this time Yoshi said he didn't want such a measly sum and tore up the note and threw the pieces in the ditch. At this Toda had got into a passion and begun to quarrel with Yoshi. The foreman, who was Yutani's brother-in-law, intervened to settle the matter, but Toda was not satisfied and had returned home to get his dagger, saying that he was going to "do Yoshi in." His wife, anxious as to the outcome, had therefore gone to Eiichi's to get him to admonish her husband.

Eiichi went off with the woman at once to look for Toda, but he was not in Shinkawa.

That evening, some time after nine o'clock, while Eiichi was taking a rest after his street-preaching, and engaged in serious talk with Takeda and others, he heard a woman running to Kawadzu's house opposite. It was Kawadzu's eldest daughter.

"Muvver muvver," she cried, "Come quick. Yoshi's got done in at last."

But the mother, who was a very early riser, was sound asleep and there was no answer.

Eiichi opened his window and called to the girl. "Is Yoshi done in at last?" he asked.

"Is that the teacher? I didn't know," said the girl. "I'm all of a fright. Yoshi's got it at last. He's lying there at Yutani's front door."

"Who did it?" asked Eiichi.

"I ain't sure, but they say as its Toda and Yutani's young brother, and another young fellow—three of 'em. I'd just come out of the bath and was going home when I saw something dark lying there and when I went up to the entrance I saw it was Yoshi lying dead. I got such a fright I ran away."

While the girl was telling her story her mother had got up, and they both ran off together. Eiichi and Takeda followed them.

Yutani's house was a two-storied structure in Azuma-dori, but as he had another house in Kunika-dori, he had put

the young husband of Kawadzu's daughter in charge of the house. The young man, however, whether for military service or other reasons, had had to go into the country and the girl was alone. There was a crowd round the house when Eiichi got there. Yoshi's body was lying in the yard, covered with a straw mat awaiting the arrival of the medical inspector. Only his big black feet were visible as they stuck out at the bottom of the mat. Three policemen with lanterns kept watch by him. Yutani and his wife had also come, and some five or six of Yutani's followers, who were known to Eiichi. They were all gathered round a brazier that had been brought out, awaiting the medical inspector. From what they said it appeared that Toda, Yutani's brother-in-law and another young man had all three attacked Yoshi, but that it was Toda who had given the fatal blow by hitting Yoshi on the head with a crowbar. As to what had become of Toda and the other two, Eiichi was told that the police had taken them away. Mrs Toda, he was told, had gone to Hyogo to look for her husband and had thus missed him.

Eiichi did not think that it was proper to stay there long and therefore soon left.

On the day after the murder Mrs. Toda, accompanied by Tanimoto, came to see Eiichi, with an entreaty that he would help her, as she and her children were in great distress owing to Toda being sent to prison. It was not asked, however, that Eiichi should take entire responsibility for the whole of the family. Toda's relations had offered to give some temporary relief with the help of the club money, and Yutani was willing for the time being to provide rice for the family. Tanimoto's request therefore was that Eiichi would provide them with money for petty expenses, and as this was easy to do Eiichi gladly assented.

Toda's wife did not seem to be very much upset about the affair.

"I knew what he was," she said, "though I didn't think he'd get sent to prison for murder. But then, with such rascals as him it was a case of killing someone or being killed himself. I knew he'd never die quiet on the mats. I only hope as he'll think of all the teacher's told him and that it'll make him better."

As his wife said, it did seem that it was Toda's destiny that he should be sent to prison for murder. It was strange, indeed, considering his behaviour to his family and to Eiichi, that he had not murdered someone before. Yet, when Eiichi remembered that this man and Tanimoto had been baptised two years before at Christmas time, he was astonished at his own lack of discernment.

But at that time Toda was a gardener, engaged in selling in the night market the plants he had collected from the hills, and his character was quite different. It was when hard times came, and his business as a gardener not bringing him in enough to live on, he had to go and mix with the rough crowd of workers, that his character changed. He began to drink saké, became dissipated, and beat his wife, thus suddenly changing from a good to a bad man.

Eiichi, when he considered how Toda had become dissipated, began to doubt whether mankind had free will. It seemed to Eiichi that they were the creatures of fate. Considering his character it was not strange that Toda had become a murderer. His children had the same kind of disposition. While Toda had been away in the Hokkaido and Eiichi had been looking after his family, his eldest son, a boy of seven, because something had displeased him, had cut up the mats in Eiichi's kitchen. Eiichi had been astonished at the fury shown by the boy, but thinking that this insane rage had been inherited from his father he did not blame the child. It was plain that the child had inherited his father's temperament. The rows that Toda had made in the Tengokuya were only an enlargement of the rage displayed by his boy in cutting up the mats. Eiichi was compelled to face the question whether such temperaments could be cured by the Word of God. It almost seemed to him that such temperaments were the work of destiny. As melon seeds inherit all the characteristics of melons, so the form, voice, temperament of the father appeared in the son. In the face of such pre-determination the Word of God seemed disappointingly weak for saving souls.

The hand of fate was too strong to be loosened. Characters were predestined. Confronting the power of the cosmos Eiichi was lost in darkness. Marx's dictum as to the iron laws of economics being a tragedy seemed to Eiichi too superficial, but it was true that the closer the temperament of the poor was studied the more it appeared that they

were moved by forces not of their own desiring.

After Toda had gone to prison Eiichi came to the conclusion that his teaching should be cast in as simple a mould as possible. Street-preaching seemed to him useless. The people had been branded too deeply by the powers of evil for the Gospel to reach them in that way. Yet he felt he could not abandon his street-preaching. It seemed to him that in the case of these lost souls, beneath the characters which they had inherited, the hand of God could fashion them anew; that underneath their characters was a latent, supernatural force, circling like the fire hidden in the crater of a volcano, capable of producing what in biology is called a mutation.

Even if there was no direct force in his propaganda, nevertheless Eiichi was forced to believe in the power of God to replace one destiny by another.

God could change one destiny for another. There was God's predestination. Now was the time for God's mutation of destiny,—the day of salvation,—Eiichi reasoned from biology. Even if mankind had only one destiny God had two, and thus it was possible for mankind to be saved by a new destiny. Prayer was the primary means by which the soul might be saved by entering on the second destiny of God.

All were made under the providence of God. Salvation meant a choice, and the change lay in the choice of God's second destiny. He rejoiced in the belief that God could bring salvation by changing the course of destiny for mankind. He would go on teaching the Gospel unremittingly. The more evil appeared the more he would fight it. Snowy mornings or wet evenings he would be out preaching and singing hymns at the crossroads. If it rained he would be there with an umbrella. He would be intent on moving the people to salvation—on reaching the hearts of the people, on finding a way through their wickedness.

To pray for Toda's salvation no longer appeared useless to Eiichi. He knelt quietly at his desk in the Mission and prayed that Toda might be saved.

The flowers bloomed, but for Eiichi there were no flowers.

He was concentrating all his strength on relieving the people at his gates and nursing the sick.

All sorts of things happened while he was thus engaged. One paper even published a report that Eiichi had become a robber.

In the spring, during the spring cleaning, an inspector from the Sannomiya Police Station, while making a tour of inspection, reprimanded Eiichi for keeping so many sick people in his sick ward. "This is not the kind of place to keep them in," he said.

Eiichi thought so himself.

"He's quite right," he thought. "It's a mistake to keep so many sick people in this wretched building. It would be a capital thing if I could build a large charity hospital to put them in. But that can't be done. Whenever people find someone dying at the cross roads and take pity on them and bring them to me, I know this is not the sort of place to bring them to, but what am I to do?"

However, he reduced as far as he could the number of his patients, treating them as kindly as possible.

But once or twice every month someone was sure to come and ask if he would help a man who had fallen sick on a journey. It he excused himself on the plea that his ward was full the patient was taken away again, with the remark that they would prop him up against a telegraph pole and tell the police. Very soon the messenger would be back again, however.

"It ain't no use, teacher," he would say. "I put the sick man against the telegraph pole near Onoe Bridge, but when I went and told the policeman at the station he said he was a nuisence and kicked him and punched him and drove him out of his district. I saw the poor chap being dragged along crying, and he's got *kakke* so bad, he has, that he can't stand. Won't you help him, teacher, else I'm sure he'll die of heart failure or something?"

There was nothing to be done then but to send out and pick up the man the policeman had driven away.

On another occasion a navvy who was very fond of assisting sick people came to him with a story of an old man who had spent the winter under Suma Bridge on a straw mat, but had now fallen ill and wanted assistance.

"How about the City Office?" asked Eiichi.

"I wouldn't have come to you if I'd wanted to go to the City Office. You treat 'em all like saints, you do, but if

you hands 'em over to the City Office they treats 'em like dirt not worth troubling about. If you won't help him I will."

As this man, like Fighting Yasu, was in the habit of coming to borrow money off Eiichi whenever he found his hands too full of sick people for himself to keep, Eiichi foresaw that he would have to provide for the patient in any case, and therefore agreed to take him.

In the case of old people, however, Eiichi had a compact with Mrs. Nobue Tomijima that she would take all those who were not beggars into her infirmary.

Mrs. Tomijima was a keen observer of the mental condition of old people, and she was in the habit of saying that it was useless to endeavour to help old people who had taken to begging. When they were taken into the infirmary they soon managed to steal out again and go round begging alms from house to house and telling people they were sick.

Every year Eiichi sent three or four old people to Mrs. Tomijima, and she received them and treated them very kindly. She was the President of the Nurses' Association and maintained almost single-handed an infirmary large enough to accommodate some eighteen or nineteen people. She was a woman of great piety and Eiichi learned much from her.

Mrs. Tomijima made herself responsible for the old people sent her by Eiichi and always informed him when any of them died in the infirmary. She gave them a very respectable funeral, quite different from the poor sort of funeral which was all Eiichi was able to provide. One time one of the old people whom Eiichi had sent her died while Mrs. Tomijima was away at Arima attending a conference. Eiichi went to the infirmary immediately he heard of it, and Mrs. Tomijima returned from Arima when she received a telegram announcing the death. Before she arrived, however, Eiichi had arranged for the funeral, and the procession had already passed out of the gate when Mrs. Tomijima came up in a 'rikisha. Such was the respect with which she alighted and kneeled down by the side of the coffin, that it might have been the funeral of her own mother. Eiichi felt a rush of tears into his eyes at the sight of such reverence. He thought that only persons with the temperament of Mrs. Tomijima could conduct the affairs of an infirmary properly.

Mrs. Tomijima came from Iyo. She finished the elementary school course when she was an innocent girl of fifteen and was immediately married to a man thirteen years older than herself to whom she had been affianced by her parents. As she felt no love for the man, however, she only remained in his house three days, saying she was going off to Kobe to study. She had thus been separated from her husband for some twenty-five years. Although she had only lived three days with her husband she had conceived a child, and thus she had an only son. She had never married again but devoted herself to the nursing of the old and infirm.

Eiichi heard Mrs. Tomijima's story from her own lips. It increased his reverence for her. He felt that if he ever married he would like to have a wife so lofty-minded as Mrs. Tomijima.

Mrs. Tomijima had no pretensions to beauty and was fourteen or fifteen years older than Eiichi. Yet although Mrs. Tomijima did not arouse the idea of love by her appearance, the loftiness of her character, despite her lack of good looks, gave Eiichi a strong impulse towards her. She was very attentive to Eiichi. When she found out that he had only one kimono, she gave him a lined kimono and a mantle. She also washed his shirts for him. Every time she showed him some kindness Eiichi felt that he had discovered something new in her which he had not known before in women. He came to understand how it was possible for a woman to be clever like Mrs. Tomijima.

Affection for Mrs. Tomijima did not arouse any impure thoughts. She was too refined, too attentive, too kind to the old and infirm. Considering everything, Eiichi felt that a wife such as Mrs. Tomijima would be worth a hundred Tsurukos and a thousand Kohides in bringing him felicity.

When he went to Mrs. Tomijima's house Eiichi felt that he was moving in an atmosphere of refinement and elegance. Through her he came to reverence Japanese women, and when he learned that Japanese women could be reverenced apart from their beauty, he discovered that there were many young girls in the slums who were worthy of great respect. Toda's wife was certainly one, and another was a prostitute named Matsu, who

showed great filial piety. Eiichi's attention had been specially drawn to this.

Matsu lived in a two mat room in a back lane in Azuma-dori. There were four of them in the house, she and her two sons and a blind mother. Eiichi knew that the blind woman went out begging with one or other of the two boys, but for a time he was not aware of the great kindness shown by Matsu to her mother, although it was a matter of common talk in Shinkawa.

Eiichi knew Matsu well, but he was not aware for some time that the blind woman was her mother. In spite of Matsu being a prostitute she did not show any viciousness. Like Ishino's wife she was not afraid of and was never servile to Eiichi. According to the talk of the neighbourhood she was kind to the point of foolishness. She had nursed her sick husband for years, and had preserved her chastity till only recently by a great struggle. Up to the time of the death of her husband from consumption she had worked in a match factory, but the death of her father immediately following that of her husband, and her own sickness, caught from her husband, seemed to threaten the destruction of her family. Meanwhile her mother had to go out begging till Matsu recovered a little from her sickness. She had not strength enough to return to the match factory, and as her blind mother did not get enough by begging to keep them all, and as Matsu got sick again when she tried to do job work at home, she at last made up her mind, seeing that there was nothing else to be done, and her mother and children were crying for hunger every day, to go and stand in front of the temple with Ishino's wife.

From a superficial point of view of morality no doubt Matsu went too far in her reverence for her mother, but Eiichi could not help respecting her. Eiichi knew that all prostitutes are not wicked. Eiichi's mother had been a geisha, and although a Christian, he always felt a desire to defend geisha whenever he heard them described as worthless. Even among prostitutes there are some who command respect. Eiichi had believed that his mother was certainly unique. Now he had discovered another like her in the house of Matsu.

Matsu only spent a month and a half on the street. Eiichi felt great pity for her and asked her to give it up, but afterwards she had fallen sick again, and in a month she was dead. Eiichi could not help loving this noble-minded prostitute.

There were many women in the slums worthy of reverence, such as Iku Kimura, who spent seventeen years telling fortunes in a doss house for the sake of supporting her sick husband. Then there was Tama, wife of Nishimoto, famous all over Shikawa for her kindness and her charity. She also was a woman to be respected.

In point of respect Eiichi placed the women in the slums above many men he knew, but while he respected the women his respect did not rise to love.

XXXIII.

Eiichi's health was by now pretty well restored, and he was therefore able to turn his thoughts to love. But he had come in contact with no woman that he could love. Besides Kohide two or three beautiful women had come to visit him in order to inspect the slums, but they had all been married women and, unlike Murai, Eiichi had no taste for falling in love with other men's wives.

Then there was Miss Higuchi, but her he could not love, and for this there was a reason.

It was last year, at the end of the summer, on a rainy day, that a poorly dressed man, who looked like a student, had called on Eiichi. His name was Kida and although he looked young, he was really a man. He had a brownish complexion and squinted. He claimed to know everything and was ready to argue on any subject, and Eiichi, as he seemed at first to be a man of some education, took pity on him and helped him, securing for him a position as proof-reader at the Kobe Printing Works by the kindness of Mr. Matahei Yoshida.

It was soon found, however, when he was put to proof reading that he knew nothing. He had been four years in a Middle School and had left without graduating, and was not one who could be trusted. However, as he helped Eiichi earnestly in his work, Eiichi thought that he might feel some confidence in him, although, as the months went by, his real character was more and more clearly revealed. He had

a mania for lying amounting to a disease, and told lies about everything, and as he was very clever in manufacturing his falsehoods he managed to deceive everybody at least once. The greatest deceit that he practised was on a friend of his in his native place, to whom he wrote, while he was still employed in the Kobe Printing Works, saying that he had entered the Kwansai Divinity School. This friend had been with him in the Middle School and afterwards had become an assistant police inspector, but in congratulating Kida on becoming an evangelist he also was fired with a determination to follow his example, and in January, taking a fortnight's vacation, came all the way to Kobe from the north. Just at that time the schools were having their New Year vacation, and Kida deceived his friend by telling him that during the holidays, in order to support himself, he had taken a place as proof-reader in the Kobe Printing Works. In March the friend came to Kobe, bringing all his family, with the intention of entering the Kwansai Divinity School on the introduction of Kida. Of course he had resigned his position of assistant police inspector before he left his native place and sold all his household effects. He had sacrificed everything in order to give himself heart and soul to the work of an evangelist. However, he found on his arrival that Kida was only a proof-reader and that it was a perfect falsehood that he had ever entered the Kwansai Divinity School although Kida had been for half a year addressing the many letters he had sent to his friend as coming from the School. Thus he saw he had been deceived by Kida's clever lying.

Kida's friend knew before of Kida's failing but he did not think that Kida would carry it so far as to ruin him and his household. He had thrown himself upon Eiichi's protection, and Eiichi, who was already getting tired of helping Kida, grew still more tired when he found that he had to keep Kida's friend and his family.

Kida's habit of lying can be seen by this story, but there were also innumerable small lies. Once when Eiichi came home from preaching in the street, Kida, without explaining, suddenly went out and did not return for a hour. He explained that he had been assisting a naval officer attached to the Kure Fleet, named Asada, who was a well known Christian, and who had come ashore from a warship to preach in the street. Kida even urged Eiichi to go out and listen to Captain Asada, but when Eiichi got to the corner in Minamihon-machi where Kida said the captain was, there was no one there. Eiichi returned home bewildered, whereupon Kida gravely said that probably the crowd had dispersed before Eiichi got there.

When Kida repeated the same story the following night the simple-hearted Eiichi believed him again and went to look again. But again there was no one there. Eiichi had a suspicion that Kida was deceiving him but did not say anything. Nevertheless as the whole thing was very strange, he went down to the harbour to see if there were any warships there, and found there was not a sign of one. To make quite sure there was no mistake he inquired of the harbour police, but found they knew nothing about any warships having been in the harbour. When Eiichi told Kida of this all Kida said was: "Then it must have been a mistake. I certainly thought he was Captain Asada."

It was a long time before Eiichi became convinced of Kida's mania for lying and during that time he deceived him about many people in the neighbourhood, Among others he told Eiichi some stories of Miss Higuchi which were entirely of his own creation.

"Miss Higuchi's certainly not a virtuous woman," he said. "She's had many lovers and once she ran away to Yokohama. She's had a baby too, although it died. She's a bad character."

Eiichi did not altogether believe him, but the circumstances of Miss Higuchi prevented him from thinking that the statements were entirely untrue, and he felt all the more disinclined to get on too familiar terms with her.

Miss Higuchi looked rather old, and this did not make Kida's story that she had had a baby less incredible. Miss Higuchi looked like a virtuous woman, and yet it might be that the devil of lust lurked secretly in her heart. Kida said she was a bad character. Perhaps she was. It would be better to take the warning and avoid being snared by her. Would he not be blackmailed by all Miss Higuchi's lovers in the Printing Works ? That would be a great nuisance.

It would be best, Eiichi thought, to have nothing more to do with her. As,

according to Kida's story, she had lived a life of vice, perhaps her earnestness in religion was to show her contrition. But there again Eiichi felt doubt.

If Kida's statement was true, then Eiichi's friendly relations with Miss Higuchi for the past year must be a subject of doubt to him. All that time Miss Higuchi had attended the Mission faithfully and rendered him every assistance. Supposing what Kida said was true, how was that assistance to be regarded? And yet how delightful had been her gentle ministration! How could he bear to lose her, with her pink freshness, her beautifully curling hair, her rounded cheeks, her clear, limpid eyes. How quick she was to read others' wishes, how quiet in her manner, how necessary a part of his life! He thought how great a blank would be caused in his life if she were to get married and go away.

And yet he could not arouse any love for her. At one time he had thought of falling in love with her younger sister Aki. But although she was a beautiful girl she had not the brightness of her elder sister. Miss Higuchi's father seemed to allow her the utmost freedom, and she was certainly reliant,—a kind of Joan of Arc. A strong and yet a womanly woman Eiichi could not help thinking. The man would be lucky who had her to wife. A helpful wife like that must be rare. Sometimes he thought that he would marry her, but then again she was not a beauty and her position as a worker in the Kobe Printing Works made him hesitate to make so low a match.

Yet it was difficult for her, in the limited circle in which she lived in the slums, to find a suitable match. Perhaps she would seek a husband for herself, being such a reliant girl. As she had attended the Mission so long, and had so little vanity, perhaps she would become the wife of some steady worker of a superior class. Eiichi thought what an ideal household it would be.

As a matter of fact Eiichi was really, in the depth of his heart, not yet inclined for matrimony.

Kohide had gone and Tsuruko had disappeared, although the vows he had made to the latter were yet in his ears, —that he would wait for ever for Tsuruko. Although he had heard from Haruki, the colporteur of Awa, that Tsuruko had married a rich young student of the Tokyo Higher Commercial School and had gone to live in Yokohama, yet he could not bring himself to sacrifice his constancy by loving another woman.

Should he become a male Evangeline? The wife of Enoch Arden had forgotten her chastity, but he sometimes had the romantic idea that he should prove that men could be more chaste than women. Not but that the ideas of the literature of naturalism occasionally occurred in the bottom of his heart, but they did not occupy it entirely. From the romantic side of his nature, although it might be hypocrisy, he felt that his asceticism was still stronger.

Therefore he thought that he might go on for a year or two at least suppressing thoughts of women. Tsuruko had separated from him. By the laws of the heart Eiichi had been released. There was no bar to his making love to another. But he could never love another madly unless she was as beautiful as Tsuruko.

Kohide was beautiful. Yet examining her closely one saw that her beauty was of the formal kind and had not the poignancy of that of Tsuruko. Now he considered the matter Eiichi found that he was tired of Kohide's beauty. It was the professional kind of beauty, of which he soon tired. Kohide was beautiful because her face was powdered and her cheeks rouged. If the powder was well spread she looked beautiful, but actually her face was sallow and the pores of her skin were filled with dirt in a very pitiable manner. Moreover she had had but little education and her eyes had a stupid look, very different to the animated expression of Tsuruko.

Kohide looked very nice at rest in a room, but when she began to move about her beauty disappeared. Another disadvantage that Kohide suffered under was that she had lost her virginal air. Tsuruko, on the other hand, in spite of her touch of forwardness, undoubtedly had the air of a maiden.

Eiichi had become more and more convinced that beauty was but the affair of a moment. There was the old saying, "Even a devil at eighteen, and even a snake at twenty." At eighteen a girl was like a flower unfolding, a thing of beauty. At that age the virginal form developed the greatest beauty, with rounded curves, outdoing all the wonders of nature.

But when women passed twenty and their minds unfolded, their rounded curves, more lovely than marble sculptures, began to lose their form and become shapeless, their glossy skin to lose its lustre, and their eyes to become wrinkled. At that time their beauty disappeared.

To seize beauty and retain it eternally was like seizing the shadow of the moon on the water. One might indeed venture to seize the shadow of the moon, but to run after beauty would require the speed of an express train. When beauty was not to be caught it would mean nothing but destruction.

But one could not embrace beauty for ever. Perhaps it was as well that it was impermanent. Yes, perhaps it was well that beauty could not be embraced for ever. The early summer rain falling softly on the wheat brought it to maturity. So the gentle embrace of snowy arms, ripened the grain. Yes, under those soft summer rains mankind was restored to life. The maiden was like the early summer rain. She cast a benediction over the future of humanity.

He could love none but a maiden. To find a beautiful maiden whom he could love would, indeed, be happiness, he thought. Unless an angel like Beatrice or an incomparable beauty like Gretchen appeared, he decided in his heart, all thoughts of love would be suspended.

There was one beautiful maiden he had met,—Tamae Imabashi, a girl in her sixteenth year who worked under Miss Higuchi in the binder's workshop. She had not Miss Higuchi's pink complexion; she was pale with fine features and sparkling eyes. Of all the women Eiichi had met he thought her face was the most charming. But then she was very poorly dressed, with a very dirty sash on, her hair done up in a fancy style, and thin and sallow from lack of proper nutrition. It did not seem that she was capable of any refinement. From the time that Miss Higuchi had first started coming to Shinkawa she had regularly brought the workers under her. Tamae, it appeared, had only recently got a position in the binding department, and was a simple, innocent child.

There were a number of small tenement houses on the opposite side of the river to Shinkawa slums, and it was from one of these that Tamae started every morning for the printing works.

Eiichi admired her face yet he could not bring himself to love her. He felt that it would be like deceiving a child.

He had for long decided that he would live a single life. And that single life did not cause him unhappiness.

XXXIV.

In April Tomoya Takami went up to the capital to enter the Divinity School of Meiji Academy, and Sahei Murayama entered the Kwansai Divinity School of Kobe.

A detective attached to the higher detective service had called to make inquiries about Takami. Eiichi had been visited by a man named Kashima, a dealer in foreign furniture, who claimed to be a Socialist and had learned from someone that Eiichi held similar views. He was a man of middle age with a fine beard, with a face somewhat resembling Count Itagaki's. After talking with him Eiichi realised that this was the man who was said to be employed as a spy at the time of the K. and O. affair and who had subsequently fled to Kobe. This Eiichi had learned from Otonashi. Realising this Eiichi felt alarmed and became very reticent.

It was on the following day that the detective had come. The first question he asked was whether a Socialist had called on Eiichi the day before. Eiichi said "No," but the detective was certain he must have called.

"The man who called," said Eiichi, "was a man employed as a spy at the time of the K. affair. I don't know whether he is a Socialist."

"What did he talk about?" asked the detective.

"He was talking about where to make foreign furniture and how the Japanese could not make good furniture," replied Eiichi.

"Did he speak of nothing else?"

"He talked a lot about other things, but I let him talk by himself and I didn't interrupt him."

"Was he a Socialist?" inquired the detective.

"It was you who said that he was," replied Eiichi, whereupon the detective apologised for his intrusion and went away.

Kida, ashamed of his deceit towards his friend, left Eiichi's house and went to live in a boarding-house, continuing to attend the Printing Works, however. His friend, after sending his wife back home, entered the Osaka Divinity School. He was a good fellow and bore no animosity against Kida.

"He's always been a liar from a boy," he said, "and he doesn't get any better as he gets older. He'll never be good for much."

That was all he had to say about Kida's deception.

After Kida and his friend had left, another student who had not completed the middle school course, named Yasukawa, came to ask for assistance.

Eiichi found that it cost more in money and time to assist the people outside the slums who came to him for help than it did to assist the slum-dwellers, and he therefore soon tired of it. They were people who had sunk from the middle class and to help them from becoming destitute necessitated a good deal of assistance being given them. Among them were to be found occasionally even greater rogues than those who lived in the slums. Koga and Hamai, the beggars who spoke English, were at least frank in their roguery, while among the others there was an instance where a man had asked for the loan of some money to take him back to Kyushu, and on Eiichi going with him to Sannomiya Station to buy him a ticket for Fukuoka and giving him a yen for pocket money, had excused himself when they got on the platform and, giving Eiichi the ticket to hold, had gone off with the one yen in his pocket and never returned.

Then a few days after, the same man would publish a notice in the "Kobe News" saying something bad about Eiichi, such as "Mr. Niimi is a hypocrite. He takes money from foreigners and sells it in the name of charity."

Eiichi found a difficulty in understanding the man's attitude. He could only conclude that the man had wanted money and Eiichi had offended him by giving him a ticket.

"He receives money from foreigners and sells it for charity." This was not exactly the case. Certainly if he received money from foreigners it was only about a hundred yen a month and it had to be divided amongst a number of small accounts.

Charity was not a thing to be praised, he thought. He knew that social reconstruction could not be based on charity. He did not expect to cure deep-rooted disease by a plaster such as charity was, and it was not for the sake of charity that he gave charity. Therefore he had never gone begging among the rich. His funds for charity so far had come from the voluntary donations of Mrs. Pearson and the company director in America. With that money Eiichi had done his best to relieve the sufferings of the people around him, but he had not gone farther.

There were many who clamoured for his help. The ballad-singer Ichiko, whose songs were in small demand owing to the lack of work, reviled Eiichi.

"You're a hypocrite, talking about feeding the poor," he said. "You've got lots of money in the bank and yet you make us eat barley."

Then, while Eiichi was absent one day, he secretly pawned one of Eiichi's quilts. He was soon arrested and thrust into one of the police cells, and as he persisted in declaring that Eiichi had given him the quilt, Eiichi was sent for. Eiichi went to the station and confirmed Ichiko's statement, thus securing his release. It might be thought that he would be too ashamed to return to Eiichi's house, but he was quite lost to shame. He turned up to his meals again quite complacently. It was no use telling him to get out because he had nowhere to go to and it was no use telling him to go to work because he was a cripple and could not work. Eiichi felt as if he were keeping a pet. The refuse of humanity had to be fed somehow, he thought, and he could not make him go out.

Uesugi began to look like a bulldog, he became so bloated. A long time ago his wife had got a divorce from him and had gone out as a waitress, afterwards becoming the second wife of a respectable man. Uesugi took advantage of this to blackmail her, it was said, squeezing money out of her a little at a time. These people all listened attentively to Eiichi's teaching but when pinched by hard times they would resort to all sorts of strange devices to get money.

The people that crowded into Eiichi's house never showed any inclination to go away. As Eiichi treated them all as if they were part of his family they were not troubled to make a livelihood and never stirred. Uesugi spread abroad the

information that Eiichi was looking after him and that he lived rent free, and all sorts of people came to inquire whether Eiichi could not put them up too. Eiichi had taken in as many as he had room for, but every day people came crowding in, four or five at a time. But Eiichi had fixed the number of people whom he could help at sixteen, and would not take any more than that. To those who tried to force themselves upon him after that he gave a very decided refusal, whereupon those who seemed to think they had a right to be assisted would abuse Eiichi loudly.

"Christianity indeed! Is that what you call Christianity?" and they would go off with indecent remarks and offensive actions.

At such times Eiichi would be filled with anxious thoughts as to the difficulties of the philanthropist. If he did not help anybody then he would not be insulted like that. If he only looked after himself, he thought bitterly, then nobody would take any notice of him. Some of those who abused him said that he was only dispensing charity for the sake of vainglory. Others of a little more understanding spoke like Socialists.

"These rich people, they got lots of money, but they only gives just a little to the poor, so as to get their names in the papers. They uses us for their own purposes."

Eiichi considered that he did not use the poor just for the sake of establishing his own reputation. If that had been the case he would have wished the poor always to exist, whereas his movement was for the abolition of poverty. It was for the sake of studying the poor, their manner of life and their economical position that he had gone to live in the slums.

At heart Eiichi was a saviour of souls and knew that enforced Socialism or a revolutionary coup was not the way to save souls for eternal life. He had gone to live in the slums for the sake of getting an insight into the power of God to save those who had fallen to the very bottom. For that reason he had never preached revolution to the poor in the slums, nor put all the blame for the social conditions on the rich. What he had done was merely to preach the road to salvation. He had preached the necessity of a complete change of spirit in order to attain character and wisdom in stinctively. In short he taught that the influence of external social conditions would not save humanity, and that salvation must come from piety, that is faith in the internal power of God.

Therefore it was that Eiichi saw in the dregs of life, together with all its ugliness, a continual welling up of strength which almost showed that there was no need of resignation in the human character. Examined attentively every rogue in the slums had sparks of goodness in him, every prostitute had more purity than Eiichi himself. If there was mutual love among the dregs of humanity so also was there self-sacrifice, proving amply that God had not abandoned humanity.

Knowing that God did not abandon those who had passed their thirtieth year bankrupt of any moral character, Eiichi saw still more clearly that any reconstruction of humanity could not come from an external economic revolution, but must come from the underground currents of life itself.

That was the reason for Eiichi's distribution of charity. It was not for the mere sake of helping the people that he distributed charity. He took the respect of the neighbourhood as a thing which would cease if he had no more money to distribute and for that reason he concentrated his attention on the children and the sick. In the case of others he confined himself to friends and those in his immediate neighbourhood. He had no more desire to purchase popularity than he had that the slums should continue for ever. Eiichi regarded himself as God's assistant against evil. Why then should he hope that mankind would be sunk for ever in sin and darkness? Let those who reviled him revile him. He received their abuse in good part, and felt nothing but kindness towards them.

XXXV.

As long as Eiichi had in the bank Shinoda's four hundred yen and Mrs. Pearson's five hundred and fifty yen everything went all right, but after that was gone he had to depend on the fifty dollars a month from America, and sometimes this was fifteen or twenty days late in arriving. On those occasions Eiichi always felt great anxiety lest he should

be called upon to pay somebody's funeral expenses. At one time Eiichi was reduced down to seven sen with which to provide for sixteen people. Of course he could get rice on credit, but he had no money to buy anything else. The rains of the wet season had set in and the lowering ash-coloured skies seemed to oppress the breathing. In his heart also the rain was falling, making him feel inclined to burst into tears.

Matsuzo was collecting his books to go to school.

"Woncher give us some money, teacher?" he said. "I got to buy some writing paper."

"How much?" asked Eiichi.

"It's five sen a packet."

Eiichi gave Matsuzo five sen, leaving himself with only two sen in his purse. Then he fell quietly on his knees and prayed.

Afterwards he decided that he would imitate Murayama and Ichiko and pawn his bedding. Fortunately the rain had slackened, so, following the example of the goodwives of the slums, he put the bedding on his shoulder, donned a pair of high clogs and set off for the pawnbroker's. There he found five or six women and children, all of whom he knew. As the continual rain kept them from working and they had no money to buy food, they had all come to pawn something.

"T'aint worth much," said the pawnbroker's clerk as he looked at Eiichi's bedding. 'I'll give you four yen eighty sen for it."

Eiichi accepted the offer in silence. With four yen eighty sen he could give a lot of relief.

On his way back Eiichi was accosted in K'tahon-machi by an old woman known as "Granny the Devil."

"The baby's dead," she said, "and I ain't got any money to pay for the funeral. Won't you lend us some?"

Eiichi had the four yen eighty sen in his hand and out of that he gave Granny the Devil four yen fifty sen. Granny the Devil, with a smile on her wicked face, went off, and Eiichi was left wondering for what purpose he had gone to the pawnbroker's. He threw himself down in the entrance of his house, while the tears ran down his cheeks.

He saw through his tears the baby that Granny the Devil had adopted. Through malnutrition it had developed catarrh of the stomach, and in his daily walk through the slums he had noticed that it was at the last extremity. Eiichi knew that Granny the Devil had been given that name by her neighbours because the babies she adopted always died, and he also knew that in the present case, as soon as the baby died, she would inevitably come to him for assistance. Every time he had gone through the slums recently she had repeatedly greeted him. Still he did not expect that the baby would die when he had hardly a penny in his purse. It was very unfortunate, he thought, as he lay there with his eyes shut.

Then, in the evening, in the midst of the rain, in a cloak and umbrella, Mrs. Bue Tomijima came along the alley.

"Hallo!" said Eiichi. "What's the matter to-day? Have you any business?"

"Well, let me come in," she replied.

"What's the matter?"

"I thought you might be in trouble for money so I've brought you a little. You don't dislike it, do you?" and Mrs. Tomijima smiled.

Mrs. Tomijima was a very thoughtful woman and often brought Eiichi sums of five or ten yen, and guessing Eiichi was in straits had brought him some money. When she departed she left a ten yen note folded in a piece of paper.

This experience had happened to Eiichi many many times. When he was reduced down to his last penny, when he thought he should not be able to help anybody any more, money had come to him from a friendly quarter and he had been able to feed his little flock.

Granny the Devil went out picking dust every day, and had many husbands, for in spite of her being called Granny she was only just over forty. Recently she had formed relations with a pirate and when he got sent to prison she found herself stranded. As soon as that baby was buried therefore she got another through the help of Roppei, receiving with it only five yen and four pieces of clothing. The baby had been through many hands and by the time it got into the hands of Granny the Devil it was almost dead. As it had only been fed on rice gruel it was wasted to the bone. Eiichi had met the old woman carrying the baby on her back out rag-picking and asked her if she had adopted another child.

"I tells 'em I didn't want it," she answered, "but Roppei he forced it on

me. It's so weak it's like to die, teacher."

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"It would be better if t'were a boy, but it's a girl. Girls is easier to bring up."

It is customary among these baby-farmers to claim that a boy is more troublesome to bring up than a girl.

Eiichi thought that Granny the Devil was embarked on another venture but refrained from questioning her further, and for two or three days forgot all about her.

Then on a bright sunny morning, which made one think that summer had come, a policeman called on Eiichi and asked him to come to the Sannomiya Police Station. Eiichi disliked going to the Police Station but he went off and was taken before a police-official who treated him very disdainfully.

"Do you know a person named Ryu Yokogawa?" asked the official.

"I don't remember," replied Eiichi.

"She says she's received assistance from you."

"Oh!"

"Well then, I suppose you know her by the name of Granny the Devil?"

"Oh yes, I know her."

Eiichi up to that moment had not known her real name.

"This Granny the Devil is a thief," continued the official, "but her case is not decided yet, and she wants you to take charge of the baby. What will you do?"

Eiichi had forgotten all about the baby and did not know what to answer.

"Have you got the baby here?" he asked.

"It's in a cell with the mother," answered the official. "It oughtn't to be there by rights, but we've put it there."

Eiichi was silent.

"Well, if you don't want to take it," went on the official, "it don't matter. There's lots of other ways of disposing of it. It's been coughing all night and it seems in a bad way. If you won't take it we must send it to an orphanage, that's all."

"What does the woman say?" added Eiichi.

"She wants you to take it."

"Then I'll take it. Please hand it over."

Thereupon the official called a policeman and ordered him to bring the baby from the cell. The policeman went off and came back after a time carrying the baby very awkwardly in his arms.

Eiichi took the baby and was about to go when he stopped.

"I should just like to ask," he said, "what theft Yokogawa committed?"

"It's nothing very big," said the official. "It was when she was out ragpicking. She stole a petticoat off a line, but there's three previous offences against her, so we can't let her go."

"Sent to prison for stealing a petticoat!" thought Eiichi in his heart, and he compared the face of the baby that he had in his arms with that of the policeman.

"Is it the fault of Ryu Yokogawa or that of society? For stealing a petticoat? Truly the duties of the police must be very onerous."

Thus thinking Eiichi bowed and went out of the police-station.

Eiichi went out of the Police Station. What a situation! He had become a mother. Yet from one point of view he felt greatly delighted.

He went back to Shinkawa, sometimes holding the little baby on his back, sometimes in his arms. Although summer had come the baby was still dressed in winter clothes. Moreover its little red kimono was covered with layers of dirt. The fastidious Eiichi felt that he could not take such an object on a tramcar. Nor could he go along the crowded streets. Therefore he plodded homewards along the tramline, deep in thought. The baby on his back began to cry. The baby's bottle that Eiichi held in his hand was well filled with warm water and condensed milk, but the baby would not stop crying. He thought he would soothe it by calling to it by name, but then he remembered that he did not know its name. Its crying no doubt arose from its being sick. What was he to do? Babies required constant attendance every day.

Before going to his own house Eiichi stopped at one of the tenements to ask Haru the beggar what was the name of the baby, and Haru kindly told him that its name was Ishi. But whatever he did the baby would not stop crying. There was nothing to be done but to take it to Dr. Tazawa.

Dr. Tazawa looked at the baby over the top of his spectacles.

"That's an adopted baby, isn't it?" he asked. "I thought so. You can tell them directly you see them. That's because they all suffer from malnutrition."

Here he removed the clinical thermometer with which he was testing the child's temperature.

"Hallo!" he said "Forty point two degrees! I don't know whether you'll be able to save it. Have you ever reared a child? Do you know how to mix its milk. It'll die if you feed it on rice gruel. It would be better if you could feed it on fresh milk but if you can't do that you must give it the Eagle brand of condensed milk, made very thin. You'd better feed it regularly. Some people think it ought to be mixed as thick as possible but that's a mistake. For a baby under three months it should be mixed as thin as possible. And you must wash the inside of the bottle well. If you don't take care it'll soon get dyspepsia. And you must wash the inside of the tube well. This baby's got some fever, so you must keep it quiet and put a little ice on. Don't get nursing it or carrying it. I shouldn't wonder if it got worse in the next two or three days. If it does you must let me know at once, and I'll come and examine it. Its stomach's pretty bad, so if you don't take great care you'll never bring it up. There, look after it well."

Dr. Tazawa gave his instructions very kindly and Eiichi paid great attention to each particular, although he did not know whether he should be able to carry them out. He now understood why the people in the slums were not able to rear their children properly.

Eiichi put two bamboo chairs together to form a bed for the baby and set them against the wall in his big room. There the baby slept while he watched it.

It slept with its eyes half open. Its little red face was puckered up on the forehead; only its cheeks showed some sign of plumpness. It looked very pretty as it slept. Its closed lips formed a Cupid's bow and its mouth was like a rose-bud. Its eyebrows showed some thin fair hair. It had almost no chin, but its profile was charming. On the back of its neck the skin was folded over in one crease.

Unconscious of everything Ishi slept. Perhaps she had not yet opened her eyes to the world of men. Her body trembled with each breath, probably because she had pain in breathing. For five, ten minutes Eiichi stood and stared at her and saw how peaceful her face was. No mark of human corruption had yet appeared on her face. Her skin was softer than the finest silk. Her little nose stuck up in the middle of her face, and there were two dear little dimples, which showed like crimson spots on account of the fever. It was the pain also which made her head tremble. Looking at the sick child Eiichi wondered whether the angels in heaven were like her.

Eiichi felt as if he had received a priceless gift from heaven. If puppies were pretty, was it not natural that babies should be pretty?

Eiichi had wondered whether he had not better do as the police official had said and send the baby to an orphanage, as it would be a great trouble to rear it. But then he thought that as such a priceless work of art had come into his hands it would be a pity to part with it. Moreover if he kept the baby he would be able to bring it up as he liked, cuddle it all night, kiss it, carry it on his back, in fact make of it a perfect toy. There were times when he was tired of everything in the slums; a wife was a far away prospect, and now he had a child without having had a wife. Nay, tired of being a man he had become for the nonce a woman. The mood came over him that he and Ishi would wander together through the world. Was it not fortunate that she had come? It was true that it would be troublesome to mix her milk and put ice on her head, but then he could not endure the idea of parting with her.

Nobody in the house knew that he had brought a baby from the police station. His stepmother did not know, nor the old Kishimotos. But the cry of the child at last brought old Kishimoto, who was greatly astonished.

"Whose child is that, teacher?" he asked.

"It's my child," replied Eiichi.

"Don't joke with me, teacher. What's it doing here?"

Eiichi then told the old man how the child had come into his hands. The old man went and brought his wife. Then the old woman went and called Eiichi's stepmother. It was just like the three wise men of the East come to worship Christ, as these three gathered round the baby to criticise it.

"How eccentric you are, Eiichi," said his stepmother as she went away.

When the baby was not crying Eiichi sat at his desk near by and went on with his writing.

On the first night after Eiichi had brought Ishi from the police station she slept all night. Eiichi was pleased to think that she would not give much trouble. But on the next night and the next night she cried all night and Eiichi was greatly discouraged.

Sanko and Ichiko and Uesugi and Matsuzo, who slept near by, did nothing but grumble.

"That baby makes such a noise I can't sleep," said Matsuzo.

Ichiko spoke as might be expected. "Turn that child out, teacher," he said. "It's the baby of an outcast or something of the sort and it ain't no good to bring it up."

Uesugi was even more cruel. "Kill the noisy brat," he said.

Eiichi got up about seven times to attend to the baby—sometimes to put ice on it, or to change its napkin, or to mix its milk or to nurse it when it cried, taking it out into the alley so that it would not disturb the people sleeping in the house. All night he was worried by the baby.

At that time he realised the hardships endured by a mother. To get up seven or eight times a night to change the napkin or feed a baby was a labour, he thought, beyond him. Without the maternal instinct it would be impossible. He was impressed by the nobility of women's labour.

As Eiichi had to go to the Divinity School in the mornings to interpret it was necessary that he should find someone to look after the baby. His stepmother refused to do it, and as old Mrs. Kishimoto had never had a child she was afraid to touch it and would not help. It seemed as if she thought that if she once touched it Eiichi would always ask her to look after it. Eiichi concluded that he would have to put the child on his back and appear like that in the classroom, but as the child did not cry much in the daytime he thought he might get someone from the slums to look after it when he was absent. Just as he was going out he met Mrs. Kawazu and on speaking to her about it she at once agreed to look after it herself.

"Teacher's been so kind to my boy," she said "that I'll do anything he wants me to just to help him."

The kindness to her boy which she spoke about referred to Eiichi getting her eldest son a place as shopboy in a grocery store in Moto-machi.

Eiichi felt as delighted as if he had met a saint in hell, and went off to the school in high spirits. He felt very glad to be relieved of the baby. That he should be glad both to have the baby and to be relieved of it caused him to feel amused.

That night Eiichi was not able to sleep a wink for the baby. He had to sit up to change its clothes and keep ice on its head, as the ice melted very quickly owing to the high fever. Eiichi felt very anxious lest the baby's illness should take a sudden turn in the night as he had no money to pay for the funeral.

The tears gathered in Eiichi's eyes as he gazed at the baby's face. He likened the baby to Ishmael and himself to Hagar searching in the wilderness for water. As Hagar driven out into the wilderness with her child by Abraham called out to God in her agony, so there was nothing for Eiichi to do in his agony over the dying Ishi than to call upon God in his agony. God saw and reached a helping hand to Hagar, but it did not seem as if God would at once answer the appeal of Eiichi and Ishi.

Was there a God that saw everything? Ishi represented the weakness of humanity and Eichi represented the Saviour, that Saviour whom Eiichi believed had walked in the Garden of Gethsemane.

Ishi suddenly stopped crying. Eiichi moved her slightly but she did not open her eyes. He felt her pulse but it had fallen so low that he could not feel it. He was afraid that it had stopped altogether.

"How terrible!" he thought. "She is dead."

"God the Father," he prayed. "It is too early yet for Ishi to die. There is no need for her to die. It is too early to snatch her away while she has me to look after her."

Ten minutes, fifteen minutes elapsed. A neighbouring clock struck one. Time solemnly pursued its relentless course. There in the night Eiichi wept. No one saw his tears. It seemed as if God did not see them. Eiichi dabbed the tears from his eyes on Ishi's small eyelids; he wanted her to share his sorrow. Then, wonderful to behold, Ishi, the dying Ishi, began to cry.

Eiichi kept Ishi for four months. At night old Mrs. Kazawu looked after her. Ryu Yokogawa, for the crime of stealing a petticoat worth thirty sen at the outside, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment. Eiichi tried to find the real mother of Ishi, and discovered that she was the illegitimate child of a shoemender in an outcast village in Hyogo Prefecture. Negotiations for the return of the child to its mother were opened and finally, at the end of the four months, the baby was taken off Eiichi's hands.

XXXVI.

When Matsuzo had to go to hospital owing to an attack of dysentery Eiichi could not help feeling angry at the badness of the social conditions. Although infectious disease had never been entirely absent from the slums all the three years Eiichi had lived there, and dysentery was such an everyday complaint there that its presence was nothing to grumble about, yet this year infectious diseases were prevalent to an extent almost indescribable. There had been cases of typhoid fever all the winter and the wife of Yasu at the back had caught it, and also the rag-pickers who lived next door. Then it jumped across the road and attacked Shin. Then it appeared in the secret brothel next door to Eiichi. Then came the turn of Ichiko, the ballad-singer. The strength of the infection was beyond comparison, and it resulted in all the families of the sufferers being sent to the Isolation Hospital.

The deaths were numerous. Many thought they had only caught cold and took no care of themselves, with the result that they died. While the authorities made a great fuss about plague and smallpox, they made no attempt to deal with the equally deadly epidemic of typhus. It was the same with dysentery. It first started in the outcast quarter in Minamihon-machi and before Matsuzo caught it there were more than twenty cases removed from there to the Isolation Hospital. By the time Matsuzo was removed every room in the hospital was full and eight patients were crowded into rooms meant for six, and the attendants were compelled to sleep out in the passages.

Eiichi was astonished at the conditions. Although the fourth-class patients were treated free he saw no reason why they should be crowded in like that, with the chance of their infecting each other.

In the slums there is a belief that a person taken to the Isolation Hospital immediately receives an injection and if the case is a bad one soon dies. The result was that cases of typhus, especially those in better circumstances, like the daughter of the money-lender at the back, were not notified to the doctor, because they did not want to go to the Isolation Hospital and have all their hair cut off if their fever was high. It was reported that three or four of the nurses at the hospital had caught the infection and died.

Matsuzo took the infection in a day. He had been swimming and when he returned he complained of feeling tired and went to bed. That night the sickness began. Eiichi naturally had to look after him and soon found that he was suffering from dysentery. In the afternoon of the next day Eiichi called in old Dr. Tazawa, although he was certain what was the matter, and afterwards called up the City Office on the telephone to report the case, and also informed the police, so as to get Matsuzo removed to the Isolation Hospital. He found great difficulty, however, in communicating with the City authorities, as it was Saturday and all the officials had gone home early, leaving only a caretaker, who did not know anything about it. He thought it impossible that the City authorities should be so lax, so, borrowing Dr. Tazawa's telephone, he rang up the Sanitary Department direct, and found that all the men had gone out with the ambulances and that there was not time that day to get the patient removed.

Although the case was in the crowded slums and not a moment should be lost in removing it, the authorities simply let the matter go. The next day was Sunday. Matsuzo's bed was in the middle of the Mission Hall, so no services could be held. All the morning Eiichi was telephoning to the City Office, besides reporting the matter to the police, but nothing was done. The afternoon also passed without anybody coming. In the meanwhile Matsuzo was getting worse, till at last he was so weak that he could not get out of bed. At last at six o'clock a policeman came.

"I've just had a message from the City Office," he said. "They say they can't possibly remove the case to the hospital this evening, as there are such a large number of cases that the ambulances and bearers are not sufficient to deal with them all at once."

Eiichi wondered why the City Office did not increase the number of its ambulances and bearers. He was indignant at the reprehensible conduct of the authorities in allowing patients suffering from a terribly infectious disease to remain for three days neglected in the slums.

At last at eleven o'clock on the Sunday night a man dressed in foreign

clothes, with a white overall, apparently a doctor, with a policeman and another man in foreign clothes, called at Eiichi's house. Two of them stayed outside, while the third—the man who looked like a doctor—without taking the trouble to enter the room, squatted in the doorway and looked at the patient.

"Feeling bad?" he asked. Eiichi was surprised at the brusque way of the doctor and only answered "Yes," without entering into details.

Nothing more was said and the three departed.

Eiichi could not help thinking how unpleasant officials could be. Was bureaucracy like this? If he had not been a disciple of Jesus Eiichi felt that he would have liked to kick the man out.

Finally, on Monday morning, about nine o'clock, there came an ambulance with four bearers followed by a crowd of noisy children. They took a pail of lime from the top of the ambulance and began to question the old Kishimotos about the well.

"We must put some lime in the well," they said.

Mrs. Kawazu from the house opposite, with Ishi on her back, came running over and whispered to the two old people to say nothing about the well at the back of her house.

The two bearers began making preparations for putting Matsuzo on the ambulance. Eiichi knew that if he did not tip the bearers they would not perform their task kindly, but unfortunately he had no money. He could only wear a look of unconcern, while noting the bearers' savage looks and overhearing their grumbling.

Eiichi carried Matsuzo out on his back and put him on the bedding which old Kishimoto had arranged on the ambulance. The ice-pillow was put under Matsuzo's head.

"Bring out all the things used by the patient," said one of the bearers roughly.

Eiichi brought out all his own bedding and piled it on the ambulance.

"Whose going with him?" shouted one of the bearers as the ambulance started.

"I'm coming," replied Eiichi from inside the house. He was borrowing money from his stepmother as he had none of his own.

Eiichi dashed out hurriedly and took his place by the side of the ambulance. He was near weeping.

The patient was carried slowly through the dust of the summer's day, and Eiichi, in his cheap kimono and girdle, dragged his weary feet alongside. The summer sun was shining on his head. In the ambulance Matsuzo moaned with the pain. The two bearers spoke not a word to Eiichi and Eiichi was also silent. Plunged in thought it seemed to him as if he were taking part in a funeral procession.

The Isolation Hospital at Egiyama is a very fine affair. The first, second and third-class wards are all that could be desired, but the fourth-class ward was so full that the attendants had to sleep out in the passages. The conditions were very miserable. The patient next to Matsuzo was on the point of death. Food and lodging are provided free in the fourth-class ward, but as the patients do not know the ways of the hospital, most of them employ attendants. Eiichi had thought of getting a woman to attend on Matsuzo, but as he found that they wanted one yen twenty sen a day he was glad he had not engaged one. The woman who was attending the dying man next to Matsuzo told him what the patients required and he procured the necessary things. She also kindly showed him the method of disinfection, where to get the tickets for ice, and all other information. After that Eiichi dragged his tired feet round the passages.

He felt great pity for those patients who had no attendants to wait on them. He thought it would be a good thing if there were a staff of voluntary nurses for such people, although they received quite a lot of assistance from the attendants who were in the same room. Still it was a pity that every time they wanted a drink of water they should have no one to ask for it. The poorer patients often engaged one woman-attendant among three of them.

Eiichi sat down on a hard chair without a back and watched the patients. He had come away in such a hurry that he had forgotten to bring anything to read. The white-walled room was bare of any pictures. Some white cotton curtains were hung clumsily at the windows, and there was a tub, caked with dirt, for lysol disinfectant. Above Matsuzo's head was a black tin plate on which a temperature chart was pasted. All these he saw when he got tired of looking at the patients. The ward was close, and it made Eiichi feel sick. A nurse came

with some ice-cream, and Eiichi received Matsuzo's portion and fed him with it. Matsuzo appeared in good spirits.

Night came on. Eiichi had not brought any extra bedding with him. He had not been able to get any proper sleep from the previous Saturday, owing to his work in nursing, and now that his mind felt relieved by the removal of his patient to hospital, he began to get sleepy. He went into the passage, and finding there a pile of bedding he sat down by the side of it, stretched out his legs and leaned comfortably back. He soon began to nod, but every time he began to nod somebody would come and take away part of the bedding. Where it was taken to he was too sleepy to see, but gradually the pile lessened. Every time he leaned against the bedding—like one begging to be allowed to sleep—every time he began to feel a sense of ease creeping over him, the owners of the bedding would come and remove another of the pile. At last there was only one left, and as Eiichi felt it would be hard on the owner of it to use it himself, he put a chair by Matsuzo's bed and decided to recline on the bed. But this he found hopeless. His weak lungs would not act in that position and all his nerves were jarred. He got up again and looked at Matsuzo to see if he was still feverish and put some more ice on his head. Then he sat on the chair again and dozed. He felt envious of Matsuzo, sleeping in the bed, free of care. The injection Matsuzo had received had already done him good.

Eiichi thought he would go out again and sleep in the passage, but he found there was no room. All the land had already been staked out and covered with beds and mats, whereon some were already sleeping. At twelve o'clock he went out into the passage again and found the nurses and attendants all laid out in rows with only a narrow pathway left at their feet, which it was difficult to get along. There had even been an overflow into the great hall, so scanty was the space for the nurses to sleep in. In some of the wards both male and female attendants were sleeping under the beds of the patients. It was just like a field-hospital after the wounded had been brought in. What wretched conditions! Eiichi thought. Why were the nurses, weary with their day's toil, treated so infamously? The authorities might claim that they were too poor to provide proper accommodation, but when Eiichi thought of the unfortunate nurses who had to face such wretchedness and sleep in the passages, while the poor were driven like animals into the Isolation Hospital, when with a little co-operation the empty rooms of wealthy families might be placed at their disposal;—when he thought of these things he asked himself whether the world was not all awry. But it was no use asking whether the civic policy was at fault, or whether the organisation of society was to blame. There was no denying that the root of the trouble lay in the human heart.

"If I were a patient in the first or second-class ward," he said to himself, "I would call in one or two of those who were forced to sleep in the passages," and he glanced resentfully at the doors of the first and second-class wards as he passed them.

The sanitary condition of Shinkawa passed before him like a vision.

There there was only one closet for every twenty houses and the cleaning was always delayed till they overflowed and stunk out the alleys. To allow such conditions to remain, and to spend thousands of yen in building infectious diseases hospitals and piling up expenses in fighting infectious disease was useless. It was just the same with plague and all infectious diseases. Besides neglecting to destroy the terrible breeding-ground of infectious diseases in the slums, when notice of an infectious case was sent in thirty-six hours passed before an official arrived, while in the infectious diseases hospital the nurses had to sleep in the badly disinfected passages. Surely there was a tile loose in the heads of the city authorities when they regarded this as prevention of infectious diseases? But this was verging on dangerous thoughts, even if it only referred to the treatment of the attendants on the free patients in the fourth-class ward.

With these thoughts in his mind Eiichi sat on the chair by Matsuzo's bed glaring at the white walls of the ward, which glared back at him, till one o'clock in the morning, and then, unable to endure his torture any longer, he crept under Matsuzo's bed and slept on the hard floor. In the morning, just as the windows began to show traces of dawn, Eiichi crept out from under the iron bed. He tested Matsuzo's temperature and found it had fallen a little, and then he crept under the bed again. He was too fatigued to keep awake and too weary to trouble himself about the chance of infection. He

threw himself down on the boards and slept.

All the patients woke up about six o'clock and looked at Eiichi sprawling on the boards. They must have thought that he was very careless of danger. His body ached with the hardness of his couch.

Eiichi went out to wash his face and found that the field hospital in the passage had disappeared. All the bedding and mats had been put away and everything cleared up. A woman, with her head wrapped in a towel, was sweeping the floor, which shone like a mirror where the sun shone on it. There was a smell of lysol in the air and a bustle of attendants going in and out of the wards. Some one had died and the nurses were carrying out the body on a litter, the face covered with gauze. Everywhere there was the sound of ice being broken.

That day, as Eiichi had now come to understand the ways of the hospital, he placed Matsuzo in charge of the woman attending to the patient in the next bed, and went home to get some money. When he returned to the hospital in the evening he found the woman had looked after Matsuzo very carefully and he thought that women were best fitted for that kind of work

It was a period of national mourning; no sound of music was heard throughout the land. Eiichi thought that the loss would mean a change in the country, but the slums were indifferent to all outside events. There only the waves of progress did not roll. With a watch for the police set at the crossroads, hundreds of men were gambling in the alleys by the light of candles fastened to clogs. The prostitutes were plying their trade, and every five or ten minutes a victim fell into their net. The dust-pickers went out at their usual time and the beggars showed no concern. The only change noticeable was that the boys and girls of the slums were gathered outside the cheap sweetshops.

Eiichi wondered what the changes would produce. What would the transition from the Meiji to the Taisho Era bring forth? Would there be a change in political affairs—in literature? But this did not trouble him much. His business was to succour the poor, and it was all one to him what changes there were in an administration which did not concern itself with such matters. It was the same with literature. The literature which did not concern itself with the poor, who formed eight or nine-tenths of the nation, was to Eiichi of no importance. He did not regard as literature the diversions of the nobility or the pastimes of the rakes, the love affairs of some titled miss, or the entanglements of the young son of a house with a geisha. He knew nothing about the principles of art, but he did not think there was any art in the narration of amorous adventures which were like the rutting of cats on the roof.

Yet still he thought there must be some change. From the depth of the darkness of the national mourning there must arise some alteration.

Isaiah, in the year of national mourning, saw God in the spirit, it was stated, but for Eiichi, servant and priest, there was no special revelation. For him there was only the simple life, the eternal hope to read the mystery of God, his cherished desire to see a new destiny opened in the history of mankind by an understanding of the social organisation.

He had learned how to handle the children of the slums; he had become accustomed to the street-preaching; in all these things he no longer had any trouble. His health had gradually grown better, and he had come to take a pleasure in the simple life he led. Having thus found a pleasure in life again, he was able to regard nature once more with pleasure. But life in the slums was too monotonous. It was like an endless electric wire. There was neither glamour nor variety in it. There was no woman he could love. There were nothing but infectious diseases, syphilis, gambling, quarrels, prostitutes, murders, and pickpockets. No grass grew in the slums. No moon or sun could be seen rising from the horizon.

When it rained Eiichi welcomed the rain as a miracle, and delighted in going out in the rain with bare feet. Eiichi was especially fond of lightning; nothing gave him greater pleasure than gazing at lightning. Before he went to live in the slums Eiichi had kept a diary of the clouds and had studied the colour of the atmosphere. In such things he had delighted. In the slums it was only possible to see the blue sky above the roofs for a moment.

Nevertheless Eiichi was satisfied.

For the sake of the children in the slums Eiichi had tried to inaugurate a scheme for reforming the children by

sending them to live with households in the country in the summer. Through the assistance of Mr. Tamotsu Ikeda of the Kobe office of the *Osaka Asahi*, he had tried to get invitations for the better behaved children in the slums to stay in middle-class houses for a week. He thought that even in such a short period, the wildness of the children might be tamed and they would be taught to be quieter. But there were only three answers to the advertisement in the paper, and two of them wanted Eiichi to assist them in getting a maid-servant. As Eiichi had had enough of these applications for maid-servants and apprentices, he declined. After all, the kindest were those who provided the Christmas parties, and welcomed two or three of the slum children to them. Mrs. Natori, the wife of a lawyer, was the kindest of all, since she not only invited four children herself but persuaded others to do the same. They all complained, however, that owing to the class-system that prevailed in the Japanese home, there was great difficulty in getting the well-to-do and the poor children to mix with each other and consequently not much chance of effecting any real reform. The furnishings of a Japanese house are such that when the slum children treat them at all roughly they are soon broken, so that people found the children very troublesome in the house, and quickly sent them home again.

Yet Eiichi did not acknowledge defeat. He thought that if there was a change in Japan it would be in the direction of doing on a large scale what he was now trying to do on a small scale.

Attendance at the Mission always fell off in the summer, but this summer it fell off most remarkably. Mrs. Takeda and others did all they could to get people to attend and the number of women increased. Among the women coming to the Mission were Shin, Masa, Mrs. Kawadzu, Mrs. Masaki (a friend of Mrs. Takeda's), Mrs. Nakatani, who lived next door to Mrs. Takeda, Miss Higuchi and her younger sister, Kaji, Tamae, Tomi, some of Miss Higuchi's helpers, Mrs. Roppei, Mrs. Toda, old Granny of the Cats, old Mrs. Kishimoto, and four or five others.

Many youths came but they did not stay long. Takeda was very fervent, Eiichi was astonished at his fervour.

In August, at the invitation of Dr. Williams, who paid all the expenses, Eiichi went for a rest to Karuizawa, where he enjoyed himself very much. The mountain air suited him. The sight of Mount Asama, looming sepia-coloured in the morning sun, with a column of white smoke leisurely ascending, pleased him, and the indescribable beauty of the autumn tints, as seen in the pure mountain air.

Mrs. Williams treated Eiichi very kindly and both she and Dr. Williams conducted him to neighbouring spots. Eiichi, by himself, climbed Mount Hanare, and for nine hours watched the clouds over the Japanese Alps. He also went on an excursion with other foreigners, both children and grown up, to Kusatsu, Mount Shirone, and Ikao, returning by train to Karuizawa.

Eiichi had never had such an enjoyable trip in his life. Especially the groves at Ikao, where the feel of the broad-leaved trees was like the skin of a young girl. He imagined that Tsuruko might come to enjoy herself in such a grove, and felt troubled to find she was not there. Tsuruko had got married and had gone to live in Yokohama. It was no use grumbling about it, he thought.

Eiichi had much interesting talk and heard much good music during his trip. He returned to the slums at the end of August and found all well. Matsuzo had recovered from his illness.

XXXVII.

It was a matter of concern to Eiichi that only women came to the Mission. Ambitious youths, however, never stopped long in the slums, while women, even if they were ambitious, could only earn their living as prostitutes or waitresses if they went outside the slums and naturally therefore they came longer to the Mission. Then again the women were not so dissolute as the men, and did not have to give up drinking saké and smoking and gambling and fighting as the men would if they came to the Mission, so that the women were comparatively good Christians.

As only women came to the Mission it became almost like a woman's church, and as the number of women increased the number of conversions among them increased. Among those baptised were

the wife of Mizuta, the boss, and Tomoe, a friend of Hanae. The increase in the number of young women made Eiichi somehow feel that his position as a bachelor became more dangerous every day. Even if he himself were pure, there were many bad characters in the slums, and he did not know what deception they might practise on him or what plot they might concoct against him.

The Imperial Funeral was conducted amid the sorrow of the nation and the cool winds of autumn began to blow. The whole of the people of Japan were filled with an indescribable anxiety. It seemed as if a dark cloud covered the whole land, the dispersal of which was imperative. Every day the papers uttered their displeasure. Everything seemed to have come to an end,—government, diplomacy, art, science, religion, all seemed to be followed merely as a matter of form.

At Christmas, in that period of national mourning, Eiichi was unable, through lack of money, to entertain the children of the slums as in previous years. All he could do was to invite some thirty of the poorest families in the slums. Altogether, in the small Mission hall, he entertained some hundred and fifty children, for three days, fifty being invited each day.

The New Year came. But this year, so far from being able to distribute rice-cake to others, Eiichi could not afford to have it in his own house. Eiichi did not mind, but Mrs. Tomijima, hearing from somewhere that Eiichi had no rice-cake, kindly brought some. Despite the national mourning gambling continued in the streets, but it was not conducted so freely as in previous years.

There was a popular song sung in the slums:—

The blind man stumbled over a dog
And the dog it barked at he,
You should have seen that blind man's eyes,
As black as black could be.

This song always reminded Eiichi of the blind father of Jinchan who lived in a two-mat room. He was blind, and when he opened his eyes you could not see any pupil or iris, but only a number of dark blue veins. When he blinked his eyeballs moved as if they were coming out of his head.

Everywhere there was mourning and it was not only signified by the black band on the arm; it was also in the heart. Like the blind man in the popular song, Japan was also blind, with blind leaders, and all her future was "black as black could be."

The unrest was such as to arouse belief in an explosion. An atmospheric low pressure was hastening to cover the Japanese islands. Would it rain? Or would there be a wind storm?

But before a storm the sea is calm.

XXXVIII.

There was a disturbance in the streets of the capital. Crowds surrounded the Houses of Parliament, and, driven away from there, the mob had begun to fire the newspaper offices. No sooner had this news been circulated in Kobe than rioters made an attack on the residence of the local representative, who was a member of the Katsura party. The whole city boiled over like a kettle. The representatives's house was guarded by soldiers, Policemen were stationed along the thoroughfares. A great many labourers, who looked like braves, had been arrested and were being taken to the police station with their hands tied, two together.

"Just loosen the rope a bit, master," complained one. "It's cutting into my wrists enough to make 'em bleed."

"Be quiet," said the policeman. "I'll loosen it at the police station."

"He's gone and tied us up cruel hard, ain't he, the brute," grumbled another. He was Kanjiro Tsuda, the brother of the youth who had lost his hand and was being looked after by Eiichi. Just in front of him was walking Suekichi Taga, a leader in the riot. He was guarded by five or six detectives, who were taking him to the police station.

The disturbance had broken out in the evening about nine o'clock and the attack on the residence of the local representative had started after midnight.

This man, Suekichi Taga, was a very violent fellow and an enthusiastic follower of Inukai of the People's Party. He was ready to lay down his life for Inukai. He had a square sort of a face, light brown in colour, and rather small, piercing eyes. He was tatooed on the wrists. He seemed to think nothing of

being arrested by the police and went down the hill talking pleasantly to the detectives.

It was said that no less than two hundred and fifty persons were arrested that day.

The origin of the disturbance was this. Taro Katsura, impelled by the principles of militarism and pride in military rule, formed a Constitutional Association, at the inauguration ceremony of which the Kobe representative, who had formerly been a leader of the People's Party, abandoning his own party and all his principles, had thrown in his influence with Katsura. This action of the local representative had aroused the anger of the citizens of Kobe and resulted in the attack on his residence. He had some sort of excuse to give, but the fact was that he had fallen under Katsura's influence and Katsura was a liar.

The turning-point in Katsura's career was when he made a tour of Europe in company with Shimpei Goto. It was quite evident that bureaucracy had come to an end in Japan. Even Katsura was not such a fool as not to be able to see this. Unfortunately, however, he could not bring himself to throw aside his past career and show any sympathy with the people. As for the people they could not bring themselves to believe in Katsura, while those who hastened to lick Katsura's shoes, such as Kono and Shimada and others, were reviled as renegades. The people knew that Kono and Shimada were not the kind of people to throw over their principles in a hurry, but they could not get to learn the secret of Katsura's conversion of them. It was by the exercise of his personal influence, by means of which he also hoped to be able to carry out his deeply-laid plan, the establishment of party government. It was here, however, that Katsura made his first mistake, which was that he trusted too much to his own influence in enabling him to form a Constitutional government. He was carried from the height of exultation sheer down to the depths of despair. The capital was in an uproar; newspaper offices were fired. The wave of agitation spread to Kobe.

The local representative was a good sort of man, one to inspire confidence in Inukai and Katsura by his association with them, one who was courageous enough to take his own road. Moreover, he had studied in Europe and America and was well educated. Unfortunately, however, he was the possessor of the property acquired by his ill-famed father. For that reason he was not in good odour among the citizens. Everything he did was regarded in a sinister light. If he endowed an orphanage he was criticised for desiring to gain notoriety, if he founded a school he was charged with ambition. If he entered upon an enterprise in Manchuria he was reviled as a monopolist; if he used any of his money to enlarge the gate to his house he was told that he was getting as luxurious as a daimyo. Whatever he did his conduct was criticised as that of a bad man. When, therefore, this man with the bad reputation hastened to join Katsura, the people flared up, and among them Suekichi Taga. Taga sepnt an evening putting lamp black in empty eggshells, to the number of several hundred. Going to the local representative's house he threw the eggs at the palings of the house and at the beautiful gate of which there was so much talk. This caused the citizens much amusement.

When Taga was called to the police-station he explained that he was assisting in the funeral of the local representative's political career, and that the eggs represented the black-edged mourning paper. This caused still greater amusement to the people when they read it in the paper.

For two or three days after that nothing happened, but the capital was still agitated, and finally the wave of unrest spread to Kobe. A political meeting was called at which Katsura was severely criticised. Many of the speakers were interrupted by the police, and finally the meeting broke up amidst great excitement. There was a feeling in the air that something would happen, and when voices in the crowd began to call out the name of the local representative, the people began to run in the direction of the Hill. They were quickly joined by thousands of roughs, the leaders of whom were some fourteen or fifteen young men, mostly from the Shinkawa slums.

Tsuda was a fine-looking young man, —noted in the slums for his good looks. He always reminded Eiichi of Michael Angelo's "David," he had such a handsome face.

Tsuda did not know Taga, and he did not know much about Katsura. He only knew that the local representative was

hatefully rich. Although his younger brother had lost his hand while working for a rich company, the company had paid no compensation but had discharged him, with barbarous inhumanity. Tsuda did not know or care whether this had anything to do with the local representative. He did not know whether the local representative, among the thousands of shares he owned, had even one share in the company which had treated his brother so cruelly. Probably even then the local representative did not know how cruelly the company treated its workpeople.

Whether the local representative had anything to do with the company or not, the workers never think well of the rich. The rich lead easy lives, and the workers hard lives, and they see no reason why this should be so. Tsuda, owing to his brother having lost his hand, was especially prone to hate the rich, and he therefore joined eagerly in an attack on the richest man in Kobe. For this purpose he had spoken to all the dissipated youths in the slums, some of whom had agreed to join him, while others had hung back, fearing that they would be sent to prison. However, he had taken some fourteen or fifteen of the youths to the political meeting, where they had not spoken to Taga, but kept themselves apart in a corner.

Tsuda and his band had gone out with all the others when the meeting broke up, and as soon as the cries of the local representative's name arose they had run with the crowd in the direction of the Hill. Tsuda had soon run to the front among the leaders of the crowd, one of whom was carrying a red flag, and the crowd poured along Shimoyamatedori, till it came to the residence of the local representative. Here there was a high fence round the house and, nobody having the courage to scale it, the crowd rushed round and round the house. There were some large stones lying to the west of the house as ornaments, and, while the crowd was hesitating to attack a number seized upon a huge stone weighing several hundredweight and battered in a leaf of the expensive gate, thus entering the grounds. Inside, however, they found a large posse of police waiting, who quickly arrested those entering the grounds. Among those arrested were Tsuda, Ozaki, Sakaki and Nishioka.

That night the troops were called out, and the next day's papers were filled with details of the disturbance. Thousands of persons went to look at the scene of the riot.

The news that Tsuda, Ozaki and Nishioka had been arrested soon reached the slums. Katsunosuke Yamauchi told Eiichi next day all about the night's proceedings. Katsu had become separated from Tsuda and had not entered the grounds of the local representative when the gate was broken open, but he had climbed on the fence of a school opposite the house and had seen practically everything that had taken place.

"Teacher," he said, "ain't Tsuda brave? There's a tree by the side of the house. He got up there and he made a speech to the crowd, and when he'd finished he took a towel and shook it and told 'em to do something. Ozaki was there too. He's a daredevil, he is. He jumped from the tree on to the top of the fence and ran along it."

They were all children of the slums,—merely children. Only Tsuda had reached seventeen. Most of the others were boys of fifteen or so. For the first time Eiichi realised what part they had taken in the disturbance.

What had happened? Something unworthy of Japan. Eiichi recalled his old prophecies,—that the people would rebel against their conditions. He felt keenly that the times had changed. The children of the slums were climbing the fences of the wealthy. It was a sign of the times. The darkness over Japan had deepened and Eiichi was filled with anxiety.

XXXIX.

Tamae improved in health after she went to the workshop every day. Her soft warm cheeks plumped out and she became indescribably beautiful. Her large eyes, with soft, silken lashes, her clear-cut, sparkling pupils, with their wandering expression when she was overcome by shyness,—all these made her as beautiful as a picture. Tamae was conscious of her own loveliness, and this made her all the more bashful. If attention was called to her she hid her face in her sleeve. The first time she came to Eiichi's house alone she refused to

come in but stood at the door. Eiichi knew why she had come. She had ingenuously responded to an invitation he had given her. Eiichi was rejoiced to receive a visit from such a lovely maiden. He thought he would like to gaze all day long on her face, as lovely as one of Rodin's sculptures.

A long time she stood by the door.

"People will think it strange if you stand at the door all the time," said Eiichi. "Come inside."

She came in and sat silently in a corner with her face turned to the sooty wall in the yard. Do what he could Eiichi could not get her to turn her face towards him.

"What's the matter, Tamae?" he asked. "Didn't you come here to enjoy yourself?"

"Yes," she answered, "but . . I I . . I feel shy all by myself: I thought perhaps Miss Higuchi might be here or . . ."

Yet she knew all the time that nobody else would be there. She only said this to account for her bashfulness.

As Tamae was so shy Eiichi sent for Tomoe. At once Tamae became full of life, and enjoyed herself all the evening.

After that Tamae often came alone in the evening and stopped till late. Eiichi thought that she had fallen a little in love with him. It was true she never said a word to indicate this, but, although there was no necessity, when she had a headache and could not go to work, she used to write letters in pencil and get her mother to bring them. For instance she would write "I shall not be able to attend Thursday's meeting" and then, as if with some significance, she would add, "I shall feel lonely not seeing the teacher's face."

Her mother was an ignorant old woman of sixty-four or five, who looked like an outcast. She was very fond of her daughter and so acted as her messenger.

"I always likes to help her," she said. "Our Tamae says she'd like to see the teacher's face, so why don't you come and call on her now she's sick?"

Eiichi felt diffident about calling on Tamae when he was asked so directly. Nevertheless he went that afternoon to see how she was. This was the first time he had been to her house. It consisted of one room of three mats in front and one of two mats behind, two altogether, —so small was it. Nevertheless, as it was on the western side of the river outside the slums it was quite respectable. Everything appeared in order, all the paper screens being nicely mended.

Tamae was in the back room, and when Eiichi went in she got up, dressed in a dirty old narrow-sleeved kimono and nothing else, and greeted him. But as she said her head ached she soon got back into bed again,

"As I wanted to see the teacher's face I sent my mother," she said.

That was all she said. But her old mother, after she had got Eiichi to sit down by the side of a brazier in the front room, was more communicative.

"Tamae's my youngest," she said, "and she's been so petted that she's quite spoilt. She's as obstinate as can be. Never saw such a girl for having her own way in everything. Her elder sister—she's the only sister she's got. She's married to a plasterer and they help me and Tamae. They ain't in very good circumstances, but they help us when they're able and one way or another we manage to live."

Tamae let her mother do all the talking; she herself was silent. She could see Eiichi from the back room, as the door was open in between the two rooms. Eiichi could also see her. Tamae smiled and then buried her head in the bedclothes so that Eiichi could not see her.

Eiichi did not feel any interest in the old mother's conversation and soon went away. Nevertheless he was pleased with Tamae.

XL.

Spring came again, but the slums did not improve as Eiichi had hoped. His propaganda had failed, and he put it down to his own stupidity. Slighted, he, the poor preacher, with his little mission room, felt as if he were buried beside a dust-box.

Now that spring had come he thought he would start a study of the mental condition of the poor. He wanted to study the mental processes leading to reformation, the materials for which were lacking. He had never ceased from his literary work since he had entered the slums, in the time he had at liberty from nursing the sick and preaching the gos-

pel, and now that he had published his book on "Friendship," and had copied out his "History of the Christian Controversy" and had concluded his "Biography of Jeremiah," he thought he would turn to a study of the mental conditions of the poor.

He made time to go to the public library, although, on account of his poverty, he grudged the five sen he had to pay for a special ticket every time he went there. There was no fire in the reading-room at the library, and he sat there shivering in his thin clothes.

He had by now attained some practice in writing books, and his task gave him no difficulty. The study of the mental condition of the poor he thought would occupy his time for two or three years if he did the work at his ease.

In April, on the advice of a friend, he went to the newly opened Japan Christian Mission at Wakayama, and passed the examination to become a catechist, but he was such a careless catechist that he lost his certificate while returning to Kobe. Now he had become a catechist he received a salary of eighteen yen a month, at which he was extremely pleased. Moreover, at the Girls Divinity School he was promoted from merely interpreting to the position of lecturer. Thus his former salary there of five yen a month increased to twenty, and he found himself, to his surprise, in receipt of a total income of thirty-eight yen a month. As he was a vegetarian he could live on five yen a month, and the remaining thirty-three yen he spent to the last penny in relieving the poor.

The mission work had in truth little effect, but the instruction was fairly interesting. The progress made by Takeda and "Kami-no-ko" was really remarkable. Compared with them, the slowness of the pupils at the Girls' Divinity School was extraordinary. Eiichi felt strongly that these religious institutions were a mistake. Although Takeda and "Kami-no-ko" had lived all their life in the slums the pupils at the Divinity School showed no superiority to them. Takeda and "Kami-no-ko" both had good memories and showed themselves possessed of sound ideas. On the other hand the girls at the Divinity School, although their instruction was confined to the doctrines of Christianity, showed themselves very lackadaisical and made no progress whatever. Eiichi thought that if he were principal of the Divinity School he would remove it to the middle of the slums and would turn it into a kind of nunnery. However, he got up his lessons thoroughly and did his best to instruct the girls.

While he was teaching them he could not get rid of the thought that they were of the opposite sex,—soft and warm. If he were to receive a wife, he thought, it would be well to look for one in the school, one who would be willing to come and spend her life with him in the slums, But, although over a year had elapsed since he had first begun to assist in the Divinity School, he had found none among the girls brave enough to do this. Comparing them with Miss Higuchi and Tamae, he found the girls in the Divinity School without animation. Of course there was no girl among them as beautiful as Tamae; but at the same time there was no girl that showed as much vitality as Miss Higuchi. The girls at the Divinity School appeared all like dolls, while, on the other hand, the girls who had to earn their own living were full of spirit. Eiichi decided that it would be better for him to select a life-long companion from among the active working girls, rather than from among those who had received a formal education.

XLI.

Eiichi regularly attended the Bible classes at Miss Higuchi's house, taking Tamae with him. They also went back home together through the dark streets.

Tamae walked silently like a marble statue. She was an uneducated girl who had not even gone through the fifth year course at school, but she had more regular features than Tsuruko. Tsuruko had the elegance of the well-to-do, but nevertheless there was something strange about her beauty. She had not got Tamae's fine features. Tamae had the expression of a Greek goddess, and although this is not uncommon among the class to which she belonged, she was different from them inasmuch as she had not got the almond eyes of the Yamato race. The shape of her eyes gave one the impression that she was one of the white races, perhaps Ainu.

Eiichi wanted a wife and there before him was an angel descended straight from heaven. She was such a woman as he

longed for. If her mother was willing the girl would also he willing,—more than willing, for she was in love with him.

She was young, and soft, and warm, her skin delicate as silk. He was happy to walk by her side. If he had had the right to embrace her he would have taken the opportunity.

She was the flower of the slums,—lovelier than all the flowers that he had yet seen.

She was young; she was beautiful,—a Venus. As he walked home with her in the darkness he thought what it would be like if he seized hold of her and gave her a burning kiss. As they went past the cross-roads, out from under the eaves of the houses, Tamae's profile appeared yet more beautiful as the electric light shone on it. How beautiful she was! If Eiichi had been of another temperament he would certainly have claimed possession of her at that moment. But he had not the courage to stretch out his hand. He was not only Tamae's companion; he was her teacher.

Eiichi worshipped women, but this worship was not at all from a sexnal point of view. He knew that the gratification of the senses was merely momentary, while a maiden's beauty and purity were eternal. Putting aside lustful thoughts and bearing a pure heart, as of an angel from heaven, while he walked by the side of Tamae, he felt that he would like this girl to open her heart to him, to conduct him into its innermost recesses.

One night, on leaving Miss Higuchi's house at Wakinohama to return home, Tamae opened her flower-like lips and spoke to Eiichi.

"Teacher, I suppose you'll get married. . . . although of course it's better to live as you do without getting married."

Eiichi thought it was a strange question to ask, but Tamae opened her eyes, which twinkled like stars, in such a pretty way as she asked it, and spoke in such bird-like tones, that it seemed as if an angel had spoken from heaven.

Tamae longed for Eiichi. Even if she could not get Eiichi's love, she did not want him to give it to anybody else. That was why she had asked him to remain unmarried.

Eiichi knew what answer to return to her. He had only to tell her that he loved her. But he could not bring himself to do this. After all Tamae was comparatively a child; there was a difference of from nine to ten years in their ages, and however beautiful she was, and however precocious, as is usual among the children of the poor, Eiichi did not think that she was old enough to he his wife. Eiichi knew that Tamae's request had come from a maiden whose eyes had been opened to matters of sex, but he did not think that a girl barely fifteen could perform her duties as a wife, either physically or socially. On the other hand, if the marriage did not take place immediately, and five or six years were to elapse, he thought the girl would regard it as a strange arrangement and that she would suffer for it. He therefore decided to restrain himself and only replied to her question by a laugh.

If she had been four or five years older perhaps Eiichi would have engaged himself to her. But Tamae was only a bud; it was unbearable that she should become frost-bitten.

"Tamae," he said. "You are very beautiful and you will have many temptations through life. Be very careful. If you were a little older, I should love you very much, but you are still young, you know. I will be a brother to you and take care of you."

"What? Will you be my brother?" replied Tamae, looking up into his face. "How glad I am. Please be my brother. No, no, you're my father. Whenever I'm sick you take the trouble to come and see me, and however sick I am I soon get better when I see your face. Oh, how glad I am!"

Passing the gasworks Tamae spoke again.

"Teacher," she said, "that young Nishioka is a bad lot. You know him, don't you,—young Nishioka, the one who attacked the member's house? A lot of boys from Shinkawa were there, and he was among them."

"Yes, I know him, I know him," said Eiichi. "He and Tsuda's brother and others broke into the place. What has he done?"

"He sent me a strange letter the other day."

"What was it about."

"I've got it here."

She took a paper out of her sash and showed it to Eiichi. It was a love-letter.

"I don't have to send an answer to a letter like that, do I, teacher?"

Eiichi stopped in front of the wall of the gas-works and read the letter by the street lamp at the corner.

"Darling, Darling Tamae," it ran, "morning and night I think of you till I am almost dead with love. Please do what I ask and come next Sunday evening to the beach at Chikko."

That was as much as Eiichi could make out. It was very badly written and was as strange a love letter as ever was seen.

"I haven't shown it to anyone else," said Tamae, "but I thought I'd bring it and show it to you. It's only worth throwing away, isn't it ?—trying to make a fool of me," and she tore it to pieces and threw it in the gutter.

"But, teacher," Tamae went on, "I'm always afraid when I go to Shinkawa. The other day a boy named Kiku,—the one who thinks such a lot of himself.—he came running after me when I was going to the Mission, and just when I got into the alley he seized hold of me by the throat and said, 'Now I've got you, and you've got to do what I want. If you don't I'll kill you.' I was awfully frightened and couldn't call out, and if a man hadn't come by just then, which made Kiku run away, I don't know what I should have done."

That night Tamae opened her heart to Eiichi, and Eiichi heard for the first time of the doings of the dissipated youths of Shinkawa.

"That time, you know, that boy Matsu you're looking after, teacher,—he was with Kiku, and when Kiku seized me by the throat and made my eyes turn in my head with the pain, he was standing by laughing. He's a bad boy, teacher, really."

As Tamae said this she cast down her eyes with an angry expression. It only made her look more beautiful.

"You mustn't get angry, Tamae," said Eiichi. "Matsuzo is not here now."

"Oh, oh," she replied. "It makes me more angry still to think of it. But that's a sin, isn't it, teacher? I'm so silly I commit three or four sins a day. If I commit so many sins perhaps the Lord Jesus will not forgive me."

She spoke half in jest and half in earnest.

They turned off from Azuma-dori at the corner and came out by Higurashi bridge.

"How quick we've been! We've got to Higurashi bridge already," said Tamae. "I wonder what time it is. I suppose it's past nine. I want to stay with you a little longer. When I'm with teacher mother never scolds me. She says I can go to your place but she won't let me go anywhere else."

Looking to the hills from the dry bed of the Shin Ikuta river, there was a slight mist, and the darkness was especially profound. There were no lights on either side of the road, which could not be distinguished. Only the bed of the river looked white in the darkness. The outline of the painted railings also stood out clearly in the darkness with a somewhat weird appearance.

"But it's getting very late, Tamae," said Eiichi, "so you must go home now and get to bed. You know you have to go to work early to-morrow."

"I want to be with you a little longer," answered Tamae as she leaned against the rails and looked up at the stars. She was clasping Eiichi's arm with both hands.

The skyline over the hills, with a deep purple sky, could just be seen faintly. There were no passers-by and the two stood silent.

A maiden had thrown herself on Eiichi's breast but he had not the courage to grasp her. He wished to protect her, to guide this beautiful maiden carefully along the path of life so that she made no mistake. But he could not bring himself to surrender his love to her. Only the thought that he was loved by a beautiful girl caused his heart to beat faster.

They stood there ten minutes, Eiichi pointing out to her the constellation of the Great Bear, and then, in spite of her protestations that she wanted to walk a little more with the "teacher," he took her to her home.

XLII.

Two or three days after that Miss Higuchi came at the midday interval to consult Eiichi about Tamae.

"Hasn't she been here ?" she asked. "You know how poorly they live at home. The girl's only got one *kimono*, the one she always goes about in. It's really too bad. The other day I gave her an old one of my own. And last night she came to my house and said her uncle wanted to send her out as a waitress. Of course,

she doesn't want to go. It's all because they are in trouble over a trifling debt, —only eleven yen. They borrowed it from a money-lender and it's got to be paid back. The money was for her sister when she had typhus fever last summer. Isn't it dreadful that they should be in trouble over such a small amount? Such a pretty girl as she is to be ruined! As I told her last night, if it's only that much why not speak to the teacher; he'd soon put it right. I told her I'd tell you and that she must call at Shinkawa on her way home and ask the teacher to oblige her with that amount. She said she'd come, but I suppose she felt shy as she hasn't come."

Miss Higuchi had her hair done in a chignon as usual, and with her rosy cheeks and intelligent, sparking eyes, discussed Tamae's affairs in her clear-cut tones.

It was the first Eiichi had heard of Tamae being sent out as a waitress.

"Is Tamae at the workshop?" he asked.

"No, she's been absent the last two or three days. She came to my house the day after the Bible Class."

"Well, if it's only eleven yen it isn't much. I haven't spent my salary for this month yet, so I'll take it out of that."

Eiichi took his purse out of his bosom and gave Miss Higuchi eleven yen.

"Please give it to Tamae," he said, "and tell her she mustn't go out as a waitress."

"She said she didn't want to go, but it seemed as if her mother wanted her to go."

"How much does Tamae get every day at the workshop?"

"While she was learning the work she got sixteen sen a day, but they raised her wages the other day. They raise the wages every six months, you know, so she gets nineteen sen now."

"She can't get enough to eat on that."

"It's not only food,—it's barely sufficient for that,—but she has to pay for her bath, and for doing her hair, and it's not enough for all that"

"You won't mind my asking, will you, but how much do you get?"

"Well, I've been there seven years, and so I get sixty-one sen a day."

"I see. That comes to eighteen or nineteen yen a month, doesn't it?"

"No, more than that, because I have overtime, usually till about ten at night, so that it comes to more. Let me see, I suppose I get about twenty-four or twenty-five yen a month on an average."

"Why, that's more than I get," said Eiichi laughing.

"My father allows me to spend it all on myself," Miss Higuchi went on, "and although I pay for my board I have plenty left for myself. But Tamae gives all her money to her mother. She makes a little more in overtime and other ways, so I suppose altogether she gets nine yen a month. Rice has gone up a little in price, but with care she ought to be able to live on six yen a month, which leaves three or four yen for other expenses. But Tamae gives it all to her mother, and only gets at most about fifty sen a month for herself. She's a very good girl really, and is very obedient to her mother. If her mother wants her to go out as a waitress she won't refuse, but if teacher tells her she mustn't, she says her mother won't send her."

"What about the man who married her sister? I've never seen him."

"He's a plasterer. I've met him once. He likes living at Hyogo because he says there's more room there, so I suppose they're living there. I haven't seen the sister lately."

"Ah, that's the reason I haven't seen her. Doesn't she help her mother?"

"I think she gives her something every month, but I suppose it isn't enough."

"I should have thought that the plasterer would have been able to pay the eleven yen."

"Probably trade was bad. I hear he's a very steady worker."

It is very quiet in the slums in the middle of the day. The children like to go out into the sunshine in the spring, and they had all gone to play outside the alleys, so that the alleys were quiet. When they stopped speaking there was a momentary silence.

"I've something to ask you myself," went on Miss Higuchi, "but I'll come some other time when I'm not busy. I've only got twenty minutes at noon, and I ran all the way here. I must go now. Thank you for the money. Tamae will be delighted. I'll go round and give it to her at once," and Miss Kieko Higuchi, in her blue worker's clothes, hurried off.

Looking after her Eiichi thought how brave she was, how like an elder sister to all her companions.

Seated at his desk Eiichi wondered what Miss Higuchi had wanted to ask him. She had said that she would come

again when she had more time. It must be about her marriage. Had she come to talk to him about her marriage? Her manner during the two years and a half he had known her had not changed. Since he had come to live in the slums he had admired her for the courage with which she faced the world. He had not spoken of marriage, but if she broached the subject he would hear her joyfully. Kieko was different from other women. She wanted to be independent and such a woman had a strong will. She was a woman who would marry of her own free will. If she were only better-looking she would be a very fine woman. Then, confronted by such fervent ardour, he felt that he would always be happy.

Eiichi tried to arrange his materials for a study of the mental condition of the poor, but his mind was filled with thoughts of Tamae and Kieko, and he could do nothing.

He had never said a word about love to Kieko. She was healthy, of sound constitution, refined, good tempered, but she was not good-looking. Although he could not entirely overlook this, he thought that in the fervency of passion love would take the place of beauty. It was nobler to love a plain woman than to spend one's life in anxiety with a beautiful woman. To love such a refined woman as Kieko would be to create a happy home for lifetime, which was certainly agreeable.

Kieko was just like a rare perfume. She was nothing to look at, but when one came to know her she exhaled a charm which attracted everyone. She left it in the air like a perfume after she had gone. Such a woman could not be judged by her face. She was not a Venus, but she had the dignity of a Juno. She was not a plaything, but a faithful ruler. Into whoever's hands she fell, he would be lucky who spent his life with her. Happiness? Beauty? In marrying Tamae he would be marrying beauty, but it would mean a lifetime of anxiety. At thirty-five or thirty-six a woman's beauty vanished. On the other hand there was the beauty that years could not change, which grew with age. That was Kieko's beauty. Kieko would be a lifelong benediction. Yet he felt that he would like to taste the cares of beauty for a time. That was the reason why he could not bring himself to ask Kieko to marry him. Nevertheless if Kieko asked him if love was not better than beauty, coming from such a noble woman as her he felt he would be satisfied with her love.

Looking at his clean copy of the notes on the delinquencies of the poor that he had made at the public library, Eiichi found that it was full of mistakes.

Love rather than beauty! In the end love would become beauty—more, intense love would overcome beauty. The outward form of beauty would be melted by love in the heat of a hundred million stars rushing together. Eiichi was prepared to be melted by the constant visits that Miss Higuchi had paid him during the last three years, because of the love she showed him. Beauty and ugliness faded to nothingness before the thought of love. To receive such love as that was like passing across the world of beauty and creating a new world on the other side. If she crossed over to him would it not be an honour to be melted by her? He would not then hide in the temple of beauty.

Thus thinking, Eiichi looked joyfully forward to the time when Kieko would tell him what was in her heart.

Just then he heard the delightful sound of women's clogs in the alley, and soon Kieko and Tamae were peeping through the window.

"Teacher, I've come again," said Kieko, "I've brought Tamae with me to thank you. I've given her the money."

Tamae, as usual, kept in the background, in her bashful way.

"How do you do, Tamae?" said Eiichi.

Tamae bowed confusedly to Eiichi without looking at him. For some reason today her hair, which was usually neatly done up, was all in disorder.

"Thank you very much, teacher," she said, smoothing her hair, and she made another stiff bow.

"Not at all," said Eiichi, with a slight bow. "Please come in both of you."

"Please excuse me," said Miss Higuchi. "I'm a little late, and must run away," and she hurried off, leaving Tamae standing lonely in the alley.

"Can I help you, teacher?" she asked, coming in.

Eiichi was pasting some newspaper cuttings in a scrap-book and got her to help him. She worked busily while answering his questions. From time to time she turned her large eyes to Eiichi, and Eiichi gazed at her in turn, whereupon they both laughed.

"You musn't be anxious now. While you're with me they won't send you out as a waitress."

"I'm really tired of life," replied Tamae, and tears like pearls fell from her long eyelashes.

As Eiichi's pen moved he sang in a low voice:—

Come to the Throne of Grace
And thereto you shall find
How life's unhappiness
Is left behind.

Tamae wept with her face over the scrapbook.

XLIII.

After that Eiichi did all he could to help Tamae. One time he sent a bale of rice to her house, and another time he took her and Miss Higuchi's sister and others out into the fields to enjoy themselves. But try as he would he could not remove the gloom that clouded Tamae's spirits. This was because of her mother's persistence in wanting to send her out as a waitress or a geisha.

This caused Eiichi great perplexity. There was only one way he knew to save her and that was to take her away from her mercenary mother. Eiichi several times made up his mind to do this. She was pretty, and pined after Eiichi, and he was not averse to her. He could send her to a girls' school, and could marry her when she had finished school. But she would not be able to go to a girls' school immediately She had only got as far as the second grade in the elementary school, and at the night school she had not reached the fifth grade, giving up the school when she went to work. Even if she could enter a girls' school at once, Eiichi had not sufficient money to keep her there. Moreover, if it became known that he was assisting a young girl to enter a school, it would certainly cause gossip. It would be said that he was like a dissipated youth betraying an innocent girl. He did not want people to think that of him.

Three or four times Miss Higuchi told him she wanted to consult him about something, but each time she postponed the matter for lack of time

The cherry-blossoms at Suma were falling and the air was hazy. Eiichi had caught cold through working too hard at his book and at outdoor preaching, and his voice had failed. As he had a little fever he stopped in bed. By his pillow there stood a bottle of medicine—the yellow decoction of apricot stones which he took regularly in the winter.

Then came Miss Higuchi to see him, attired in her silk overcoat, and with her hair nicely dressed. She had put on a little powder and was evidently taking a holiday from the workshop.

"How is your cold?" she asked. "I ought to have come to see you sooner, but we were kept busy in the workshop."

"Thank you," replied Eiichi, lifting his heavy head from the pillow. "Are you taking a holiday to-day? That's very unusual for you."

"Well, I wanted to come and see how you are, and also to talk over that matter about which I've spoken several times."

"It's very kind of you."

"How is your cold?"

"I could get up, but my head is heavy and my throat is not better yet, so I thought I'd better stay in bed. It's nothing very serious."

"Would it be troubling you too much if I consulted you to-day about that matter I spoke of"

"Not at all. Shall I get up?"

"No, no, that wouldn't do at all. Please stay where you are."

"Then I'll stay here if you don't mind."

"It's only that there's somebody wants to marry me. He's a teacher in an elementary school. He approached me through Mr. Matahei Yoshida of the Printing Works, and my father has given his consent. I'm getting past the marriageable age and my parents are anxious about me, although I shouldn't care if I passed my life in Shinkawa. If God finds me of any use in helping the poor people in the slums, I should be willing to spend all my life here. That is what I wanted to consult you about."

Eiichi felt as if he were being asked a riddle; it was clearly a riddle.

"Do you mean that you would come and live in the slums and never get married?" he asked.

"Yes."

There was no one else but Mitsu in the Mission room, with its broken walls and six pillars in the middle, and everything was quiet.

"Have both your parents agreed?"

"They let me do what I like, and they won't force me in the matter. I thought that if there was a vacant room somewhere in the slums I could come and live there."

"What about the workshop?"

"I could give that up."

"What would you do for food?"

"I could manage somehow—by private work. I have a little money saved and could manage for the time being. Is it a silly idea? Sometimes I think it would be better to take my father's advice and marry the school teacher. I'm puzzled what to do. Is it wrong for a woman not to get married?"

"I think it is right a women should get married," replied Eiichi. "She isn't womanly unless she does. It's true some well known women never married, but it's abnormal. Still it's wrong to force people to get married when they don't want to. There were people chosen by Christ, we are told—they were celibates, and there is no reason why those who wish to be celibates, should not be so. It's the usual thing for people to get married, but if they don't want to it doesn't matter. For myself I think marriage is necessary for humanity. It is a natural duty for the sake of the perpetuation of the race."

Miss Higuchi murmured "Yes," with her eyes fixed on the floor.

There was a momentary silence and then Miss Higuchi spoke again.

"Perhaps it would be a sin for me to marry a man I don't know, like that school teacher. I don't know him at all—I haven't even seen him although we are to meet each other soon if I agree. I don't know his character or anything about him. Would it be right to link my life with his? I don't think I can do it. I don't think I can enter into such a formal marriage. A worker would do for me; if I found one to my mind I would join my life with his. But I haven't found one, and while I'm waiting I'm getting past the marriageable age."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-six."

"That's just as old as I am," said Eiichi. "I thought you were older. In what month were you born?"

"In March."

"That would be March 1888?"

"Yes."

"Then you're four months older than I am."

"Really. You see I'm getting rather old, and if I don't get married now it will be too late. I'm already rather old for marriage. My mother got married when she was seventeen, so I'm nine years late. People will think I'm silly getting married so late, and childbirth will be more difficult. That's why I want to give my life to God. Is there any reason why I should not come to live with you?"

"To live with me?"

"Yes, as a servant. I'll work well. I don't want any wages or anything if you'll give me my food."

"What would your father and mother say?"

"As I said before my father and mother will not oppose me in anything I want to do."

As she said this Miss Higuchi raised her mild, intelligent eyes to Eiichi's face. Her face glowed with resolution.

Eiichi was perplexed at Kieko's ingenuous proposal. She had said nothing about marriage—merely that she wanted to come and live with him, not as his wife but as a companion. He could not understand it.

No doubt Kieko, in her foresight, had seen that if she proposed marriage to Eiichi and Eiichi refused she would be put to shame, and had therefore made her proposal very cleverly, so that he could take it as he liked. If Kieko had asked him to marry her he would have been ready to engage himself to her at once. He had certainly thought she would make such a proposal, but as her proposal was neither one thing nor the other he did not know what to answer. What if he broke the ice and himself proposed marriage?

Looking at the stout and healthy Kieko from under his dirty bedclothes she did not look at all ugly. It seemed almost a shame to bring her into the slums. He would be a lucky man who would have such a woman to wait on him and nurse him when he was sick.

Now was the opportunity for him to speak out. But then, he had thought that he would at least be able to marry a beautiful girl from a school. And there was Tsuruko, whom he had given his love to. Since then he had met many girls, among them Tamae, the outcast maiden who had come like an angel from Heaven to give him her shadowy love. Nobody knew this—only himself and God. He had not even spoken to her. And he was her only support. If he married another woman she would go out as a waitress or a geisha, or perhaps be sold for something worse.

Should he save her? Or should he marry Kieko? Eiichi was perplexed. He knew that they both wanted him. Why not satisfy them both? If he were a Mormon he could do it. As they were

both friends there could be no talk of their fighting for him. Tamae would bring him beauty; Kieko would bring him wisdom.

Truly if the three of them could live together they could enjoy no greater happiness. In his childhood, at Awa, a sailor from Kure and two girls had tied themselves together and committed suicide in the river, he remembered. Now he was confronted with the same situation as that sailor.

It would, indeed, be a sad world if Tamae had to go through it weeping. Both of them wanted his love and both of them loved him. Also he loved them both so that he could not bear to injure either. Would it not be better for the three of them to take the path followed by the sailor from Kure ? If such love as theirs was not allowed on the earth then it was better to go below the earth—their three bodies, bound together, the man in the middle, the two women of sixteen and twenty six on either side, and the two women, moreover, with their hands tied together—all together to throw themselves into the sea. He could not help thinking how irksome it was to be bound to life on earth.

Although these thoughts ran through his head he said nothing about them to Kieko.

" Miss Higuchi," he said, " you think of coming to live in Shinkawa. I'm afraid people would talk about it and that it would cause a lot of gossip if we lived together. If you come to live in Shinkawa you must make up your mind to marry me."

" Make up my mind to marry the teacher ? But my position is so much lower than yours; and my education also. I'm not at all in the position to become your wife, although. . . ."

She blushed and cast down her eyes. Her left hand was resting on the mats, and Eiichi stretched out his hand and laid it on hers. He was weeping but he covered his face with the bedclothes so as not to let her see his tears.

There was silence for ten or fifteen minutes. Kieko had a bewildered look and kept her eyes cast down. As Eiichi drew away his hand she spoke in a gentle voice.

" I will think it over, teacher," she said, " and come again in three weeks."

So saying she departed sadly.

Eiichi continued to weep under the bedclothes.

XLIV.

Eiichi lay in bed for two weeks undergoing torment. This torment was partly due to sexual reasons and partly to religious. He had told Kieko that if she decided to come and live in Shinkawa she must make up her mind to marry him. How would she take that answer ? That was the question. As he had answered like that no doubt she had taken it to mean that they must be married at once. Would it not be taken as showing his affection ? Although he was willing to entrust himself to Kieko yet he could not drive thoughts of Tamae out of his head. If he sacrificed himself for Tamae, his life would be a life of misery.

Then there was Tsuruko. Only three years had elapsed since he had bound himself to her, and he felt ashamed to desert his life of chastity and marry another woman. Moreover, if he married he would have to change his whole manner of life. Since he had gone to live in the slums he had forgotten the pleasures of life and had lived a sort of neutral existence. There would be some sort of excuse for deserting this life of chastity if he fell before the charms of some actress, but a life of pleasure with Kieko was too easy. There would also be an excuse for him if he took to his arms the budding maiden Tamae, even if her beauty did not reach that of a famous actress. But to seek the homely Kieko in marriage! He could go on living his single life; there was no necessity for him to break his life of celibacy. He had told Kieko that if she came to live in Shinkawa she must come as his wife, and this would be a temptation to her. To force her to marry another person was a violation of personal rights.

Then there was another question in regard to Kieko—that was the story told by Kida, that she was not a virtuous woman, and that she had run away to Yokohama with a lover. Eiichi did not want to believe this story, but as he got nearer to marriage the story seemed to sound more credible. If Kieko had been a beautiful woman the calumny would have quickly died out; it was only because she was not beautiful that it persisted. If she had been beautiful or had another lover, this would have killed the story. Such is the way of the world.

He thought that he could not love Kieko. She was going to marry the school teacher. Then he could marry Tamae. Which would be the happier ?

Of course the school teacher would be the happier. Tamae was like a princess. She was delicate, of no use in the world. He did not object to her being poor or living in the slums; there was nothing to cause him anxiety in that. But she was only a kind of plaything, something for one's amusement. Kieko, on the other hand, had a will of iron and the wisdom of a sage to guide a man along the road of life. She was one who could be trusted altogether with household affairs. She would cherish his difficult-tempered stepmother; she could be trusted to bring up the children well. She was fond of work, industrious; as she was virtuous she had a high sense of dignity. If she passed out of his life he would not be able to find another wife so suitable. Already she had done for him all that a wife could do. In his sickness she had come round to cheer him up. He could not be so heartless as to desert her.

He felt again that if she were to pass out of his life it would be a great loss to him. To lose Tamae would be but to lose a beautiful object.

He did not wish to part from Kieko—much less to see her become the wife of another. At the same time he did not wish to part from Tamae. But if he married Tamae he could not marry Kieko; he would have to abandon one of them.

Kieko was the one whom he would have to decide about first. Suppose he gave up both of them? He felt that it was impossible for him to do that. He would probably never be able to find another woman like Kieko, and there was no such beautiful girl as Tamae to be seen in the streets. He must make a choice, but at the same time he did not want to make a choice. He could not bear to be thought a man insensible to the charms of beauty, and yet he did not wish to part from a true companion in life.

But already, before suffering this anguish, Eiichi had made a sort of promise. This was that if Kieko came to live in Shinkawa she must make up her mind to marry him. In view of this it was impossible for him to think of Tamae.

Eiichi felt as if he was deceiving himself, Kieko, Tamae, God and the world. He was almost driven out of his mind. It seemed as if he could never rise again from his sick bed. The God whom he had served, who had hitherto kept his heart pure, had deserted him he thought. Like Samson he had no longer the spirit of the prophets. If he put aside all ideas of marriage and decided to remain a bachelor, perhaps God would return to him. Yet he wanted to get married; he wanted once in his life to touch the smooth skin of a maiden, to hear her blood throbbing in her veins. Unless he felt the beating of a maiden's heart he thought somehow that he could never be a man.

His veins were filled with the hot blood of youth, which had many times troubled him. Yet he had never pressed a maiden to his heart, so timid was he. Even when at the Tamanoya, Kohide and Kiyonosuke had made him sleep between them, his timidity had deprived him of all feeling of sex. But he knew that the hot blood of youth could not be long restrained. Moreover now was the time, if ever, when he should be married for the sake of his descendants.

When the hot blood of youth boils in one's veins life does not seem worth living if one has not a maiden to embrace. That is why those who are full of life become dissipated. But Eiichi could see no pleasure in sexual dissipation. One maiden only, pure at heart, young and soft—even if only for once! It would be good to taste the pleasures of such love, even if once only. It seemed as if his physical condition had banished love.

Eiichi despised the foul consorters with prostitutes, who think nothing of women save for the gratification of their lusts. That was only a form of selfishness, and there was no selfishness in true love, which was made up of sacrifice and service. If flesh had to meet flesh it was not for the satisfaction of the sexual desires; that was merely momentary. True love was the fervent union of flesh with flesh and soul with soul. If love was not created spiritually it was not created physically. If soul and body were not completely fused together then love could not exist. How many people had reached that point he could not say, but that was true love.

Such true love as Eiichi imagined was, he thought, capable of becoming a religion. Religion was not physical love, but love was capable of becoming a religion, or at least a large part of religion.

There was thus nothing disgraceful to Eiichi in marriage. It was not merely a question of relinquishing his celibacy and getting married, it was a question of satisfying the desires of youth. Martin Luther was forty before he married a nun; Calvin and Wesley had

married old widows. But Eiichi did not want to marry a widow, because she would be old. Eiichi wanted to be embraced by a young maiden, as white as marble. He likened her to the tender bud that comes in the spring before the leaves unfold, to a shoot sprung from the black earth, to the soft spring breeze which tenderly caresses the green blades of corn. He wanted to embrace Tamae. But that was a foolish desire. Tamae was only a child, who would be distressed by a man's embraces. He imagined her bursting into tears at his request. After all he must have as his wife and the mother of his children a mature woman, well developed, tall, beautiful as Juno or Venus.

While he was suffering this agony of mind Kieko's sister Aki brought a letter from her. It was on delicate mauve paper, enclosed in a mauve envelope, and was written with a pen in running hand. She wrote:—

"If you can make any use of me I should like to come and live in Shinkawa. I love the teacher with all my heart."

The note was beautifully written.

Eiichi knew quite well that Kieko loved him; he only wanted to find out to what degree she loved him. As she wanted to join him in his life in the slums he judged by this the intensity of her fervour. But it was a question to him whether she wanted him physically or spiritually.

But up to then, although he had met many young, high-toned women, not one of them had had the boldness to want to join him. Kieko alone had made the proposal and he could not but respect her for it.

Their life together would begin—he, a young man—she, a young woman—flesh to flesh. Suppose love was absent. That might happen in the case of a very ugly woman, but in the case of a refined, mature woman like Kieko, Eiichi thought, he would be able to bend love to his will.

With these thoughts he decided to surrender. It was fourteen days from the beginning of his illness that he got up, took a sheet of his manuscript paper, and wrote:—

"To-morrow morning I want you to meet me on the beach at Chikko about six o'clock. Be certain to come."

Then he went out and posted the letter.

He went before sunrise next morning to the beach at Chikko. He found her waiting there, with her pink complexion, her beautifully arranged hair, and her usual silk cloak. Eiichi was surprised when he saw her to find how handsome she looked that morning. They sought a place where they could talk quietly and found it at the side of a carpenter's shop.

"Do you really love me, Kieko?" asked Eiichi.

"Yes."

"And do you wish to come and live with me in Shinkawa?"

"Yes."

Kieko hung her head bashfully. She seemed to have lost all her liveliness.

"Then shall we get married at once?"

"You and I? If you care for me I would be willing to lay down my life for you."

She spoke with fervour. Eiichi put both his arms round her and kissed her. Just at that moment the sun broke through the morning mist and shone upon them. Both their souls, wrapped in the glory, expanded like young buds, and shot up towards the rising sun.

They were married before God, amid prayer and praise, on the evening of the twenty seventh of April, and soon went to live in the slums.

The bride, dressed in black silk kimono, attended on Mitsu. Her love for him was fervent. Eiichi felt for her all the adoration of a worshipper of the Virgin Mary.

Eiichi was satisfied with the warmth of Kieko's love. She could endure what no ordinary woman could be imagined as enduring. But nevertheless she grew thinner, and through lack of sleep and overwork the roses on her cheeks disappeared. Eiichi felt sorrow at the sudden change.

On the ground that she was too ignorant she studied with great zeal. She got up at five o'clock and studied algebra and geometry with Takeda, and at the evening classes she studied physiology and zoology. As she was clever she made great progress, far beyond Eiichi's expectations. Another thing that surprised him was that although she had been a workgirl for seven years, she could note down Eiichi's words. In everything Eiichi was satisfied beyond his expectations.

One thing he noted, however, and that was that after his marriage many young women abstained from attending the Mission services. This was partly from envy, and partly through contempt for Kieko. The girls from the Printing

Works still called Kieko "sister"; Matsuzo sometimes called her "sister" and sometimes "madam." Takeda from the first had addressed her as "madam." But most of the neighbours called her sarcastic names. Fighting Yasu complained that she was stingy, and came to grumble, but all those living in the house were pleased because she treated them so well. Among them Mitsu, the sick beggar, and the old Kishimotos shed tears in their thankfulness.

Kieko fulfilled her duties for the sake of Eiichi; this was evident to every one, and it made Eiichi all the more zealous, When people spoke disparagingly of her, as only a workgirl, Eiichi grew warm in her defence.

In summer, when the bugs increased in number, Kieko got sadly bitten. At night she could not sleep, and sat on the boards scratching herself with a piteous face. Eiichi could not bear the sight. What other woman than Kieko would be able to endure such misery, he thought? On the advice of Tanimoto he got a piece of white cloth and hung it up by the four corners. There Kieko slept as if in a hammock.

In the summer evenings it was unbearably hot, and fans was useless. Eiichi hung an old screen from the ceiling and fitted it up as a punkah. But it was of no use.

There was a water famine in the city and no water could be obtained in the slums. Drinking water had to be fetched from Nada, three or four miles away. In Kitahon-machi, with a population of one thousand three hundred people, there were only two street taps, and in the afternoon, at five o'clock, when the water was turned on, Kieko, going to get a bucket full of water, would find more than fifty people waiting. Rice, which was fourteen sen a quart, suddenly jumped up to forty-two sen, whereupon the City authorities began selling it cheap. Kieko took a big bag with her to hold four quarts of rice and found thousands of people waiting in the line. On the hot summer evenings she accompanied her husband to assist in the street preaching and proved herself very eloquent.

From September Kieko attended a bible-class in the morning. In the afternoons, she was very busy in attending the sick, doing the house work, washing, shopping, and needlework. Between whiles she had to deal with the drunkards, who, however, could not disturb her composure. She faced all the ruffians who came with the utmost placidity and bravery. One evening, for instance, a prostitutes' bully came in and overturned the table at which they were sitting eating, but Kieko showed no alarm.

When she washed Mitsu's clothes and hung them out at the back to dry the children came and stole them. Many came boldly to beg for rice. But Kieko passed over these things in silence.

Eiichi was as poor as ever. All his salary went in assisting others. Kieko had sometimes only two sen in her purse to last two days. The money which she had brought with her—nearly a hundred and fifty yen—had long been spent for Eiichi's sake in assisting the poor. But Kieko never said anything about it.

Some results of Eiichi's efforts in the slums at last began to appear. Gambling stopped, there were no murders that year, and the police noted a decrease in the number of crimes in Shinkawa. Eiichi's poverty, however, was extreme. At Christmas time he was unable even to buy rice-cake. That was the reason why the neighbours said that Kieko was stingy.

"Since he's got a missus," they said, "teacher can't give us any rice-cake. Ain't she a stingy one?"

Kieko's hands got all chapped and swollen in the winter through washing and cleaning, and were no longer soft but hard and rough. But they were very happy together. Kieko attended very carefully to the sick, and Eiichi was busy writing, preaching, teaching and visiting.

In February Eiichi received news that the fifty dollars sent him from the United States every month by the director of a tile manufacturing company would stop in March. This necessitated Eiichi cutting down his expenditure and after a consultation with his wife they agreed to separate,—he to go to America and she to go to a girls' Divinity School in Yokohama, each to study for three years, after which, when they were in better circumstances, they would return to the slums to carry on their work.

The two therefore began to make arrangements for the disposition of the persons under their care. In regard to the old Kishimotos they consulted their son at the Tenno Temple at Osaka, and as he said he would take them they con-

ducted the old couple there. But in three days they were back again with complaints of his ill-treatment. They therefore got Mrs. Tomijima to take them into her infirmary. As Matsuzo had passed the sixth grade at the elementary school, he went to live with his brother and to work at the match factory. Sanko Fujita moved into a three-mat room which he rented, while they got Tsuda, the boy with only one hand, a position as shopboy. Mitsu, the sick beggar, and Matsuzawa, the asthmatical pilgrim, they kept up to the time of their departure, when they handed them over to the City authorities. Ichiko went to live in a village on the upper reaches of the River Buko, and Uesugi went back to live in a lodging-house. Eiikichi went back to Yasu's house and Eiichi's stepmother was taken in by a relation living in Awa. As for the Mission it was arranged that Takeda and his family should live there and carry on the work.

Dr. Williams and his brother-in-law lent Eiichi two hundred yen each for his travelling expenses, and Eiichi's stepmother gave him a hundred yen out of her savings. Masunori, who was employed by a fertiliser company at Osaka, also brought Eiichi a hundred yen out of his savings as he said he must do something for Eiichi now he was going abroad.

The study of the mental condition of the poor was finished, but Eiichi could not get anyone to publish it. Their looks showed that they did not see any market for the book. As it did not look as if Eiichi could get anything from this to add to his travelling expenses, he began to translate a book on Sunday School teaching. Dr. Williams had promised to pay him fifty yen for a translation of the book. As Eiichi and his wife lived together for the two months it took him to translate the book, the remuneration came to about twelve yen fifty sen each, which was very small. However, Eiichi thought it was better than nothing and worked very hard at the translation.

Spring passed and summer came again. Matsuzawa was handed over to the care of the City authorities, and Mitsu, the beggar, the only one left, was also handed over to the City authorities three days before Eiichi started for America. As she had developed signs of tuberculosis Eiichi and his wife had waited on her as a religious duty.

There was a telegram in the newspapers stating that the Heir to the Austrian Throne had been assassinated by a young Serbian. Then, almost immediately, came news of a great disturbance in Europe. Russia was mobilising; the German army had crossed the Belgian frontier.

Three days after the disturbance in Europe had broken out Eiichi sailed from Kobe to study in America.

XLV.

America's horizons are remote. To breathe the air of those wide plains, Eiichi thought, was worth the expenditure of hundreds of yen. Going out from San Francisco the train intersected the Sierra Nevada, crossed the desert, ascended the Rocky Mountains and came down on the great plain of the Mississippi.

America is a large country. The train went on for four days and a half. At Kansas City Eiichi turned off to the south, and sought Athens, a small town near Atlanta in the State of Georgia. It was there that lived the director of the tile company who for over two years had assisted Eiichi in his work.

This man was an earnest bachelor and a kind of leader of the town. In the evening he made it a practice to go out round the town in his buggy to see if order was being maintained. His family had been long established in the country and he could trace back his pedigree to before the War of Independence. His house was an old one, built in the old colonial style, with four Ionic pillars in front, which gave it the appearance of a palace.

Eiichi stayed there two days and then went north, and finally, on the eleventh of September, arrived at Princeton, which lies between New York and Philadelphia. There he settled down in the dormitory of the Divinity College, and began to attend both the University classes and those of the Divinity College.

The classes in the Divinity College were not very good, but the University classes were very interesting. In the first year he studied mathematics and practical psychology, and in the second year also mathematics and biology, and

as the head of the Divinity College was so kind as to excuse him from attending the classes, and to promise him his degree if he submitted a thesis, Eiichi used the time in studying hard in the university course. Thus while he was receiving twenty-five dollars a month from the Divinity College, he was attending the University.

In the courses on psychology, and mathematics Eiichi took great pleasure, but as the master who taught practical psychology in the first year had not a formal university education and thus could not grant a diploma, Eiichi went to study biology in the second year course. Eiichi studied comparative anatomy, zoology, palæontology, genetics and embryology, and was much struck by the mystery of life. He often stayed in the natural history museum of the University until it was dark studying the evolution of the skeleton, and the drawings of the lion's skull and that of the sabre-toothed tiger absorbed him. He read from before dawn till past midnight. In the library he read about the development of the civilisations of Egypt, Greece, Babylon, and Assyria, before the advent of Christianity. Eiichi was very thankful to be rid of the threatenings of the bullies and the anxiety over infectious disease. It seemed like a dream that he was able to study quietly in that university.

All his friends were very kind to him. He was introduced to the club and was frequently taken out canoeing.

Life at Princeton was very pleasant, but to obtain work in the summer vacation gave him great trouble. Owing to the war in Europe there was a depression in trade and there was no opening in New York, and he walked sorrowfully up and down Fifth Avenue, the splendid street of the millionaires. Luckily in the first summer he spent in America he found a position as a servant in a wealthy summer resort twenty miles from New York. The master was the son and heir of a millionaire coal-owner of Pennsylvania, but as he was a spendthrift and quite incompetent, his father had rented a house for him in that place, and made him live there. His wife was a great Society leader and moreover very frivolous. However, she was a very kind woman and treated Eiichi well. The two women servants who were employed there also treated Eiichi kindly. One of them claimed she was descended from Hamilton, the famous drafter of the American Constitution. Mrs. Hamilton was the housekeeper and had full charge of everything. She was a woman of about fifty, with many grey hairs, and used to sing to Eiichi many popular songs. The cook was a Swede of about thirty-five or six. She was a fine-looking woman of good character, fond of reading and walking. She did not look her age. The house was situated in the middle of a park and Eiichi often went to walk in the park with the cook, who was very fond of him. In the north-western part of the park there is an art gallery before which stands a bronze statue. Every time Eiichi came back from the city he passed that statue. It represented an American Indian boy drawing his bow to shoot at the sun, while his father by his side watches over him. It is the work of a famous American sculptor, and is the best known work of art in America.

At first Eiichi did not understand the meaning of the group, but afterwards, when he read a history of American art, he came to understand. The American Indian chiefs caused the youths who would inherit their positions to shoot in this way, and if the arrow did not reach the sun the youth did not inherit. Thus the group represented a chief causing the beloved inheritor of his position to shoot at the rising sun. The boy is staring at the sun with breathless intent to see whether the arrow he has just shot has reached the sun or not. If the arrow hits the mark the sun will shake, and he is waiting to see. The father also, for the sake of his dear son, is watching the direction in which the arrow has gone. The arrow is flying through the air towards the sun.

Eiichi always stopped to compare the tense face of the boy with that of his father.

Eiichi stayed there a month. Everybody treated him very kindly and he felt quite at home. However, in September he had to return to Princeton for the opening of the University courses.

Several times a month he received letters from Japan. The letters from Kieko at Yokohama were very charmingly written. Only one bad piece of news came, and that was that his stepmother, who had gone to live in Awa, had been taken ill with dysentery soon after Eiichi started for America and had died. Takeda also wrote very often. He an-

nounced that he and Machida together were carrying on the mission work in the slums with great vigour. Although his letters were very brief he said enough to show that he had fallen in love with Kieko's younger sister Aki.

Another year passed in the seclusion of Princeton and then Eiichi had again to go to New York. In the third year he was going to Chicago University and he had to make preparations. Again he walked up and down the fine asphalt road of Fifth Avenue and watered it with his tears. Owing to the depression there was no work to be got.

There being no work to be had he took the opportunity to investigate New York's slums. He wandered about them, from Chinatown to the Bowery, and was astonished to find that Manhattan, between the Hudson and East rivers, from First Street to Third Street, a distance of ten miles, was all covered with slums. In the Bowery young prostitutes called to him in the street and even caught hold of his coat. Of churches for the workers there were any number in Fourteenth Street, but the prostitutes were walking the street in search of customers. Some of them looked thin and ill, while some were unhealthily fat. Sometimes, as in Shinkawa, they were followed by bullies and pimps. In the shops at night were sold picture postcards of nude figures. At the offices of specialists in venereal disease crowds of sufferers waited.

There were negro slums and Jewish slums. Immigrants from all the countries of the world took refuge in the slums before drifting all over America in inextricable confusion.

At six o'clock in the afternoon it was almost impossible to walk in the Jewish slum owing to the great crowds of people. They were all returning to their homes in Fifth and Sixth Streets along the narrow roads, which were as lively as though it were a holiday. Meanwhile a young Jewish boy of twelve or thirteen had mounted a soap box and was delivering a lecture on Socialism to the crowd. A policeman came running up and the youth disappeared in the crowd, which was so big that it was impossible to discover him. It was a strange sight.

A procession was passing. It was a demonstration of the Needleworkers' Union, consisting of sixty thousand people. They were walking sixteen abreast and the procession took an hour and a half to pass. The masters of the four hundred and fifty tailors' shops in Manhattan had ordered a lock-out and sixty thousand poor workers on the East Side were affected. Under the August sun there were marching in the procession Italian workers, Jewish workers, Bohemian workers,—workers from almost every country in the world.

They carried banners with the words "We want bread" and also placards, with "Down with Capitalism" on them. There were women from Syria who looked as if they had never worn European clothes before, and there were women who looked as if it was the first time they had worn high-heeled boots in the street, so painfully they walked. They might have come from Bohemia from their appearance. All the colours of the unions waved and fluttered in the bright sunlight as the procession advanced. The appealing eyes of the thousands forming the procession made them look like a large flock of sheep being driven along the highway.

Eiichi stood at the corner of Third and Twenty-third Streets and watched the procession to the end. He was unconscious that his tears were falling on the pavement. "Are these all the poor?" he thought. "Only these? And they are fighting only four-hundred and fifty opponents. How useless to talk of relief! Labour unions! There is nothing for the worker to do but to trust to his own strength. When I return to Japan I will preach the formation of labour unions." Thus he thought as he looked after the procession.

Eiichi saw many Social Settlements in New York. They were something like what he had tried to do in a small way at Shinkawa, but he had never thought of organising the enterprise of dealing with the proletarian question on such a large scale.

The slums of the celebrated Bowery lie just behind Wall Street, where the wealth of the world is accumulated. The iniquity of capitalism is here too plainly seen, and it caused Eiichi sorrow. He studied New York's slums in the light of his experiences in the slums of Shinkawa, and he discovered that the lot of the poor was the same whether in the East or the West.

While he was studying New York's slums Eiichi went every morning and evening to a Japanese agency near the public library to seek for a position. A

large number of Japanese gathered there every day looking for positions and most of them spent the time in gambling. Others talked of buying foreign prostitutes. They were men who had looked at the beautiful foreign women and had failed to hit the sun.

Eiichi got a position from the agency at the house of an official in an armament factory. His wife had not a hair on her head and had to wear a wig. One night they all went out to a dance, and the wife afterwards complained that Eiichi had not locked up the house properly and dismissed him. Following that he went back to the resort in the groves on the hills where he had been the previous summer and was employed at a big house there. The master of the house had an office on Wall Street and lived a life of luxury in a large house expensively furnished, even down to a pipe-organ. For the sake of getting the full sound of the organ, resonance chambers had been built into the walls, and all the pipes of the organ were hidden, with the result that when the organ was played the sound came from the walls in a very strange way. Eiichi sighed for one of the pipes, the study of which at the University, he thought, would give them a year's amusement; but he could not get on.

Every evening the family went out to entertainments, returning at two o'clock in the morning and not getting up the next day till ten o'clock. Eiichi left because he made a mistake in putting soda instead of salt on the egg of the daughter of the house at breakfast. She was a girl of eighteen, with her hair cut short like a little girl.

There were seven servants in the house, Swedish and Russian girls, and as they always had their meals together they greatly regretted Eiichi's departure. Among them was a young Swedish girl who had sung in an opera chorus. She came because she thought she would be able to enjoy his company all the summer, and for two nights after Eiichi's arrival she had sung him the Anvil Chorus from Il Trovatore had pieces from Rigoletto for an hour at a time.

When Eiichi told her the reason why he was going she said, "That's nothing. If you want to stay you can," and tried to persuade him to stay, almost with tears. But Eiichi did not like the atmosphere of the house and soon left.

The third place that Eiichi went to that summer was as second butler in a house on the Canadian border at Niagara. The butler who was engaged with him was a Japanese and a great bully. He had gone to America for purposes of study, but had failed to hit the sun and had fallen into the company of the rascals of Chinatown and thus become very dissipated. Eiichi commenced writing a record of the persecutions he suffered from this man. He consoled himself with the sight of the wide-stretching fields of Canada as he walked through the apple orchards, or with the sight of the Aurora Borealis shining in the evening sky as he walked by the Niagara Falls.

Eiichi managed to earn his travelling expenses to Chicago, but when he got to Chicago he found the air there did not agree with him. He was troubled with a cough which he could not get rid of, and as he was afraid of a recurrence of tuberculosis and did not want to fall sick in a foreign land, he decided that he would return immediately to Japan, to his waiting wife.

But Eiichi had no money to pay his fare. He would have to work another six months to earn the money. He decided to go west to the Great Salt Lake Desert among the mountains. He wanted to pray in the desert and also to search for the fossils of mammals. He managed to secure a position as secretary, at a salary of fifty dollars a month, to a small Japanese Society at Ogden, a city founded by the Mormons. There he worked hard for the sake of his countrymen. On that tableland, four thousand feet above the level of the sea, snow lay on the ground even on the hottest day of the year. There, three to four hundred miles from the nearest settlement, he visited the Japanese workers in the copper mine in the middle of the desert. There he rambled looking for fossils amid the sage bushes of the desert, with not another soul to be seen.

Eiichi worked energetically for the Japanese cultivators of the sugar-beet, there amid the snow. The white Mormon tenant-farmers, to the number of a hundred and fifty, and all the Japanese tenant-farmers had combined together to form a Tenant Farmers' Union to raise their rate of pay, and had declared a strike. The result was a great victory for the tenant-farmers. For the Japan-

ese alone it meant an increase of over fifty thousand dollars in their income.

Naturally the Japanese tenant farmers were very pleased, and at once presented Eiichi with a gift of a hundred dollars in return for his services. This was more than enough to convey Eiichi back to Japan, and so, on the first of April, he left Ogden, and for the sake of inspecting the deposits of the quaternary period so much mentioned in the history of mammalia, he went to the valley of the Snake River in Idaho, and thence down the Columbia River, reputed to be the most beautiful river in North America, to Astoria. At Astoria he boarded a vessel for Japan, passing the Aleutian Islands, which loomed a purple shadow to the north, and catching sight of icebergs.

When the Aurora of the Arctic Ocean flamed in the sky at night Eiichi went on deck and knelt down and prayed. He thought that when he got back to Japan he would become a shooter at the sun. For the sake of the poor and needy and for the sake of the oppressed workers he would go again to live in the slums. For the sake of the freedom of the country he would work for the freedom of workers' organisations. As a disciple of Christ he could take no violent part in the war between Capital and Labour, but rather than allow the people to be sacrificed he would sacrifice himself. He would not make any concessions to the devil. If the enemy came with a sword he would unsheathe none. He would fight with the weapons of justice and humanity. He would continue the struggle till bedabbled in blood he fell from the Cross. There was no other way for the salvation of Japan save in the freedom of the worker.

"God, thou watchest over the course of the ships in the Arctic Ocean; watch thou also over the course of Japan."

Thus Eiichi prayed amid the sound of the waves.

Eiichi looked forward to the great happiness that awaited him in Japan. There the noblest woman in all the world, his dear wife, waited for him. She was nobler than any woman he had met abroad. Love knows no distinction of colour and the Japanese woman is lovable in her gentleness and adorable in her meekness. He saw Kieko as in a vision, with her hands stretched out towards him, always waiting.

XLVI.

On the fourth of May the vessel arrived safely at Yokohama. The flowers in Ueno Park were already falling, but the green land of Japan, with Fuji towering aloft, looked beautiful,

Kieko, his wife, came to meet him at Yokohama. She met him in a quiet, gentle way, with none of the manners of a girl student but just like a lady. During the two years and nine months that they had not seen each other Kieko had been following her favourite studies and her face glowed with intelligence.

They thought they would go to an inn in Tokyo for a time, and so they had to postpone their sweet interchange of all that had happened during their separation. The luggage they left at Yokohama Station. Kieko was to finish her studies by the end of June, and would return to Kobe after that. Eiichi agreed to come back to Yokohama again to accompany her to Kobe.

When they got into the train for Tokyo Kieko began to tell him quietly all that had happened during his absence

"It was really very sad about your mother. She fell ill just after you started, and immediately I got the telegram I hurried off to Awa and found that she was suffering from dysentery. I was greatly shocked. I nursed her for two or three days, but she got gradually worse, and on the fourth day, in the evening, she passed away. You know she told you she wanted to live till you came back. It was really a great pity. You must have been very shocked at the news."

"Yes, I felt that I ought to have done more for her. It is a matter of great regret to me. But it was very kind of you to go and nurse her. She must have been very pleased."

"Yes, she was very glad. Indeed, she thanked me over and over again."

"I supposed she had no one to look after her?"

"She was always very kind to me even in Shinkawa. I was very nervous of her at first because she was your mother, but she treated me so nicely and helped me so much,—truly it is a great pity she died.

"Then there's another thing I haven't told you yet. Aki died in February this year."

"Aki?"

"Yes."

"How did it happen?"

"It was wrong of me not to let you know, but you wrote me that you were coming back so soon and I thought it would only make you more anxious, so I didn't write to you about it."

"What did she die of?"

"It was her lungs."

"What about Takeda's love affair with her?"

"You won't understand unless I tell you the whole story. It was like this."

There were very few people on the train and where they were sitting it was quite empty. It was quieter than if they had been sitting at home.

"I suppose Mr. Takeda told you in his letters that he and Aki had arranged to get married?"

"No, although I knew they were in love with each other."

"Then he didn't tell you. It was in January this year that it was arranged that you should marry them when you came back. I returned to Kobe last Christmas for the purpose of talking the matter over. Aki was really wonderful. She fell in love with Takeda and for ten months she went to the slums from early in the morning till late at night to cook for all of them. I never thought she could have done it. You know Takeda's mother died, don't you?"

"Yes, I learnt that from Takeda's letter."

"Well it was from before his mother died that Aki had fallen in love with him, and she nursed his mother right to the end. There was no one to do the cooking for all the people in the house and there was such a lot of them. Why there were nine young men alone sleeping at the Mission every night."

"Are they still continuing the Mission?"

"Yes, just as before,—street preaching, services, everything. The Mission is flourishing. Mr. Takeda is really wonderful. There's no one like him. He has to go to work every day, but directly he gets home he goes out preaching in the streets, or if he doesn't go out preaching he goes about from house to house giving instruction in the Bible or paying visits. Then he's got all the young men properly organised. Of course everybody knows Mr. Takeda, but there are some other interesting persons. Do you know Mr. Yamanaka?

"No."

The train had passed Tsurumi and was now traversing the beautiful plain on the outskirts of Tokyo. To Eiichi, fresh from the desert of Utah, the small rice fields looked charming. The train was travelling easily and Eiichi enjoyed listening to Kieko's clear-cut voice as if she had been reciting a page from history.

"Mr. Yamanaka is one of five young men who came together from a free lodging house. He's a very good young man and as Mr. Takeda puts great trust in him he's lived in the house all along. You know Mr. Asada and Mr. Enomoto and Mr. Inoue and the others, don't you?"

"Yes, I know them."

"They're all staying with Mr. Takeda, besides a young man named Tazoe, who came with Yamanaka from the free lodging-house. Then there's Takeda's three younger brothers, Shinji, Yomi and Koshiro,—they're living there also. And there's another from Tosa named Inoue, who comes and goes. So altogether they're a big family and they all go out to work. Takeda's going to the enamelling works and so is 'Kami-no-ko'; Asada and Tazoe go to the Pacific Rubber Company; Yamanaka goes to the Japan Camphor Works, and Shinji and Yomi go to the Premier Cycle Works. All of them leave the house at five or six in the morning, and as there was no one to cook for them, Aki went to live at the Mission, and from the winter of last year she was looking after them all. I didn't think she'd be able to do it. You know how pretty she used to be. She seemed to fade away every day, and her hands got all chapped and rough. Such a beautiful complexion she used to have! When I went home at Christmas last year she was like a shadow. Mother told her that she shouldn't sacrifice herself like that and that she should come home and rest, but she wouldn't hear of it. And father,—you know, he never interferes with what we want to do,—he only said 'Let her do what she wants to,' and so she went on working for them at the Mission."

Kieko looked at Eiichi with shining eyes, and then as she prodded the seat on the other side with the point of her umbrella told the short story of Aki's sacrifice of her life.

"You say that Aki stayed at the Mission for ten months. Did she live with Takeda?"

"Oh no. They agreed not to get married till you returned, so they were waiting very patiently for the pleasure of your return. And then Takeda has a very strict aunt. They decided to get married last Christmas when I went to see them, you know. And then after that that aunt,—she treated Aki very cruelly, scolded her for everything."

"Was the aunt living at the Mission?"

"She came occasionally, when Takeda's mother was ill and so on, but she has a house of her own outside the slums, so she only came sometimes. But she used to go on awfully. 'Our Makoto,' she would say, 'he's a fool he is, and so he's been taken in by a smart girl like you. They ain't got any use for you at home, I suppose, so you come and foist yourself on them here, to eat up all the food and say "I want to marry Makoto." Makoto don't want a wife. We can get him one if he wants one. He don't want a little cat like you. Get off home with you.' That's the way she used to talk to Aki. And you know how timid and shy Aki was. She used to go and pray when she was scolded like that and then she found patience to endure it. Mr. Takeda knew all about it and used to console Aki. 'Aunt's always had her dislikes,' he would say. 'Don't take any notice of what she says. She can't help it.' And the aunt was always making remarks about how expenses had gone up since Aki went to live there, and how Aki was making money out of the rice bill, and even that she was stealing. Sometimes Aki used to run off home she got so tired of it, but then she would change her mind. She thought that once having plighted herself it was wrong of her to run away because the aunt was a little difficult to get on with, and so she would go there again. Then the scolding would start again. At last it got to the aunt striking and kicking her. When she was very violent she would strike Aki with the tongs and cause great scars. All the young men took Aki's part. 'Aki's an angel from Heaven,' they would say, 'and the aunt's a devil.' Takeda's little brother, when he heard the aunt coming along the alley, would call out, 'The devil's come! The devil's come.' However, Aki determined to stand her ground and went on working with all her might. January came and towards the end of January the aunt came to stop for two or three days at the Mission. Then suddenly one day she claimed that a ten yen note that she had left on top of the brazier had disappeared and that Aki had taken it. She made an awful row about it—made Aki take off all her clothes and searched her, and went to father's house and made a row there. Mother couldn't bear to hear her going on like that, so she offered to give her ten yen, but she wouldn't listen to that, only went on making a row. Aki never received a penny from Mr. Takeda for herself. Her mother used to give her a yen or two occasionally, but she never spent any of it on herself. She used to give some to Koshiro for pocket-money, and when Mr. Takeda had no money she used to make up the deficiency from her own pocket. Mr. Takeda knew all about it and used to say he would get some directly, but she never worried him about it. Well, that night, as the result of the trouble, she suddenly fell down unconscious. The young men carried her to her home and they put her to bed, but after that she never got up again."

Kieko's tears fell and for a moment she was silent. Teardrops also rolled down Eiichi's cheeks. The train sped along noisily.

"We were anxious at first lest she might have been poisoned, but it was not poison. The doctor said she was suffering from an acute attack of uraemic poisoning. She grew gradually worse and then pneumonia developed and she began to vomit blood. It was impossible to save her."

Kieko took out her handkerchief and wiped her nose.

"From what I learned from her friend Hirata it was the anguish she suffered from the aunt's unkindness. Mr. Takeda thought she had taken poison."

"Really? Then she was in such a state as to commit suicide?"

"Even now I am not quite certain. It is said she used to wander about in the neighbourhood of the Kitsune River."

"Kitsune River? Where's that?"

"Don't you know Kitsune River? It's above Shinkawa, you know, where people are so fond of committing suicide on the railway line. It's above the printing works—a small, dirty river, by the Inari shrine."

"That thing like a ditch?"

"Yes, that's it. The railway bends round just there. Every year people die there. They say that a fox lives there and bewitches people, dragging them on to the railway line."

"I've heard that many people die there, but I never heard that story."

While Kieko had been telling her story the train had stopped at station after station and had already reached Omori. Kieko had again fallen silent.

"Aki was a wonderful girl," said Eiichi with emotion. "She sacrificed her life for the sake of those young men."

"Yes, I think she was wonderful, and she so young too."

"How old was she when she died?"

"She was nineteen."

"A wonderful girl!"

"Yes, to shut herself up in the slums at that age—it was an extraordinary thing to do, I think."

"And to fall in love with a workman—such a beautiful girl as that. It was truly wonderful."

Eiichi recalled Aki's appearance. Like her elder sister she had a very good complexion, with a pink skin as fine as silk. In stature she was of medium height, with finely cut eyelids, a regular nose, and a round face.

"You praised Mr. Takeda so much that she wanted to have his profound belief, and sacrifice herself for the good of the poor. That's what she told me when she decided to go to Shinkawa. I thought it was very good of her, but the young men at the Mission were astonished. They all bring their earnings to Mr. Takeda, whether they be much or little, and for pocket money they each receive one yen. Really it's quite a communal life they lead."

"Has there been any disagreement?"

"No, none at all. You see they're all believers, so there's been nothing like disagreement among them. It was very funny about Koshiro. Although he doesn't go to work for his food yet he received his share. He was greatly delighted, but what with going to the picture-halls and to the theatres he soon spent his money and used to go to Aki for more. Mr. Yamanaka is the greatest loser by the arrangement, as he earns twenty to twenty-five yen a month. Still he only gets one yen as pocket-money. All the money that's left over from the joint fund they use for the expenses of carrying on the propaganda, and for helping the poor. It's quite like the times of the disciples."

"Have they been living like that long?"

"Let me see. It was just after you went they started. It must be about two years. They're still continuing, children were see when you go home."

"It's a wonderful thing."

The train drew up at the Central Station and they got out.

"They're doing just as you taught them," said Kieko as they walked along the platform. "It's because they are all believers. If they were not they couldn't possibly do it. They are all your disciples."

After New York and Washington Tokyo looked rather primitive to Eiichi.

They spent three days in Tokyo calling on their friends, Mr. Tokida and the Takamis, and by the introduction of Mr. Shinji Otonashi, on the poetess, Mrs. Akiko Fujino. Tired of Tokyo they returned on the fourth day to Yokohama.

The next day being Sunday, at the request of the Yokohama Church, which he found it hard to refuse, Eiichi delivered a lecture there in the evening. He lectured for about an hour on the awakening of the spiritual life. The congregation was small and consisted mainly of girl students.

After the lecture, as Eiichi was to stay at the house of Mr. Okada, Kieko's cousin, he had to say goodbye to Kieko. She came to the porch, and as she stood under the dim electric light in the street, he thought what a beautiful wife she was. She had her hair done in the latest fashion, fastened with a tortoiseshell and gold hair pin, and was wearing a large patterned kimono and bright sash.

While Eiichi was deep in talk with her and Mr. Okada there came out a woman who, he noticed, was very beautiful. He thought no more of the matter, however, till, after he and Mr. Okada had gone a little way, he heard someone calling after him. Turning round he saw it was the same beautiful woman whom he had seen waiting in the church porch. The street was rather dark and he could not distinguish her features, but from their outline he saw she must be very beautiful. Her eyes were finely formed and her complexion was good. She was, moreover, very fashionably dressed.

"Have you any business with me?" he asked.

He thought it impossible that such a beautiful woman could want him.

"Are you not Mr. Niimi?" she asked, coming nearer.

Looking at her closely he found it was Tsuruko.

night, Tsuruko!" he said. "What are you doing here?"

"I . . . I want to talk with you. Can you spare the time?"

"What is your business?"

"I feel I ought to beg your pardon."

As she said this she caught one of his hands in both hers and burst into tears.

Eiichi felt embarrassed at this unexpected development. He turned to Mr. Okada.

"Will you please go home first, Mr. Okada," he said. "I have a little business. I will follow you immediately."

Mr. Okada accordingly went on and Eiichi turned to Tsuruko.

"What's done is done, Tsuruko," he said. "Where are you living?"

"At Kanagawa. Won't you come and stay the night at my house?"

Eiichi felt that Tsuruko had grown very bold.

"Aren't you married?" he asked.

"Yes, I've been married six years."

"Have you no children?"

"I have two."

"Where are they to night?"

"The elder girl is waiting there with her cousin. The younger I left at home."

She pointed to where the children were waiting and Eiichi turned to look. He saw two children waiting in the gloom a short distance away—one a pretty little girl about five, and the other a boy, who might have been taken for her elder brother. He was holding the little girl's hand.

"That little girl is my eldest," went on Tsuruko, "and the boy is her cousin. He goes to the Kanagawa Middle School."

"What is your husband doing?"

"He's in London. He's been there two years"

"What is his business?"

"He's in commerce, I suppose. But Mr. Niimi, I have a lot to tell you. Please come to my house—just for one night only. I get no rest morning or night thinking about it. Do grant my request just for once and come to my house. I can't tell you all I want to here. Can't you come?"

Thinking of old days she seized his hand and wrung it.

"Do you know I am married, Tsuruko?" he asked.

"Oh! But still you can come to my house, can't you?"

"My wife and I will call on you."

As he said this he thought for a moment that Tsuruko looked rather strange, but her countenance did not alter.

"Do you forgive me, Mr. Niimi?" she asked.

"Of course I do."

As she fumbled with Eiichi's fingers her hot tears fell on his hand. Eiichi thought that her married life must be unhappy, but he had not the courage to ask her.

"Please, please forgive me," she said, "Please forgive the wrong I did you."

She seemed as if she would fall down in her wild fit of weeping, and he had to support her by both arms. But to be embraced by her old lover caused her to weep still more and she fell at his feet. Eiichi also was overcome with sympathy and his tears fell on Tsuruko. Happily, as it was past ten o'clock, there was no one in the street, but although there was no one to see them Eiichi was at a loss to know what to do with Tsuruko, whose grief approached hysteria.

The little girl, who had been waiting patiently, seeing her mother crying so much, now came near, dragging the boy with her.

"Let's go home, mother," she said clinging to her sleeve.

The sound of the child's voice brought Tsuruko to her senses and she got up and arranged her beautiful hair, which had become loosened.

"Yes, dear," she said calmly. "Let's go home."

"Do you go to church now?" asked Eiichi.

"No," she answered, "never. Today, at noon, when I was passing the building, I saw your name posted outside, and I thought I could at least have the pleasure of seeing you for a short time, so I came to church this evening."

"Were you there from the beginning?"

"No, I came in when the service was half over, but as I sat at the back you probably didn't notice me."

"No, I didn't notice you. You've grown so much more fashionable to what you used to be that I wouldn't have known you if I'd met you in the street. Let me see. How many years is it since I've seen you? All seven years, isn't it,—or eight?"

"It eight years since I've seen you," replied Tsuruko. "Talking about having charged, it's you that have changed. You've grown so noble I wouldn't have known you if I'd seen you in the street.

When you are a little greater you won't want to talk to people like me,—really."

"Nonsense, I'm only a poor slum missionary. How can I become great? You mustn't talk like that."

"Well, I suppose you can't come to my house this evening, though I do want to talk to you. To-morrow?"

"To-morrow I'm going back to Kobe."

"Where is your house at Kobe? Please tell me. I want to write to you."

Eiichi tore a leaf out of his notebook and wrote his address with a fountain-pen. It was No. 220 Kitahon-machi, 6-chome, Fukiai. Tsuruko took a card out of her bosom and gave it to Eiichi.

"If you have time—even to-morrow—please call on me. Now I must say good-bye," and taking the little girl's hand she disappeared in the opposite direction.

The lamps in the street burned dim. Eiichi returned home as one in a dream.

XLVII.

At the corners of all the streets, under the telegraph poles, earthenware bowls, heaped up with rice and beans, were placed in rows on straw bags, four or five together. There were twenty or thirty places where these bowls could be observed. Smallpox had broken out in the slums and it was spreading. Every day, round the corners of the alleys small funerals could be seen emerging. Most of the cases taken to the Isolation Hospital were very serious ones and it was impossible to save them. It was this which caused the idea that to send a patient to the Isolation Hospital was to send him to be killed. When the sanitary officials went round, the children suffering from the disease were hurriedly carried to another place. In the vicinity of the Mission where Takeda was living there were more than seven new cases a day taken to the Higashiyama Hospital.

All the family of Ono, the beggar, including the five children, caught the disease. Among them was the child Cho, which Eiichi had taken to the house of Demura, the longshoreman, and which Ono had adopted. Every day the temperature of the five children rose. Ono, as he was living in a tenement house, thought that if the children were taken to the hospital they would be killed, so he carried the children one by one to the seashore at Chikko, where a boat had been dragged up on the beach for the purpose of drying its keel. There he hid the five children in the bottom of the boat. The children were all suffering from high fever and their faces were very flushed and covered with spots, which were even then ready to break. The May rains were falling continuously, and the boat was very dark inside. The father and mother went to feed the children every day, like swallows feeding their young, but on the fourth day, when they went, they found Cho was dead. On the next day two more were dead, and on the next day they found the others also dead.

Again from the Mission alley in Kitahon-machi there was a little funeral. That was on the afternoon of the 9th of May. It was when the funeral of the last two of Ono's children was emerging from the alley that Eiichi, suitcase in hand, returned to Shinkawa from America. As he had not sent any telegram nobody at the Mission had any idea what time he would reach Kobe.

There was nobody at the Mission. Eiichi peeped into Kawazu's house next door where Mrs. Kawazu was lighting the fire in the stove. Immediately she saw him she jumped up.

"Oh dear, teacher," she said, "I'm so glad to see you back. How you've changed. I thought you were a stranger at first, in those foreign clothes."

It was true that Eiichi had changed. He had not worn foreign clothes before, and it was these which made him look different.

She told him the reason of Takeda's absence. This was because the young men were exerting themselves to develop the Mission work before Eiichi's return to Japan, and for that purpose had taken a large two-storied building in Azuma-dori, next to the Kindergarten, to carry on the work there. For the last two or three days they had been making preparations for moving.

"There's been funerals every day lately, teacher," said Mrs. Kawazu. "To-day, with that you just saw, it makes eight. What can be the matter? They say that yesterday near here they found seventeen new cases of smallpox. One can't live in such a dangerous place. I goes to sleep at my daughter's every

night, and Mr. Takeda, he don't come here any more. He says that smallpox is catching and he goes to sleep over there, in Azuma-dori."

From this Eiichi learned the reason of the funerals.

He went immediately to call at the house next to the Kindergarten in Azuma-dori, but only found there Takeda's little brother Koshiro, who, although he was fourteen, was rather small for his age.

"Hallo," he said on seeing Eiichi. "How swell you've grown. Brother ain't in. He's gone to work. I'll go and call him."

Here he made a bow and rushed off with all his might in the direction of Higurashi-dori.

XLVIII.

To hear from Takeda of all the changes in Shinkawa during the two years and nine months he had been absent took Eiichi three or four days.

Immediately after Eiichi had left for America Tamae had gone to a low-class eating-house somewhere in Banshu as waitress, in return for a trifling sum of money. Tomoe had been sold as a prostitute to a house somewhere in the Hyogo Shinkawa. The hunchbacked child was a nurse-girl. Hanae, the younger sister of Katsunosuke, had been sold as a prostitute to some place in Korea. Shida's daughter, also, who lived opposite, and the two girls of Yamada, who lived next door to Shin, and whom Eichii had taken a great interest in,—all had been sold as prostitutes. Eiichi was confounded when he heard this news. Altogether he found that of the girls he had known and who had come to the Sunday School, about thirty had been sold as prostitutes.

Eiichi felt grieved as if thirty doves had been driven away from the shelter of his bosom.

XLIX.

Eiichi's return to Japan was announced in the papers and from all directions people came to call on him. Among them those whom he was most glad to see were Moroi and Shinoda. Moroi had graduated from the Higher Commercial School three years before, and now occupied an important post in the Japan Home and Foreign Trading Company. As before he was still full of fun. Shinoda, who had made a lot of money in land speculation in Korea, had returned to the marine transportation business at the time of the war, and had become interested in Eiichi's old office, the Kobe Marine Insurance Company. He was now a wealthy shipowner and had grown very high and mighty.

"You are wonderful," he said, after he had seen the poor way in which Eiichi lived. "You wouldn't be able to carry on like this unless you had a profound belief in religion. But you needn't be anxious any more. I've made a little money lately, and I'll make a suitable contribution to your work for improving the slums. If you don't know how to use it nobody else does. I've got some sensible people among my friends too, and I'll talk to them and get them to build a hospital for the slums for your sake."

Shinoda had many amusing stories to tell of the Kobe men who had become rich in the war. He was very indignant at the beastliness of their behaviour.

"It's terrible, terrible," he said. "They live worse than animals. One of them named Horiuchi gave a dinner-party the other day, at a cost of five hundred yen for each guest. They had gold-fish floating in the champagne they drank, and each guest was provided with a girl. They're more like savages than human beings."

"What did the guests each want a girl for?"

"That was to make it more amusing than an ordinary dinner. Each guest had a handsome geisha to go to bed with."

Eiichi thought that Japan must have plunged into sudden darkness.

L.

Seventeen Japanese houses had been pulled down and preparations were being made to erect a foreign building on the site. This caused the removal of a rice shop and a bathhouse. Thus seventeen households had to move, but owing to the brisk state of trade, they found that there was not an empty house in Kobe. A third of the houses to let in Kobe had fallen into the hands of a house agent who had formed a limited company for carrying on the business of letting houses, and thus had no difficulty in making it hard for poor people to get houses. Under various names, such as bargain money, security money, earnest money, title money, rent in advance, guaranty money, they were squeezing the blood out of the poor renters. For this of course the poor and those of moderate incomes felt a great grievance against the company, but as it had control of forty thousand out of the hundred and twenty thousand houses available for rental in Kobe, the renters kept quiet, fearing that the next time they wanted to move they would not be able to get a house. The people who were thus ordered by Sonoike to remove were looking everywhere anxiously for a house, and even though they had repeated orders to remove, they were not all cleared out under six or seven months. In the end there were two households left who could not find houses, till at last Sonoike employed workmen to come and take the tiles off the roofs. Thus in the end the whole of the seventeen households removed, and the houses, which had sheltered a hundred and twenty to a hundred and thirty persons, were pulled down. And all this was done by Sonoike in order that he might make a flower garden. As the cheap houses in the vicinity of the new building spoiled its appearance they were all pulled down, and in their place there was made a beautiful flower garden, shaded by a plantation, all in the Italian style, and at a cost of six hundred thousand yen.

The owner of all this was Gombei Sonoike, the greatest profiteer in Kobe, who had given all this trouble in order to found a new house. He was a man of about fifty, tall of stature, who had commenced his career as a clerk in the well known Kobe firm of Nomoto. Afterwards, opening a firm for himself, he had outstripped Nomoto and had become one of the largest taxpayers. From the beginning he had been a careful man, and when he saw his opportunity in business he seized upon it with all his might and main, and many people had suffered from his craftiness.

He was not a man of respectable origin; he had been brought up in poverty; but knowing his own origin he should have displayed more or less charitableness at the time of his prosperity, which arose from the war, and not have ordered a hundred and twenty to a hundred and thirty people to remove from their houses. Instead of this he chose to exert his power in this manner and outstrip the nobility in luxury.

The motive for his action was this. He had a commercial rival named Horiuchi, who had also risen from being a shopboy. Creeping up from this position Horiuchi had become one of Kobe's shipping magnates, and now exerted his influence entirely in the direction of outdistancing his rivals. Sonoike and Horiuchi both had fortunes amounting to some ten million yen each, and neither would be beaten by the other. There was always a scene whenever they met at any entertainment. The contention between the two as to which had the largest fortune almost amounted to a quarrel.

"I've got ten million yen."

"That all? I've got fifteen million."

"If your fortune's worth fifteen million, mine's worth more than twenty-five million."

"If your old junks are worth twenty-five million yen my credit must be worth fifty million. I don't chuck my money away like you've been doing lately."

Thus the two would compete in their fortunes, and from this arose a rivalry between the two as to who should display the greatest luxury. If Horiuchi gave a dinner at seventy yen a head, Sonoike would respond by giving a dinner at a hundred and fifty yen a head. Then when Horiuchi heard that his rival had given a dinner at a hundred and fifty yen a head he would call all the geisha in Kobe and would give a banquet costing five hundred yen a head. With the aid of such expensive banquets the restaurateurs of Kobe came to be the highest taxpayers of any in the country during the war. Places like the Tokiwa Kadan at Suwayama, under the patronage of Sonoike and Horiuchi and their like, were able to pay taxes amounting to ninety thousand yen without any difficulty. Most

of the millionaires had a fixed place for these banquets, and were able to have all the geisha they wanted.

The struggle between Horiuchi and Sonoike knew no end. They began to vie with each other in building luxurious mansions. To make a display before his rival, Horiuchi purposely bought a large piece of ground next to Sonoike's country house at Suma and began to build a large stone building in the Renaissance style.

This almost gave Sonoike a fit.

"Ain't he grand, building a house like that at Suma when he ain't of any family or anything. I'm going to build a palace on the Hill at Kobe where I can see over the whole city."

Accordingly he began to build a big bungalow in the Southern European style on the Hill at Kobe. In this house he had a red room, a blue room, a purple room, a yellow room and a green room, in which the colour of the walls and the curtains and the beds and the bedclothes and all the decorations were selected to match each other.

From Kiso in Fukushima he brought thousands of cedars, with the idea of building an enormous banqueting hall of two or three hundred mats in Japanese style, next door to his foreign house. In order to get a wooden pillar without any knots in it for the alcove in the front room of the Japanese building he had five hundred and seventy-three big trees cut down to find one log which answered his purpose, and this log, more precious than jewels, was brought to Kobe by steamship from Nagoya. On this pillar for the alcove he spent more than fifteen thousand yen, it was rumoured. It was stated that there were not more than three such fine pillars, in Japan,—one in the Imperial Palace, one at the great shrine at Ise, and one in Sonoike's great banqueting hall.

In ancient times, in the Ashikaga period, at the port of Sakai in Senshu Province, there lived a pirate named Sukezaemon Ruson, who made a great display of his wealth. He had crossed over to Luzon in the Philippines and had plundered the island on a large scale, later returning to Senshu with all his plunder. He thus became a great profiteer. At that time, knowing what would please Hisahide Matsunaga, who, after killing the Shogun Yoshiteru, was himself posing as the Shogun, he got great logs of cypress without any knots and presented them to the people who were building the magnificent temple of Daian, much to their surprise. Later he invited Hisahide to the completion ceremony.

This was just Gombei Sonoike's way of acting.

"It don't matter how much money you spend," he said to the builder. "I want the largest and best in Kobe."

Even with that Sonoike was not satisfied. Horiuchi, in rivalry, had extended his country house at Suma. Then began a competition between them for land at Suma, and all the other war profiteers, who had made their money out of ships, or trade or land, also began to compete for land at Suma. As the land for which they were competing for the enlargement of their country houses was in the vicinity of the Suma Palace, and as they were trying which one could build the finest house, it meant that they would construct a finer and larger house than the Palace. The police officials of Hyogo Prefecture began to grow alarmed. That common people should try to build a finer house than that of His Imperial Majesty was overwhelming. There was even a rumour in the papers that an Imperial Edict would be issued to restrain such extravagance.

While Sonoike was thus making a display of his wealth with complete indifference, his chief sources of income were rice and opium.

Owing to the larger quantity of rice eaten by the people as a result of the war prosperity the price had risen. There was not enough rice in Japan to supply the demand, but in spite of this the merchants were selling rice abroad to France and other countries where food supplies were short owing to the war. All the people handling rice were making large profits.

As for opium it was passing in a strange way from Tsingtau and Dairen to China. Whether in preparation or not for a second opium war the wily merchants of Kobe were handling the trade so that the opium did not pass through Japan. Thus it was brought from India to Tsingtau, or from the Philippines to Shanghai, that is from one foreign port to another, so they were able to make large profits. It was stated that there was not a commercial company in Kobe that was not engaged in the traffic during the war, on such a large scale was it carried on.

Hikami, who was Sonoike's head clerk, made a speciality of dealing in opium, and Sonoike gave him a big commission.

Thus Eiichi, on his return to the slums, found that Kobe had become the largest city of profiteers in the Empire.

LI.

While feasts were being served at the Tokiwa Kadan at five hundred yen a head, the poor in the slums at Shinkawa were suffering from lack of work. They were those who were not thieves, and had no connection with the iron or building trades. Eiichi thought he would have to do something to help these young men. The number of the poor had not decreased. The crowds that had come to Kobe to share in its prosperity had filled the cheap lodging-houses and overflowed into all the corners of the tenement houses. As the longshoremen were making good money they had left the slums and had gone to live in some new tenement houses above the tramway lines, but there came flocking into the slums from somewhere or other, workers who had been long suffering from tuberculosis, with their wives and children, widows who were incapacitated from work, widowers with large families of children, ex-convicts, drunkards, gamblers, cripples, idiots, madmen, degenerates, and all who in spite of the brisk state of trade and industry could not find any work.

Eiichi knew that the number of the poor would not decline till the end of the world unless man was reconstituted and the sick, the crazy, the weak-headed, the madmen and the degenerates were obliterated. But he was shocked by the thought of what would become of this multitude when the unprecedented war boom had subsided. Besides the sick and the degenerates and the weak-headed, there were those who had fallen through no fault of their own. They were those with families so large that they could not feed them and were thus chained to the slums, and those families which were sacrificed to some sick person or to someone bankrupt of character. There were a great number of strong men in the slums, both young and in the prime of life, even in that time of prosperity, who were the victims of circumstances. Because they were poor they could not find any opening, and they were compelled to squeeze their big bodies into the corners of dirty three or four mat rooms.

Eiichi did not think that under Socialism the sick and the degenerate and the weak-headed would all disappear. He believed that for their salvation there must be a strong religious belief from which they could obtain true regeneration. Nevertheless, for the sake of those who were sacrificing themselves for others, and for those who had fallen to the bottom on account of the bad organisation of society, he wished to do something. Especially he wished to do something for those who in that time of prosperity had suffered injury, for the longshoremen who had sustained injuries in shifting cargo and had received only a small allowance for their cure. He was surprised at the number of families which had streamed into the slums from this cause. There seemed no way for the formation of workers' unions so that they could get at the capitalists. Eiichi wondered if the salvation of the slums, which were the result of the bad organisation of society, could be begun by a reorganisation of society.

Eiichi thought that for the present he would divide his work into three parts. The criminals,—those who by their own misconduct had fallen to the bottom—could only be saved by religion. For the sick, who could not help themselves, medical aid must be forthcoming; and for those who had sunk to the bottom through the faulty organisation of society and the errors of capitalism, workers' unions must be established. Thus for the rescue of the people in the slums, he thought, there must be at the same time religious aid, medical aid and workers' organisations. The religious work and the labour unions were easy, but there was a difficulty in regard to medical aid.

Eiichi had no money to pay for medical attention. When he left Utah he had received three months' wages from the Japanese tenant-farmers' union, amounting to a hundred dollars, and in returning to Japan he had spent half of it in various ways. Now he had only about two hundred yen in Japanese money left. This would barely keep him in food for three or four months and left nothing for purposes of relief. But he did not want to give the relief that he

had extended formerly. He did not want to give relief which led to no reorganisation of society. He thought that he would establish an ideal co-operative factory, with Takeda as the chief organiser. Eliminating self-interest, on the plan that Takeda had followed during Eiichi's absence in America, or as in a Moravian settlement, he thought he would like to start a model workshop, on a very small scale, where work would be a religious duty. Then all the earnings of the workshop could be used for the relief of the sick, and, moreover, with the workmen as a centre, a workers' union could be formed which would be a model of humanitarianism. But as Eiichi had never had any actual experience of a Socialist organisation he was puzzled how to proceed. How many people in Japan knew about him? He was a lonely missioner, working without help. He had only founded a little Mission. What obstacles would be meet with in the future in entering upon such large enterprises as the reconstruction of society, the feeding of the poor, and the emancipation of the workers? He had no way of discovering. All he could do was to pray earnestly.

He went down to the seashore to pray, as he had done before he had gone to the slums. The tide was rising, and beautiful dark blue waves were rolling towards the shore. He could see the graceful curves of the seaweed growing at the bottom. Far out the sea was flecked with white. A vessel was starting down the Inland Sea and was even now raising her sails to the wind.

Eiichi knelt on the sand and in the midst of his meditation prayed earnestly to the Father in Heaven.

"Lord," he prayed, "bring nearer by even one day the time of the deliverance of the poor and oppressed."

Later he joined hands with all the young men in the Mission and prayed: "Lord, save us all from the misery of unemployment."

Eiichi took everything to God, and thus he knew that victory would be his. But when would the light shine? Were not the slums darker than ever?

LII.

While Eiichi had been absent the slums had gone back. Murders had increased, prostitutes were everywhere, and pickpockets and thieves abounded. The Mission had had no restraining influence, and a large number of the youths had become pickpockets. Katsunosuke Uchiyama, Shigezo Nishioka, Tsuda,—all had yielded to the persuasion of the head of the thieves' gang and had become thieves. This was all through the bad influence of a man named Onishi, who had been a follower of Ginji Shitateya in Tokyo and was now living in Higurashi-dori, after wandering about the western provinces. At the beginning of the war with Germany trade had became very dull and the youths in the slums were out of employment. Nishioka and other hard-working youths went round selling syrup, but as they could only sell twenty or thirty sen worth a day, most of them soon gave it up and took to something else. This constant change of work had a bad effect on the youths, who soon become thieves, on the plea that it was better to steal than to starve, and grew prosperous in the game. When one of the gang had thus fallen the others, one by one, found that it was pleasanter to live a life of ease with plenty to eat, and thus they all became thieves.

Meanwhile trade had begun to improve and the profiteering fever seized on all. People spent money freely, and to steal a gold watch from the girdle of a profiteer now became an everyday occurrence. The thieves who had been created by the dullness of industry now found the game very amusing and were unable to give it up. By practising their profession every day, in less than a year they could become exalted specialists in the art and even act as teachers.

LIII.

A crowd of prostitutes stood in front of Takeda's new Mission in Azuma-dori. With the wave of prosperity there had been a rise in their charge at the cheap lodging-houses. Before Eiichi went to America it had been seven or eight sen; now with the briskness of trade it had risen to fifteen and twenty sen. It was

the custom of these women to maintain an arrangement with the prostitutes in the slums at Tobita in Osaka so that whenever the police in Kobe were troublesome they could go to Osaka, and when the Osaka police were troublesome they could come to Kobe. They thus formed a gigantic union, and according to what Eiichi could discover the arrangement even extended as far as Manchuria.

Every night, outside the Mission Hall, there were never-ending quarrels, when the language used was quite unendurable, sometimes leading to violent fights. At such times Eiichi would suggest to Takeda that God had never imagined that humanity would fall into such degradation.

As the times improved the prostitutes grew more impudent. They had some ten or more pimps to follow and protect them. One evening they were molested by Koreans and a band of thirty or forty of these pimps set on the Koreans and beat them. Then, in revenge, bands of other Koreans came up, and when the two parties came into collision just in front of the Mission it was like a battle in the streets. When three policemen arrived on the scene they were lost in the large crowd of hundreds of people that had collected. It was impossible for three policemen to do anything. One of the policeman called out "Give way! Give way!" but a ruffian held the three of them back, while in the meantime other roughs were beating the life out of a Korean in the gutter.

Unable to endure the sight any longer Eiichi rushed out, but unfortunately his spectacles soon got knocked off. It was a dismal day in May and the light was dim. The Korean, bedabbled with blood, lay groaning in the gutter, but Eiichi, almost blind without his spectacles, was unable to save him. However, Eiichi shouted loudly, and made those near draw back. The condition of their victim appeared to amuse the ruffians who had attacked him and they came up again with bamboo poles and made as if to beat him mercilessly. But Eiichi protected the injured man and then, as they caught sight of five or six Koreans fleeing for their lives some four blocks away, they ran after them and drove them about as if they were driving pigs. Eiichi, while he guarded the injured Korean, could not but mourn that the fighting instinct was so strong.

All the Koreans had fled for safety; the bullies and the crowd generally began to disperse. Then Eiichi lifted the injured Korean from the gutter and put him on a cart that was standing by, and attended to him. His heart was beating very faintly and as he had vomited a good deal of blood Eiichi was afraid he would die. He lay limp and motionless on the cart as if he was already dead, and Eiichi was wondering what to do if he died on his hands, when suddenly two Koreans, in workmen's clothes, came up, and taking their dying comrade on their backs, disappeared with him into the darkness. By the dim light of the cake-shop Eiichi looked at his blood-stained fingers. He felt as if he himself had come from committing a murder. His pulse was beating irregularly. All the human blood that had been shed in the world rose up against him. Even the dim light of the cake-shop made him feel ashamed. He withdrew into the darkness and threw himself on the wet ground, crying and praying, as if he had committed all the crimes of the world and was alone to receive the judgement of God.

The candles burning at the foot of the telegraph poles as a protection against small-pox were flickering in the wind. Another moment and they would be extinguished.

DATE DUE

GTU Library
3 2400 00402 8209